

# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. IX.

APRIL, 1875.

No. 6.



"DUMB WITH AMAZE SAT THE PROUD LADY  
IN THE ILL-STARRED TOWN, STAVOREN."

MANY and many a year ago,  
Five or six hundred—who may know?  
Where the Zuyder Zee of the Netherlands  
Tosses its billows and frets its sands,  
Tosses and threatens, and vainly strikes  
Against the massive, defiant dikes—

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A wonderful city used to stand,  
First in commerce of all the land;—  
Stately, opulent, fair and brave,  
With the gathered riches of earth and wave,  
And this was the home of the Proud Lady,  
This fortunate town, Stavoren.

Broad and calm was the harbor's breast,  
 Where the galleots swung as they lay at rest,  
 Or, heavily freighted, drifted slow  
 Out to sea on the tidal flow;—  
 Clumsy vessels they were, indeed,  
 Fashioned neither for grace nor speed—  
 Awkward, cumbrous, and broad of beam  
 To modern eyes they would doubtless seem—  
 Built with never a thought or dream  
 Of the later wonders of iron and steam,  
 But ably handled by men whose skill  
 Found never a wind adverse or ill,  
 But guided the rudder and trimmed the sail  
 To win advantage from every gale;  
 And they roamed the far seas up and down,  
 Bringing gain to the flourishing town—  
 Precious metals and fabrics fine,  
 Hard-won spoils from the wave and mine,  
 Fish from the north and fruit from the east;  
 And treasures gathered and wealth increased  
 In the affluent home of the Proud Lady,  
 The prosperous town, Stavoren.

Wide on the fertile flats were seen  
 Plentiful pastures, lush and green,  
 Whereon contentedly used to browse  
 Soft-eyed oxen and silky cows;—  
 Windmills whistled and whirled all day,  
 Cheerily labored and called it play;—  
 Flushes and driftings here and there,  
 Of blossoming apple, peach, and pear,  
 And snowy cherry and quince were seen  
 Clouding the margins of misty green,  
 Where willows bordered the clear canals,  
 Arched by bridges at intervals;  
 And bees were busy with buzz and boom  
 On broad white patches of buckwheat bloom,  
 About the home of the Proud Lady,  
 The pleasant town, Stavoren.

And, oh! the gardens were fair to see,  
 Bright elysiums of bird and bee,  
 Crowded with rare and beautiful flowers  
 Unknown to borders and beds of ours;—  
 Bulbs, which bourgeoned to bounteous bloom,  
 Burst into blossom and breathed perfume;  
 Hyacinths, crimson and creamy white,  
 Wooed the wind with a soft delight—  
 Deepest purple and tenderest blue,  
 Wonders of fragrance, and form, and hue;  
 Blush-red, rosy, and pearl, and pink,  
 Giving their sweets to the breeze to drink;—  
 And tulip-torches everywhere  
 Kindled and blazed in the sunny air,  
 Waving their scarlet and yellow flames;  
 And hosts of flowers with stranger names  
 Graced the home of the Proud Lady,  
 The brilliant town, Stavoren.

Alley and by-way, square and street  
 Were clean and wholesome, and fresh and sweet;  
 The tidy matrons with careful hand  
 Scoured their dwellings with soap and sand,  
 Till the floors were white, and the portals shone  
 With a glory of cleanliness all their own.  
 In the moist, green fields outside the town  
 The damsels gathered as day went down;  
 And lightly spread on the clover blooms,  
 Brown webs of linen from native looms  
 That the light of day and the dew of night  
 Might bleach the fabric to snowy white,—

For the pride of Holland, its highest praise,  
 Was the spotless linen of those old days,  
 When lived and flourished the Proud Lady  
 In the happy town, Stavoren.

Here, in those ages far away,  
 The Lady Richberta dwelt, they say;  
 Whether the Lady was fair or no,  
 The ancient legend forgets to show—  
 But drawing her picture, if we may,  
 From the Holland beauties who smile to-day,  
 Her mild blonde face, it is safe to think,  
 Was an innocent breadth of white and pink;  
 Her arms were creamy, her shoulders square;  
 Under the shine of her yellow hair  
 Her forehead was smooth and clear as wax;  
 Her eyes were blue as the blossomed flax;  
 But what is beauty compared with gold?  
 The Lady Richberta had wealth untold,  
 And she was known as the Proud Lady  
 Of the lordly town, Stavoren.

Proud of her wealth was she, and vain;  
 Her ships went sailing on every main,  
 Bringing her costliest merchandise,  
 And all things lovely in woman's eyes;  
 Gorgeous garments and textures rare,  
 And jewels precious beyond compare;  
 Proud was she of her regal state,  
 Her treasures of porcelain, glass, and plate—  
 Proud of her palace, and prouder than all  
 Of the royal feasts in her banquet-hall,—  
 Where music and fragrance filled the air,  
 And mirth made beauty and youth more fair;  
 Rare exotics their odors flung;  
 Minstrels fingered their harps and sung;  
 And bards related, in rhythmic lays,  
 The wild traditions of other days—  
 And all things pleasant to sight and taste  
 Were freely lavished in generous waste,  
 To spread the fame of the Proud Lady  
 Who dwelt in fair Stavoren.

One day, when the banquet lasted late,  
 A stranger stopped at her open gate;  
 He sent her greeting and craved her grace,—  
 He had traveled, he said, in every place,  
 Had seen all lands in his wanderings,  
 The splendor of courts and the pomp of kings;—  
 He had heard afar of the wealth and fame  
 And gorgeous state of the Holland dame,  
 And would she graciously permit  
 The nameless stranger to witness it?  
 And the message flattered the Proud Lady,  
 Proudest in all Stavoren.

Straight the stranger, at her command,  
 Was brought and placed at her white right hand,  
 To see her grandeur and share her feast;  
 His robe and girdle bespoke the East;  
 His locks were white and his face was old—  
 And many a marvelous tale he told  
 Of the far-off lands which his feet had found  
 In his devious journeys the world around;—  
 The Lady listened and smiled to hear,  
 Though piqued to note that her eager ear  
 From the eloquent lips of the stranger heard  
 Never a single flattering word—  
 Never a breath of coveted praise  
 For all the splendor that met his gaze  
 In the gorgeous home of the Proud Lady  
 Who dwelt in rich Stavoren.

There were costly dishes and dainty meats,  
 Rare confections and luscious sweets,—  
 Amber clusters from tropical vines,  
 Sirupy cordials, and odoruous wines  
 Of foreign vintages rare and old;  
 Honeycomb dripping with liquid gold,  
 Cream from the well-kept Holland kine,  
 Olives from slopes of Apennine,  
 Spicy comfits and jellies clear,  
 Fruits and flowers from far and near—  
 Viands fit for the food of kings,  
 And all delicious and difficult things  
 Brought by sea from the south and east,  
 To charm her guests and adorn the feast,  
 And nurse the pride of the Proud Lady  
 Whose splendor graced Stavoren.

Queen of the feast, in conscious power  
 The Lady Richberta ruled the hour;—  
 Lavishing smiles with generous will,  
 And flushed with the pleasure of pleasing still;  
 But vexed, at last, that her honored guest  
 Neither wonder nor praise expressed,  
 She sweetly asked, with a winning air,  
 If he were pleased with her house and fare.  
 The stranger paused, with his lifted glass  
 Brimming with fragrant hippocras,—  
 "Only," he said, "in the halls of kings,  
 Have I seen so costly and beautiful things—  
 Never a richer feast than this,  
 Or greater grandeur and plenteousness;  
 Yet here in your regal banquet-hall  
 You lack the thing that is best of all."  
 He drained the cup to the latest sip,  
 Then wiped the stain from his bearded lip,  
 And rising, bowed with a smile benign,  
 As he had ended both words and wine;  
 But his speech was gall to the Proud Lady  
 In her palace in fair Stavoren.

Warmly and long was the stranger pressed  
 To name the thing that he called the best;  
 The Lady pleaded, the guests implored,  
 And all besought him with one accord  
 To read his riddle before he went,  
 And tell what mystical good he meant;  
 In vain—and after a little space,  
 He thanked his hostess with courtly grace  
 For the kindly cheer that had marked his stay—  
 And laced his sandals and went his way,  
 And was seen no more by the Proud Lady,  
 Or the stately town, Stavoren.

The Lady Richberta was sick at heart;  
 What were her wonders of skill and art,—  
 Her satins, damasks, and broideries old,  
 Her marvels of crystal and beaten gold,  
 Her princely gems and her rich attire,  
 Her diamonds holding their hearts of fire,  
 Her pearls from the ocean's caverns won,  
 By the gasping diver of far Ceylon—  
 Or plucked perchance from his lifeless hand,  
 As all too late he was drawn to land—  
 Her rare old laces, her muslins thin,  
 Fine as the webs which spiders spin,—  
 If still unpurchased and unpossessed  
 Were the thing more precious than all the rest?  
 So ran the thought of the Proud Lady  
 In the heedless town, Stavoren.

Gone was her olden peace of mind;—  
 Day and night did she strive to find  
 The wondrous object of priceless worth,  
 Better than all things else on earth:

She lavished labor and gold and time,  
 She sent her vessels to every clime,  
 And conjured her merchants everywhere  
 By stern command and persistent prayer,  
 By hope of fortune and dread of blame,  
 To find the blessing she could not name;  
 They searched far countries and plowed the foam  
 Of distant oceans—while sad at home,  
 Absently tangling her yellow hair,  
 And gnawing her heart in her vexed despair,  
 Thoughtful and sad, mused the proud Lady  
 In the luckless town, Stavoren.

Up and down in their puzzling quest  
 Sailed her galleots east and west,  
 Till once it happened, by fortune's freak,  
 The Admiral's vessel sprung aleak,  
 And all the store of their wheaten flour  
 Was soaked by the water and spoiled and sour;  
 All things else had escaped the brine,—  
 Meat and oil, and cheese and wine;  
 Fruits and sweetmeats the table spread,  
 But how they suffered and longed for bread!  
 The plainest, commonest food on earth  
 Gained, by its absence, a priceless worth,  
 And they envied the poorest child on land  
 The hard brown crust in his dingy hand.  
 The Admiral pondered—and slowly wrought  
 Out of his musings a brilliant thought;  
 His doubts departed, his visage cleared,  
 And straight to a Baltic port he steered,  
 Purchased a cargo of finest wheat,  
 And sailed away with his clumsy fleet  
 To fair Stavoren's strong sea-wall;  
 Then sought the Lady's audience-hall,  
 Thinking to set her mind at rest,  
 And happily end her weary quest.  
 He told of the hungry sailors' pain,  
 The ruined flour and the purchased grain.  
 "Not a man of us all," said he,  
 "But would have emptied into the sea  
 All the dainties we had in store  
 For a thing we never had prized before.  
 Who dines on sweets may be richly fed,  
 But nothing can take the place of bread.  
 The food most precious is that, no doubt,  
 We find it hardest to do without,—  
 And chance sometimes to our notice brings  
 The unguessed value of common things.  
 Gracious Lady," the Admiral said,  
 "The one best thing in the world is bread."  
 Dumb with amazement sat the Proud Lady  
 In the ill-starred town, Stavoren.

Anger darkened her fair blue eyes,  
 Scornful anger and vexed surprise;  
 "Go at once where your vessels lie,  
 Take the wheat you have dared to buy—  
 Stupid folly!" the Lady cried,  
 Purpling and paling with rage and pride;  
 "Into the ocean let all be poured—  
 Throw the whole of it overboard!"  
 All in vain did the Admiral dare  
 Grave remonstrance and humble prayer—  
 Nothing melted the wrathful dame;  
 Though the poor and the hungry came  
 Begging hard for the precious grain,  
 Their sore entreaty was all in vain;  
 She wavered neither for curse nor plea,  
 And all the wheat went into the sea  
 At the haughty will of the Proud Lady,  
 Before the town, Stavoren.

Then a wonderful thing was seen;  
 Deep in the water, clear and green,  
 Sprouted the wronged and wasted grain,  
 Yearning up to the light again;  
 Forests of stalks shot up and grew,  
 Netted and twisted through and through;  
 In their tangle they caught and kept  
 Isles of sea-weed that landward swept,  
 And floating drift-wood lodged and stayed  
 Fast in the growing barricade:—  
 The spaces were filled with clinging sand,  
 And, stronger than work of human hand,  
 At the harbor's entrance, stretching far,  
 There grew a solid, impervious bar,  
 Choking and crowding its spacious mouth;  
 And when the ships from the north and south,  
 Bringing gain to the helpless town,  
 Tried to enter, they all went down;  
 And poor Richberta, day by day,  
 Saw her splendor and wealth decay—  
 Sad indeed was the Proud Lady  
 In the mournful town, Stavoren.

Fleets of galleots brought no more  
 Goods and gold to her failing store;  
 All her ships were the tempest's sport—  
 Never a vessel could enter port;  
 Till the storm-lashed waves, on a dreadful day,  
 Hindered and held from their rightful way  
 By the stubborn bar that dammed their path,  
 Burst through the dikes in merciless wrath;  
 Over their bounds the billows tossed,  
 And all the city was drowned and lost;

The conquering waters raged and surged,  
 And deep in their cruel tide submerged  
 The rich and the poor, and the Proud Lady,  
 And the fated town, Stavoren.

This was many a year ago,  
 But still, as the ships sail to and fro,  
 When the sky is bright and the water clear,  
 The shuddering sailors, with dread and fear,  
 Through the crystal waters gazing down,  
 Behold the towers of the ancient town,—  
 Cottages, spires, and palace walls,  
 Streets and turrets and princely halls,—  
 Fields and gardens in fadeless bloom,  
 All unchanged since their day of doom,—  
 Sleeping in silent mystery  
 Under the tide of the Zuyder Zee,—  
 The grave alike of the Proud Lady  
 And the beautiful town, Stavoren.

Still on the green flats, fair to view,  
 The fields of flax are abloom with blue—  
 And still on the soft sward's level reach  
 The damsels spread their webs to bleach,—  
 The hyacinths shoot and the tulips blaze,  
 But not as they did in the rare old days;  
 And the lovely Richberta looks no more  
 On the clear canals and the broad smooth shore;  
 The restless waves of the Zuyder Zee  
 Toss and murmur perpetually  
 Over the grave of the Proud Lady  
 And the long-lost town, Stavoren.

## A CHAT ABOUT GERMAN PARLIAMENTS.

THE story of modern parliamentary life in Germany is one full of interest, because it pertains so closely to the new birth of a great and powerful nation. The history of the ancient German Empire is one of military glory and renown; but its sun set in darkness and sorrow, when it was literally crushed under the iron heel of Napoleon, who for a while ruled it by his satraps or dictated to it from his throne. During these years all liberty was so completely suppressed within its bounds, that men forgot the little parliamentary life that it had gradually acquired during its development and in the height of its power.

A generation of men thus grew up in the earlier part of the present century who practically knew nothing of the science and machinery of deliberative assemblies; for even after the nation had thrown off the trammels of a foreign ruler its own potentates proved recreant to their promises, and denied it that share in the general government which had been promised to the peo-

ple in the hour of trial if they would stand beside their princes and aid them to throw off the foreign yoke. The only hearthstones of liberty were the universities, where teachers and students still strove to realize their ideal of a certain measure of self-government, and the resuscitation of the German Empire of ancient fame.

The revolution in France in 1830 agitated the German lands, but did little more, and matters soon settled down into their former gloom and torpor. The great and unexpected French uprising of 1848 was more effective in stirring up the people of Germany, and the universities were the first to feel and transmit the influence. The darling desire of the nation soon made itself known in the universal demand for a German Parliament to include all the Teutonic peoples, with a view to deliberate as to the best means of reviving the united empire. The general election was finally accomplished, notwithstanding the opposition or the indifference of most of the German potentates,



and in the summer of 1848 there assembled in Frankfort-on-the-Main a numerous body of men from the lap of the people, and largely from these same universities which had so faithfully watched the embers of liberty during the days of misrule and oppression.

And here we have the honor to appear personally on the scene. As a student at the University of Berlin during the memorable period of the famous "March Revolution" in that city, and even as a victim of one of the brutal onslaughts of the Prussian soldiery, in their endeavor to cut down the people while peacefully petitioning for their rights, we had the most emphatic reasons for taking a lively interest in their cause, and critically studying the development of their new civil life. As an American citizen, born and brought up amid the whirl of our own national and municipal activity and growth, we were, of course, quite an oracle to those who, after they had become the mouthpiece of the people, were obliged to learn all the ways and whims of legislative action. Curiosity led us to be present at some of their preliminary meetings while arranging for elections to the Parliament, and many and strange were the questions put to us as to the manner of carrying out this or that measure. The shrewdest of them read up on the question from American sources and parliamentary manuals, and were rather proud of acquirements which enabled them to be leaders and advisers; but even these were occasionally lost in the mysteries of American parliamentary rules. "We have a pretty fair comprehension of the way in which you manage these things in America," said one of them, "and we are trying to copy from you; but one institution of yours puzzles us mightily. What in the world is a caucus? What is the use of it, and how do you get it into operation?"

We need scarcely say that these days of blissful ignorance soon passed by, and have left behind them a knowledge of "ways that are dark;" it did not take long for

them to learn a good many things which were better never known.

In the meanwhile the famous Frankfort Parliament had assembled, and the German people were on the *qui vive* to know what



BISMARCK AT HIS DESK.

would come of it; the masses hoped, the more intelligent doubted, and the respective rulers sneered and opposed. All eyes were turned toward the French National Assembly, sitting in Paris, and the Provisional Government at the Hotel de Ville. It will be remembered that the American Ambassador at the court of France at that period stole a march on all others of the diplomatic corps by being the first to recognize the new republic as a government *de facto*; this cunning move made him very popular, and placed his name in all mouths in Europe, liberal as well as conservative. The fame of it penetrated the recesses of the American Embassy at Berlin, the only one of any rank in Germany at that time, which was presided over by the genial and jovial Andrew Jackson Donelson, adopted son of the old hero whose name he bore. His sympathies were with the new movement, and he instantly conceived the idea that it

would be a "good thing" for him to recognize in the same way the new Parliament at Frankfort. The position of the writer to the Embassy being that of a sort of amateur attaché and reporter on German affairs generally, he was called in for consultation about the grave matter.

We risked some subdued criticisms on the difference in the state of the case, both as to Embassadors and Government, and the suggestion that such good luck did not often come twice; but the Major was possessed with the notion that it was the thing to do, and therefore ought to be done. The next day found the attaché on his way to the seat of the Parliament to spy out the land and learn whether a visit and a recognition would not be acceptable.

Heinrich von Gagern, the President of the Parliament, whose sagacity and good sense had already won for him the title of "the German Washington," received us kindly and expressed himself gratified with the proposition, and ready to receive the American Embassador with due honors as soon as he could make it convenient to appear in person. This he did with his accomplished wife and daughter in post haste, and, in the meanwhile, the attaché made all arrangements to procure suitable apartments for the accommodation of the party and the formal reception of the Chief of the great German movement. The Embassador soon arrived, sent his card to Von Gagern, and, in return, was informed that the latter would make a formal call on the Minister of the United States the next afternoon. For this ceremony, very elaborate preparations were made by our party; the ladies

selected their toilets, the Embassador prepared his little speech, and the attaché turned it into the best Teutonic that the inspiration of the occasion could command. Beyond these parties, the reception was to be strictly private, as a mark of respect. At the hour appointed all were ready, and took their stations as the usher announced the approach of the honored representative of the German people. Von Gagern entered the saloon with a low bow, which was duly returned by the company, when, after the welcome of the Embassador, the attaché started off full tilt with the little German speech at the President without giving him time to explain. He listened respectfully until it was finished, and then, with a bow



DELBRÜCK AND HIS PORTFOLIO.

and a genial smile, requested the permission to be allowed to reply to the American Minister in English,—which he was able to speak almost as readily as any of us.

It is needless to state that this exposure

of our diplomatic machinery formed the most ludicrous scene imaginable, especially the translation in the presence of Von Gager of an address which he perfectly understood. But, to his credit be it said, he stood it all without appearing to be amused at it, and soon withdrew, leaving a cordial invitation for a return visit. How much he laughed after his release, deponent knoweth not, but is ready to affirm that for a round half-hour after he left the Provisional American Embassy, it resounded with peal after peal of laughter, at the ridiculous figure of the attaché trying to make him understand in German what he would have understood perfectly in English.

The American recognition of the German Parliament, however, did but little good, except to show our sympathy, and this was warmly reciprocated. The members were more than kind to any native-born republicans from our side of the water, and frequently appealed to them for advice. Extracts from the Declaration of Independence and the American Constitution were translated, and even placarded about the streets for the general instruction of the people, and all parties concerned learned a great deal at least about the machinery of parliamentary life; but the Parliament itself was a failure for two very decided reasons: the men who composed it were theorists, rather than men of practical talent for government making—many of them university professors, from which fact it is still known in history as the "Professors' Parliament;" then the crowned heads of Germany were opposed to it to a man; the King of Prussia, to whom the crown of the Empire was offered, rejected it with a sneer, because he saw that it was not possible for him to wear it without the support of the host of little potentates that swarmed in the land, and especially without the consent of Austria. Finally, an Austrian prince,

the Arch-Duke John, accepted it; but it proved an empty bauble, without power and influence, and the Duke never really placed it upon his brow.

The Parliament of Frankfort was not,



THE HUMOROUS CONSERVATIVE.

however, without its influence, for it permitted the representatives of the entire German nation to become better acquainted with each other, as well as to wipe out many prejudices, and make known each other's peculiar wants and merits. The influence that it left behind it proved quite a factor in the development of the parliamentary life of the nation, even during the quiet years from its demise till the war of 1866 between Prussia and Austria, and has been largely felt since this latter period in the great work that has been accomplished in this line in the various German States.

Until the Parliament of 1848, Prussia had nothing worthy of being called a representative assembly—the country was virtually

an absolute monarchy. But the Prussian members of the Frankfort body came home too well trained in the science of legislation not to wish for themselves and their country a field in which to enlarge on their experi-

tariffs for all the States, so that there might be a so-called Customs Union for the whole nation. This was an important step toward the unification of the entire nation, and the Convention was a remarkably successful and

fruitful one. Its success frightened Napoleon and led him into the rash effort to break up the combination, hoping to divide and thus to conquer. His total failure in this brought about just the result that he had hoped to frustrate, namely, a consolidation of all the German States into the "New Empire" with its "Imperial Parliament" for the whole realm.

The development of parliamentary life in the various bodies to which we have alluded has been rapid and effective, so that the Germans now take to legislative work with comparative alacrity, and carry it forward with a perfection and system which are peculiar to the Germans. They already understand the science of "red tape" in government to an extent which puts all other civilized nations to



HOHENLOHE EYEING AN ULTRAMONTANE.

ence, and the result was before long a Prussian House of Delegates, composed mainly of the men who had been at Frankfort. It had much to contend with, for the King was never in favor of it, and only yielded what was virtually wrested from him. But it grew in power and influence while struggling with the Crown, until the famous victories of 1866 over Austria and South Germany resulted in the North German Confederation and the Parliament of all the States composing it, holding its sessions in Berlin. This new body was scarcely warm in its seat before the Prussians succeeded in inducing all Germany, North as well as South, to unite in a Special Parliament of the whole people, with a view to discussing and settling a uniform code of duties and

shame; and he who would gain position must expect to pass through a great many rigorous transformations.

The "Customs Parliament" numbered about four hundred members, two-thirds of whom were from North Germany. It proved to be a very piebald body, and at first fairly frightened the Berliners with the different shades of politicians which composed it. The National Liberals and the Progressives took their places in the center of the hall, with the Particularists and the Poles on one side, and the Schleswig-Holsteiners and the Social Democrats on the other. The "Particularists," as they are called, are those who, like the Hanoverians, still struggle and squirm under their subjection to Prussia, and do nothing but fight

for their "particular" national interests, while the Poles of Prussia are always in opposition to the Government on nearly every question, either civil or ecclesiastical. The tendency of all German parliamentary convocations is to follow the French custom: in front of the presiding officer will be the Center, flanked by the Right and the Left Center; on the extreme right the ultra-Conservatives, and on the extreme left the ultra-Radicals. A view of the Parliament is a strange sight, from its peculiarly miscellaneous character; every man seems to be sent without regard to his station or calling, so that he happens to please people enough to receive an election. Perhaps the first man the eye lights on will be Prince Frederick Charles, or Prince Albert, of Prussia; the latter will perhaps be seen shaking hands or chatting with Moltke, Steinmetz, or Von Falkenstein, for he affects the military heroes of the House rather than the civilians, to whom he gives little more than the finger. All grades of titled personages are present down to the barons; then come the inevitable lawyers, followed, it may be, by a host of professors, bankers, and merchants—the Rothschilds not disdaining a seat in the body in which they are likely to brush against such Socialists as Bebel, who consider property a theft, and are on the watch to get a little of it into their own pockets notwithstanding. The Imperial Parliament of the last three years has been noted for the increasing number of the Catholic clergy, from bishop to priest, sent thither in the interests of the Ultramontanes to fight Prince Bismarck; they form now the great core of the Opposition as the Party of the Center.

Bismarck has, of course, been a prime factor in all the Parliaments; he began his career in that of Frankfort as a rank Conserv-

ative. Incessant work is his daily bread, and he labors as earnestly in the legislative halls as in his Cabinet. Before he enters, his special table near the President is covered by his messengers with portfolios and bundles of papers. He bows to the officer in the chair, then to his colleagues of the Ministry, with whom he shakes hands or exchanges a few words. Being seated, he raises his little pearl opera-glass to his eyes and scans the house; perhaps recognizing a special friend (whom he greets) in the distance, or going to one for a few moments' talk. Returning to his desk, he takes out a little key which opens the portfolios which could tell volumes if they could only speak. In a moment he is reading the dispatches and reports of his secretaries and counsel-



BLUNTSCHLI, THE PROGRESSIVE.

ors; then he corrects their drafts, writes letters, or gives the outlines to notes. During this work he sits perfectly cool and collected, and writes with the hand and the precision of a writing-master for everything with him



is done with exactness and care. He writes with a goose-quill, with a broad plume like a flag, and it moves over the paper rapidly and quietly. He writes so bold and clear a hand that on one occasion a deputy to the Parliament announced the completion of a certain work by the declaration: "Gentlemen, I have the Customs Treaty in my hand, signed with the bold signature of the Chancellor of the Confederation." Bismarck reads and writes and thinks with such intensity that one would suppose him unconscious of what is going on around him; but not so. Let him hear a prominent member announced to speak, or perchance his own name spoken, and instantly he stops his work and leans back, all attention, until the matter is settled, and he has caught every word. During this period he is likely to be disturbed every few minutes by his aristocratic-looking messenger, who brings him a portfolio with important documents, or whispers in his ear some message from a foreign diplomatist, in return for which he fills a folio with despatches, or whispers a few words and dismisses his servant. All this is performed without the least sign of haste or effort; his work is so systematized, that, though his time is precious, he seems to have enough for all his purposes.

And still Bismarck needs and has a confidential ministerial aid in this severe work; his right-hand man for years has been the most accurate and systematic personage in political life in Prussia, Herr Delbrück, who is the Keeper of the Ministerial Portfolio. This gentleman is quite a character in Prussian parliamentary life. At the sessions he sits like his chief, quietly writing and reading, seldom noticing what is going on, unless his own name is mentioned, or he hears something which specially concerns his depart-

ment, in which he is an oracle. Every few minutes an old messenger, who has grown gray in the service and is a confidential servant, approaches him with respectful bearing, and receives the documents and his orders. Delbrück is always at his post, no matter who else deserts, and he listens to the longest speeches from beginning to end without the least signs of fatigue or impatience. At times the members will tire and desert almost in a body to the lunch-room;



"THE GENTLEMAN IN THE OPPOSITION."

Delbrück sits still. The only refreshment in which he indulges is an occasional pinch of snuff—in a subdued and modest way. The whole House may burst out into Homeric laughter; Delbrück is only tempted to a slight smile, which disappears in a moment. Once in a while he is seen taking notes, which is finally followed by a slight nod to the President, who immediately recognizes him, and announces that Privy-Councilor Delbrück has the floor. He rises, and waits a moment until perfect silence is obtained,



for he has no inclination to strain his lungs or repeat his words. He speaks just loud enough to be heard with perfect quiet and close attention, and this he gains, because all desire to hear him. His voice has not the least feeling or modulation, and his words are uttered slowly and in short sentences. He soon shows that he has heard all that has been said on the subject for days, for he quotes one orator and corrects another, until the whole matter is brought down to a point; this he does clearly, primly, logically, and always practically. The whole speech lasts at the most five or ten minutes, and consists of a few sentences; but Delbrück has said all that was needful, and then ceased. In all the statistics of trade and commerce he is ever an indisputable authority, whom even the political economists by profession do not dare to encounter. He seems to know the entire history of the commercial treaties of the world, paragraph by paragraph, and is prepared to answer every question. He is the Argus of the Parliament, and in his presence others are modest in their assertions concerning doubtful questions falling within his sphere.

One of the oddest characters in the Customs Parliament was a stock Conservative by the name of Blanckenburg, who made it his business to punish the Radicals by ridicule and wit, of which he was a perfect master. Some of these political Radicals liked to play the rôle of martyrs, and present themselves as greatly persecuted men, in which character they usually received the sympathy and attention of their Conservative friend. After one of these periods of lamentation on the part of a prominent Radical, who felt that he was being ground up in the conflict between capital and labor, Blanckenburg rose, and with a fresh and

humorous speech seized the opportunity to give some sly thrusts at his enemy by representing him as a living proof of what sort of men might be brought together under the idea of "national unity," as if any unity



THE SENIORITY PRESIDENT.

were possible with such material. This produced tumultuous hilarity throughout the House, which extended even to the Radical benches, from which proceeded voices encouraging him to put their hearts in good humor. "That is just what I am trying to do, gentlemen. I am honest about it," said he, with roguish earnestness. "I am really honest about it, gentlemen." Three or four social Democrats of the deepest dye generally make out to get into every assembly, and their theories are about as absurd and unpractical as those of the ultra-Conservatives. In some instances these parties become pitted against each other in personal quarrels, which the House thinks about the best way to let them both employ

their peculiar talents; it therefore encourages a tilt occasionally, when it feels in need of a little relief from its more serious duties. In this way Herr Blanckenburg, the humorous Conservative, serves a very good purpose.

The Germans will scarcely submit to listen to a speaker from the floor; the moment such a one begins there is a cry started in all quarters to take the platform, and this can be insisted on if the official stenographers declare that they cannot hear him from the floor. But this platform is a very thorny place, and the grave of many a man's hopes; for even there one is eyed very closely, and soon stopped if he violates any rule. One rule, which is always insisted on, is that nothing shall be read from the speaker's desk, which is in front and just below that of the President of the body, so that he can see all that is going on in it. One day an agile little man, a banker of Munich, tripped up to the tribune with a

began it so pathetically! But he was doing the thing up a little too nicely to be genuine; suspicions began to grow on the floor, and the President was evidently inclined not to notice what he could not help seeing. A hundred inquisitorial eyes were directed to the desk, trying to peer over, and fingers were pointing to it in derision. At last a heartless old fellow cried out: "He is reading!" This settled the matter, and a score of voices exclaimed: "No reading here!" And the President was forced to see it officially and call the occupant of the desk to order, with the remark that it was against the rules of the House to read from the stand. The unlucky member tried to improvise for a moment, but soon failed in this and left the platform, having occupied it a brief period for the first and last time.

One of the blue bloods of the Parliament, who has made quite a mark in the history of the last decade, is Prince Hohenlohe,

for a while Bavarian Premier, now Minister of the Empire at Paris. He is very liberal in politics, notwithstanding his rank, and has done about as much as any man in Bavaria toward bringing that kingdom into unity and unison with North Germany. This he did quite effectually during the Customs Parliament, by declaring that this body had made much progress in bringing North and South Germany together; and at a final festive banquet at its close, he drank to the union of the various German lands. He is aristocratic and reserved in demeanor, with features indicating thoughtfulness rather than openness. He shaves smoothly, with the exception of a large mustache, which gives him rather a military appearance. He chose his seat in a distant corner of the House, and seemed little inclined to associate with other members, and even as the leading Bavarian representative he had but little to do or say with Bismarck. As a matter of courtesy that Parliament made him first vice-president; but the fidelity with which Simson—a model president—stuck to his seat six hours in succession, gave to Hohenlohe but an occasional opportunity at the



A MEMBER OF THE CENTER.

light heart, quite sure of a triumph for his maiden speech; but he was soon obliged to come down, with his plumes dreadfully drooping. He had worked out a long speech so handsomely, as he thought, and

chair; a fortunate occurrence for him, for he has not the qualities for a successful presiding officer. The Prince seems to have reserved his zeal and fire for the later Imperial Parliament, on the floor of which he

again appeared as the leading Bavarian, by virtue of his rank and official position at home. His enthusiasm for the national cause drew down on him many enemies in his own State, and he soon became especially embroiled with the Conservative wing of the Catholic clergy of Bavaria, which faction exerted itself in every imaginable way to thwart the unity of the German people. Thus Hohenlohe was soon recognized as the champion of the Unionists against the Separatists, and finally made it his business to be on the watch against all Ultramontane advances. Nothing so soon brought him to his feet in his distant seat, with his glasses to his keen eye, as the announcement by the President of some prominent Catholic clergyman, especially one from his own land by the name of Lucas, with whom he was ever measuring swords.

Another marked man, who is always on hand on field days, and one much better known to Americans, is the famous Prof. Bluntschli, of Heidelberg, and the ornament of that great University, where he teaches statecraft in the form of Political Economy, in which science he has perhaps no superior. He is interested in nearly all progressive movements in Germany, whether of Church or State, and is progressive without being radical. For some years he has been quite active as a leader of what is known as the "Protestant Union," whose aim is to liberalize the State Protestant Church, and bring it more into sympathy with the masses. He has gone so far, however, in this direction as to break away entirely from the Protestant Church, so-called, and to build up an association of what we would call "Liberal

Christians." This move has made for him many friends, but also many enemies, and, the result is, that matters are generally pretty lively whenever Bluntschli appears. He, of course, must be in the Parliament and there figure as a champion. He also is a warm friend of the national cause, which means that of German unity, and he does not hesitate to take up the cudgels for it on all fitting occasions. He generally secures a corner seat with the Left, and ordinarily affects a



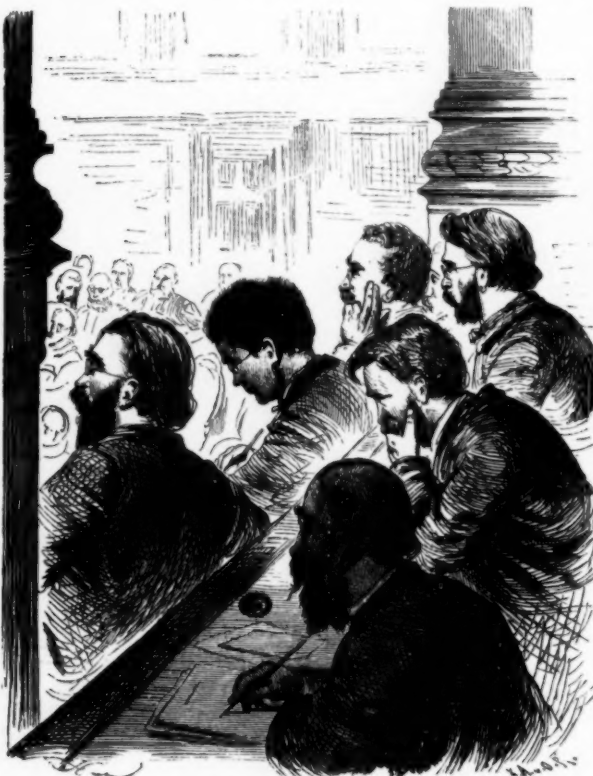
THE MILLER FRACTION.

certain easy indifference. While thus engaged, one might easily take him for an honest yeoman, whose massive form would be most at home in his Swiss mountains, for he is a Swiss by birth. His broad head, powerful neck, and somewhat flabby face, indicate no peculiar force; his sparkling brown eyes are all that arrest the attention or give any special promise. But, when he ascends the platform and sends his Alpine

voice to the most distant recesses of the hall, a flash of humor plays around his mouth, and he soon attracts his antagonists from their retreats. No man in the Parliament draws his opponents around him like Bluntschli, or keeps the stenographers more busy in catching every syllable. As the crowds gather near the stand to support or fight him, frequent expressions of "Ho-ho," or, "Ha-ha," interrupt him. But at this interference he only warms up with his sub-

lean with extended necks over the railing to get still nearer the speaker; the sedate gentlemen of the ministerial benches neglect their papers in the excitement and look on with interest, and the scene becomes a drama in which every man on the floor takes an active part by word or movement;—then, and not until then, does Bluntschli rise to the height of his intellectual power, or fully develop his remarkable gift of oratory.

Nearly every deliberative assembly has a thorn in its side in the shape of a member who always speaks at the most inopportune junctures, and who opposes everybody and everything. As such an individual we now introduce to our readers Deputy Mohl, of the German Parliament; and we venture to add that his amiable looks do not belie his reputation. Herr Mohl is decidedly "the gentleman in the Opposition." He opposes all legislation straight through, and never expects to vote or to speak on the winning side. He always sits near the speaker's stand, so that he can hear and reply to everything that is said, and he gives his undivided attention to this business with conscientious fidelity. His piercing eye frequently misleads a speaker to wander from his subject in the desire to say something personal to Mohl that may prove a settler to him, but Mohl is not easily abashed. Before



THE JOURNALISTS' GALLERY.

ject, raises his voice still higher in order to drown theirs, and almost engages in an angry colloquy with his opponents, whom he assures in deep base that he is not a man to be frightened at their opposition—a fact of which they are well aware. When the conflict begins to rage, the President, with his hand on the bell, begs the gentlemen to maintain order, and finally brings down his gavel with a tremendous blow; this quiets matters for a minute, but again the crowd

the speaker fairly concludes, Mohl rises and begs pardon for not being able to coincide with the honorable gentleman in any of his positions, which he feels under the unpleasant necessity of answering point for point. And thus, of all the members, no man speaks so often as does Herr Mohl; he speaks every day, and in every session several times, until he gets to be a veritable bore. Whenever his head, with its foxy wig, pops up above the orator's desk, a peculiar

murmur runs through the House with the contemptuous expression: "Ah! there he is again." The reporters hate him roundly—he is the plague of their lives, especially when, after high noon, when everybody in the House threatens to succumb from hunger and thirst, he gets the floor. On these occasions, one may hear from them the expression: "This man is the plague of our lives; won't somebody kill him?" At such a time, Mohl begins with a thin, whining voice, so that few of his words are intelligible in the reporters' gallery, the occupants of which revenge themselves by simply announcing that the speaker could not be heard, but was presumed to be speaking against the proposition.

Quite an important individual in every Parliament is he who is called on temporarily to preside on account of being the oldest member, to whom parliamentary usage accords the presidency until the permanent President is chosen. A famous old gentleman who has filled this position in several Parliaments is Frankenberg-Ludwigsdorf, a privy-councilor, an Excellency, and former Vice-President of the Prussian House of Lords. He opened the Prussian Parliament of 1866 when at the age of eighty-two. He is a tall, slender man, but little bent, notwithstanding his years, with thin, silvery hair, and somewhat wiry features, beneath which, however, was perceived a fund of good nature and good humor. It was amusing to see the old gentleman handle the bell with mingled geniality and sternness, in the vain endeavor to preserve that quiet which was nowhere accorded to him. But few men are born to command a legislative assembly, and especially a new one, many of the members of which know nothing of parliamentary life. But Frank-

enberg was always a favorite, and his colleagues were ever willing to put up with him for a few days, until they could settle on a permanent officer. He always presided in a tight black body-coat, with the Iron



"COPY! COPY!"

Cross on his breast, and, despising his chair, generally stood with arms folded, and, gently leaning to right or left, according to the position of the speaker, would thus stand during an entire session of his brief career, his gray eyes peering from beneath bushy eyebrows, and not even needing the aid of glasses. The old gentleman prided himself on his supposed skill in his difficult task, and was not aware of the infirmities of his advanced age, as he frequently bantered his younger colleagues on their want of youth and vigor. He was perfectly happy in his calling, and wondered why the Parliament was eager to proceed to the election of a permanent President so



long as he was doing so well. But the infirmities of age told on the old gentleman too clearly to be hidden; his ear and his eye were none of the sharpest, and at times he was obliged to make an ear-trumpet of his hand, after some misunderstanding that led to a laughable or comical interlude.

But, with all his failings, the "Seniority President" was a very genial and acceptable old gentleman, and was ever welcome among his colleagues when he resumed his seat on the floor.

In the recent Parliament, under the new Empire, a new and troublesome character has appeared on the scene in the shape of the "Party of the Center," which is no other than the clerical and Ultramontane faction, whose members are largely composed of priests of various ranks, and who act as such in the interest of the Church which they represent. From the beginning they have been opposed to the new movement, because it placed them under a Protestant Emperor, whereas the old Empire was under Catholic rule. The war with France did much to weaken their power with their people, because it gave the best opportunity for all shades of men to mingle, and rub off prejudices regarding one another; the South became better acquainted with the North, and the Protestants with the Catholics; and after their blood had commingled on the field of battle, it was not so easy to keep them in sharp antagonism. The soldiers all came home in favor of one Empire of Germany, instead of more than a score of petty German States pitted against each other in very many international questions. At the very first session of the new Imperial Parliament, it was clear that many Ultramontanes had been sent by the Catholics of South Germany, who would oppose national unity, and not a few from Prussia, who would join them, unless their demands for special privileges for their Church were granted. Prussia had long been generous to a foreign church, as such, and was in-

clined to be so still, so long as it would keep out of politics, and attend to spiritual matters only. But, with the new Vatican dogmas hanging over them, it was not easy to do this, especially as they demanded that all who did not succumb to these should be regarded as rebels to the Church, and be



THE PARLIAMENTARY CERBERUS.

excluded from the learned institutions of a country which supported from the public funds their churches and their schools. It was the desire and the interest of Prussia to keep this ecclesiastical question out of politics, for even Bismarck had all that he could do to bring about the consolidation of the different German States, with their various political views; a religious war would be more than disastrous, and was by all means to be avoided. But it soon became evident that this faction would legislate peaceably on no question until all its particular demands were acceded to, and it thus soon aggregated as a government within a government, whose special object should be to block all the wheels that did not belong to its machine. At the next popular canvass, the matter was taken in this shape into the



elections, and there was a large and alarming return of Ultramontanes, so that we now hear of little else from Germany beside the struggle between Bismarck and the Pope, which is permeating all the organizations of the State and all classes of society. The story is by far too long for recital here, more than to say that "the member of the Center" is a character in the present Parliament who is cordially hated and feared by all other shades of opinion.

It is in meeting these antagonists that the greatest statesman of the age finds his hands full, and his finest triumphs on the parliamentary arena have been gained in struggling with them. And yet Bismarck is by no means a finished, not even a ready or natural, orator. The knightly appearance of the Prince, his ease of manner, and, above all, his reputation as diplomatist and statesman, would lead us to suppose him an orator—either one who would deliver a profound and well-arranged speech without hesitation or effort, or, still more, an orator of natural eloquence, whose words and figures would flow from his lips as the creations of the moment, and entrance or enkindle the hearts of his hearers. But this is not the case. Occasionally he may be seen at his desk winging his way rapidly with his quill over a narrow strip of paper, while some member is on the platform. All know what this means, and at a slight bow of his head the President announces that Prince Bismarck, Chancellor of the Empire, has the floor. As he rises there is a general demand for silence all over the House, with the exclamation, "He is speaking!" He inclines his body toward the Assembly, winds his thumbs around each other, and casts an occasional glance at the House; but he stops, hesitates, sometimes even stammers, and corrects himself; he seems to struggle with his words, which ascend unwillingly to his lips; after two or three there will be a short pause, when one can almost hear a suppressed swallow. He speaks without gesture, feeling, or emphasis, and often fails in the accentuation of final syllables, so as to weaken his thought. One wonders if this is the man with a parliamentary career behind him of more than a quarter of a century, during which period he has been in every legislative body of his country, meeting with bitterest opposition from the Liberal party in his early career, parrying their most caustic words in kind, and replying, with wonderful presence of mind, by the wittiest impromptu or the most cutting sarcasm.

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It is the same man, and presently he will prove it. Gradually his speech flows with more warmth, and unfolds its peculiar attraction: a series of original, fresh, gritty, and significant expressions, which tell more by their power than their beauty. His speeches are collections of sentences rather than the development of a smooth and logical train of reasoning. Many of them have gone into history as proverbial, such as "Cataline existences," "Blood and iron," "Austria must move its center of gravity toward the Orient," etc. Some months ago, after listening to long diatribes about the evils of the recent wars, and the burdens which they have brought upon the people as a nation, he quietly arose and said: "After each one of the recent wars the nation has enjoyed a greater amount of parliamentary liberty than before them." This was so strikingly true that it was folly to argue that they had led to tyranny. And he closed by saying: "But, nevertheless, gentlemen, the German nation has a right to expect from us that we shall prevent the return of such a catastrophe; and I am convinced that the allied governments desire nothing so much as to effect this purpose." With this beautiful admonition, simple though dignified, and expressed with fervor, he electrified the audience as if he were the greatest orator, and then sat down amid deafening applause from all parts of the House. Thus, with apparently no oratorical power, he seldom takes the floor without confirming his nation in the belief that, take him all in all, he is a statesman such as Germany has never before enrolled in her annals, and whom the world at large may well envy her in possessing.

A Bismarckian triumph generally inclines the House to mingle the gay with the grave, and hasten an adjournment to the Refectory with the view of a double process of digestion. No German legislative body is without its refreshment-room, which is such a place of resort that it becomes a very important institution, and one where a great many questions not exactly concerning the inner man are settled. Nearly all the members lead bachelor lives, for few can afford the expense, or feel the necessity, of bringing their families with them away from their domestic duties or comforts. The result is that the members are apt to eat together at certain public houses which are well understood to be the resort of a certain shade of opinion. It is therefore quite easy, after the final adjournment of the House for the day or a meal, to know where

to find Radical or Conservative, Free-Trader or Protectionist, Monarchist or Republican. And these centers of rendezvous for the various "fractions," as they are called, are very lively places at certain hours, when one is so fortunate as to secure a seat among them.

But the Refectory of the House proper is open at all hours when the body is or may be in session, and is generally dignified with the appellation of "fraction," as if it were the wing of a political opinion. For some years a caterer by the name of Miller was the popular purveyor to this need, and his rooms were known as "the Miller Fraction," where appointments were made at all hours of the day, and where, during a recess, the members fairly swarmed at the refreshment counters and tables. Men would brush against each other here who could scarcely meet on any other occasion on account of the division, by "fractions," of the House into Centers and Right and Left. Thus it happens that a Liberal may seize this, his only opportunity, to chat with "the member of the Center" over a glass of Hock, and have an interchange of views on matters of Church and State, which may result in wearing off some of the rough edges and sharp corners which in the conflicts on the floor have sometimes led to painful encounters of parties and persons. The Refectory is a capital place for studies that cannot well be prosecuted on the floor of the House, where all are equal. A man's position in society can be inferred, to some extent, from the character of his lunch and the bouquet of his beverages; a plate of caviar is a better introduction than a boiled sausage; and character-studies, as the Germans call them, are therefore largely carried on in these "fractions" for refreshing the inner man. But the rooms are emptied in a moment when the word passes round that some prominent orator has taken the stand, or that some vital question is coming to a vote. Then even the waiters, who, by the way, become very skillful and experienced politicians from their associations with the members in "the Miller Fraction," have a spare moment to leave their duties and crowd around the entrance to the House.

There is one class of men, however, connected with the Parliament, whose duties seldom permit them to visit the Miller Fraction, or to indulge in anything but close, hard work, and these are they who occupy the "Reporters' Gallery." They

are an outgrowth of modern parliamentary life in Germany, for it is but recently that their art has been acceptable to the Government or appreciated and desired by the people. The press was for many years so closely muzzled in the Fatherland that, between the fact that little was done that could be reported, and the other fact that a report was not allowed to appear in the press, the newspapers of the land were anything but the vehicles of news. But in no line of labor have the results been more satisfactory than in this, within the last few years. Journals of all shades have sprung up as if by magic, and the people have become suddenly a nation of political readers, as they were before devoted to philosophy, science, and general literature. Many of these sheets are edited with a great deal of skill, and have a large circulation; they are not only the organs of home news, but are peculiarly rich in foreign correspondence—a field in which the Germans excel. The journalists of the Reporters' Gallery are many of them men of mark, and those presented in the engraving are persons who could be recognized, by countenance or name, by thousands of the newspaper readers of the nation. It is a very delicate and responsible task to catch the hurried and often excited words uttered on the parliamentary floor, and prune or condense them so as to give the leading thoughts, neglecting nothing of importance, and omitting all that may be passed over without injury to the sense, with a view to give to the matter the size and shape appropriate to the columns of a daily journal. This skill can only be acquired by long experience of parliamentary routine, and a delicate tact proceeding from an accurate knowledge of the various parties of the House, and the relation of the speaker to them. The public much prefer to have this work done before the report reaches the press, that it may have the wheat and not the chaff of the proceedings. The demands of the German people in this line testify to their general culture and intelligence, and the journal that performs the work the best finds its enterprise appreciated and rewarded. This laudable demand has produced good fruit, and the reporting journalists of the German press by no means suffer in comparison with those of other nations who have had much greater experience in parliamentary life.

On the other hand, the stenographers of the House, who have their seat just below the speaker's desk, are expected to be the

exact photographers of all the proceedings, with no will or way of their own; it is their duty to give an accurate impress of all that occurs, and they pride themselves on not missing even a groan or a sneer. Every syllable that is spoken in public session must be faithfully transmitted to history by stenographic report; and the accuracy with which, silent and impassive amid the greatest excitement, they repeat every exclamation of the speaker or the House, every expression of assent or dissent, every sign of applause or censure, every echo indeed, is a marvel. This is an art that can only be studied amid the storms and conflicts of parliamentary life, for it requires no little practice and self-possession to remain a statue at a desk, with apparently no life except in the nimble fingers copying word for word, thought for thought, into the book of history, that the investigators of coming time may look back and see accurately all the utterances and influences that led to a certain result. This intense labor is so exhausting that there are sets of reporters in this department who are relieved about every ten minutes by a signal from the stenographic bureau in the House. Having retired, the stenographers dictate their report immediately to ready and accurate writers, who, by the time the speaker has finished a speech of half-an-hour, will have the first part of it under his hand for examination and correction, or, as the Radical Bebel asserts, for falsification; for it is too true that many of the speeches delivered on the floor of the House receive a good deal of "doctoring," before they are allowed to go into the permanent historical record of parliamentary proceedings. This custom has incurred the public censure of some of the members, but what would they say, if they understood the trick of our legislators, of printing speeches that have never been delivered before the House, but are intended solely for Buncombe?

The transition from journalists to natural-born tormentors is a gentle and easy one. These Teutons made their first acquaintance with printers' devils in the times of Faust and Gutenberg; from that day to this, the imps have made a living by teasing the knights of the quill for "copy;" for this cry penetrates even the sanctuary of the Parliament at certain hours when a crowd of boys have surrounded some unlucky wight who may have a contract to supply several journals with the same copy, and who thus has a group of his natural enemies around him struggling for the precedence.

The development of the newspaper press under the influence of increased political activity, and especially that of the frequent parliamentary sessions in Berlin, has naturally given birth to the newsboy. Many a poor waif who has been in doubt as to the supply of his daily bread, has found this a golden occupation in comparison with the starving reward received in the provincial town for some labor beyond his young strength. And not a few of them make their occupation the avenue to a permanent calling and solid success in life. To-day they may be busy in running to and from between the office and the House of Parliament, eagerly snatching manuscript and making their way to the compositor's desk, and in a year or two they may be found promoted to the desk itself for fidelity and intellectual acumen. The compositor of a respectable Berlin journal has acquired quite a position in the world, and one which universal suffrage may make available to a seat in the councils of the nation. The boys seem to have a conception of the dignity and chances of their profession, and set out to make the most of it, and those of Berlin have an enterprising, go-ahead spirit, found nowhere else in Germany; for, in this respect, all accord to the capital of the new Empire an energy and life that seem more American than European. The printers' boys of the capital absorb these qualities from their surroundings, and exhibit a determination and *esprit de corps* quite peculiar to them. They know their "Own Correspondent" as well as anybody, and no door-keeper can keep them out when on their errands, and no unauthorized messengers intrude into their domain. They even know the political shade of their employers, and indicate it in their own appearance and bearing; it is not at all difficult to tell the leaning of the boys and the papers they represent from observing a group of them together; the Radical and the Conservative in embryo are quite discernible in their way of performing their duties and making their demands.

And last, but not least in his own estimation, is the Cerberus of every Parliament, namely, the door-keeper, or "portier," at its entrance, to whom we shall devote a brief notice. He is self-importance personified, as may be seen from his likeness taken from the photographs which he deigns to distribute to all the members at the close of the session. The one we introduce is the honorable guardian of the present "Imperial Parliament" which sits in Berlin, and his outfit

has been elaborated as the symbol of the importance attached to the body which he protects—the "Imperial German Parliament." Shortly before the commencement of a session, he is at his post with his immense staff of office as tall as himself, crowned with the silver ball, which, in olden time, was indicative of the extent of imperial rule. He is in the uniform of state, and the imperial colors—black, white, and red; and is crowned in Napoleonic style, to the awe of all comers. He is the guardian of the main entrance, through which only the chosen ones are admitted, and as these approach his realm, his right arm is extended in support of his staff of office as the soldier presents arms to his superiors. But let an intruder approach, and quickly the staff falls into a horizontal position, and thus bars the entrance while explanations are exchanged. When the delegates of princely blood or the Ministers appear, the staff is extended by a right arm as stiff and straight as itself, and his weather-beaten countenance assumes an appearance of dignity that makes him resemble a medallion of the ancient German heroes; but, woe to him who would enter these portals on some base errand, instead of the door destined for hearers, reporters, and all the crowd of miserable plebs. His

orders are to stand and explain, and he listens to no such petty reasons as a desire to speak to some one at the platform or the desk, or to reach the refectory or the reading-room; his simple reply is, "the other door." To his superiors, such a functionary is of course obsequious, and during the long mornings when the members are all within the House, he is pleased to assure the straggling member that it is a fine day for a drive, or, to order for another one of the Berlin hacks, known as *droschkes*. This is done by a shrill whistle from his stand, which reaches one of the Jehus, and soon brings him to the entrance. For these little attentions, which he pays as often as is seeming, he expects a return attention at the final adjournment of the body, and for the last few days he is quite careful to offer with a low bow, in pardon for the assumption, a photograph of his important self in official robes, which no member can fail to take with him as a memorial of his parliamentary career, and for which, of course, he must make an appropriate *doucement*, according to his rank or the favors which he has received. This sacred duty being well performed, the portier wishes his victim a happy vacation, and many more returns to parliamentary halls.

#### YOUNG MOLL'S PEEVY.

VILLATE'S "drive" of logs had jammed at the foot of Red Rapids in the very throat of the main "pitch," where the Aux Lièvres falls over the ledges into the "glut-hole," fifty feet below. Named "glut-hole" by the river-men; for lumber falling in here will sometimes circle a month, unless poled out. The waters whirl and are drawn down with a peculiar sinuous motion. Bodies going over are long engulfed, and sometimes never reappear, for the basin is of great depth and there are caverns under water beneath the shelving ledges, such as the drivers call *cachots d'enfer*, and have invested with a superstitious character, as the abode of evil spirits of the flood—a thing not greatly to be wondered at; for a wilder locality could hardly be cited, its rugged cliffs of red sandstone, hung with enormous

lichens, like sides of leather, and overhung from high above with shaggy black spruces.

There were seven and a-half million feet of lumber in Villate's drive that spring. Every stick of it went into the great jam above the glut-hole. The rough fortunes of youth made me an eye-witness of the scene. A wilder spectacle I never saw throughout the lumbering region during a space of eight years. The gates of the dams at the foot of all the lakes were up; the volume of water was immense. Rocks, which in summer stand twenty feet out of the rapids, were now under water. The torrent came pouring down the long incline, black and swift as an arrow, and went over into the pool at one thunderous plunge, throwing up a vast column of mist. Two ledges only, situated in the very throat of the "pitch,"

showed above water. These rocks the lumbering company had designed to blast out the previous autumn, but had been prevented by heavy rains. They then stood twenty-seven feet out of water. Now their crests are barely exposed, and the flood washes over them in its mighty rhythm-motion. In the rapids the whole stream is compressed to a width of a little more than seventy yards.

A light jam had formed that morning at a place the drivers call a *tourmant d'eau*, about a mile above. This was broken by getting a haul on it from the shore with a dog-warp. Thereby several thousand logs were liberated at once, and went down together into the rapids. The older drivers exclaimed that it would make mischief when it started; but nothing could be done; it broke and went out with a rush. We, who were ahead, ran on down the ledges to see it go through the falls, and we had to run fast to keep up. The instant the logs entered the rapids they left us behind. We could see them going down, however, end over end, and hear them "broom" against the sunken rocks. Turtlotte and a Welshman named Finrock were ahead. I heard Turtlotte call out in French that the logs were jamming, and saw the butt ends of great sticks fly up, glittering, out of the water. The logs had struck and hung on one of the center rocks, and on the shelving ledges upon the east side. The ends of three large sticks, three or four feet across, stood fifteen feet or more out of water. We ran on, clambering from crag to crag, till we came to a point looking down on the glut, sixty feet beneath; and that was about near enough, for the ends of the logs flew up almost on a level with our eyes, as they went over, and the spray drenched our faces. The ledges under our feet trembled as if an earthquake were shaking them, and not a word could be heard, even when shouted in the ear. The combined noises were louder than thunder, heavier, deeper. It was a warm forenoon, and the sun shone into the rack dazzlingly bright, making a vivid rainbow. It was the hottest, maddest chasm that can well be imagined; and to see that brilliant rainbow hanging there so still and motionless amidst all that uproar, gave one a queer sensation.

Old man Villate himself, with his red cap over his ears, came puffing down, shouting at the top of his lungs. We could see his lips fly. The hitch was betwixt the shelving ledges on the east side and one of the mid-channel rocks. It was not one log that had

caught, else the weight of the water would have broken it out. It appeared that two large sticks had come down with the ends lying across each other, and a third log, perhaps several logs, overlying these. When the current sucked them through the rapid, between the center rock and the shore ledges, the outward ends of the crossed logs struck on both sides. Instantly the current and the momentum of the overlying logs thrust the submerged ends of the cross among the rocks on the bottom of the channel, and the momentarily increasing weight of logs held them there—this at least was the theory at the time. When first we got down there, however, there were more than a thousand logs in the glut; and the ends stood up like a porcupine's quills, at every conceivable angle. The obstructing logs in the throat of the fall bore the pressure rather lengthwise than across the fiber. These sticks were of yellow spruce, fifty feet long, and fully three feet through. Such logs, when green, will bear an enormous strain. From the way the exposed ends sprang we knew they were buckling like steel rods, yet they held pertinaciously.

The river above was covered with logs. Scores came shooting down every minute, striking into the jam like arrows. The most of these stuck in it. Some few went clean over it, or through it, for the first ten minutes, into the hole below. Logs would glance from the slippery black rocks and go a hundred feet clear of the water, such was the strength of the rapid. I saw sticks of free pine—where they struck the rocks one half on—go in halves from end to end like split-beans—logs forty and fifty feet long; yet the owners never cease to wonder how the lumber gets so badly "broomed up;" for the ends of the logs resemble nothing so much as a paint brush.

The warps were brought, and Villate called for volunteers to go down, or rather be let down, the ledges and prize off the shore ends of the jammed logs with "peeves." There were plenty of bold fellows; but every man hesitated. Murmurs of "*certain mort*," "*sur mort*," "*porte du tombeau*," "*porte d'enfer*," arose and were repeated.

"It's a hard world, but I wants to tarry in it a spell longer, boss!" said one grizzled old Yankee from the Maine rivers, with a sage shake of his long head. We all knew that when the jam started it would go through like an avalanche. Whoever was down there would have to go with it—into the glut-hole.



In an hour the jam had grown enormously. For a hundred rods up the rapid the channel was full of lumber, "churning" and battering itself. The mass had swayed off to the west bank and was piling up against the ledges on the opposite side. The mighty pressure of the torrent kept rolling the logs, one over the other, till the top of the pile was in places thirty or forty feet out of the water. The bottom logs were wedged into the bed of the stream. The flood, thus dammed and held back, rose higher and higher, rushing through and among the mass with a strange hollow roar which changed the note of the fall. Where it hung in the throat of the pitch, the mass kept rising and falling with the peculiar rhythmic motion of the water. We expected each moment to see it break out and go down; but the tough spruce logs held.

By noon, all the crew had come up. The jam filled the whole river for a third of a mile back from the fall, so completely that during the afternoon the west bank gangs crossed on it to the east side. We lighted our fires on the ledges; and as the evening advanced it was a picturesque sight—a hundred and fifty red-shirted drivers camping there and sitting in messes about their coarse fare.

All the next day we worked with the warps. Nooses were dropped over the upright ends of the logs at the foot of the jam, and the whole gang was set to pull on them. Later in the day, a heavy capstan was rigged. The hawsers broke like twine. It was impossible to start a log, so tremendous was the weight of water and lumber combined.

Next day, the jam was mined with powder placed in water-tight molasses-casks and connected with fire at the top of the ledges by means of tarred fuses. The blasts blew out splinters freely, but failed to break or dislodge the large sticks. Villate fumed and sweated. Unless the drive went down to market, not a dollar would be paid to one of us; so he declared. "If you want your pay, break the jam," was his constant exhortation, enforced by vigorous curses; and, indeed, we had been hired on these terms; wages to be paid when the drive reached Montreal—not before. This is a common rule, or used to be; the men have thus a strong interest in the driving.

A plan was mooted among the messes that following night, to cut out the front logs. The same scheme has been often put in execution. It was argued that by stretching a warping-line across the rapids,

from cliff to cliff, directly over the foot of the jam, a man might be lowered on it, with his axe, and cut away the logs. A large "basket"—so it was talked—might be swung on the cable. By slackening the line the axe-man could be lowered to the logs; and the instant the sticks cracked under the strokes, he could leap to the "basket" and be pulled up out of harm's way, and let the jam go through under him. The idea gained favor. The following morning the end of one of the seven hundred foot lines was taken across on the jam to the ledges on the west bank. Fifty men went over with it, to handle it. With a hundred men there was no difficulty in lowering and raising it at will. When drawn taut, it hung sixty feet above the foot of the jam. One of the Indian drivers, named Lahmunt, had been at work weaving a "basket" of ash strip; and as soon as this novel carriage was finished and slung on the cable, the project was ready for trial. While the project was being talked over, several of the drivers had declared themselves willing to undertake the feat; but now that the basket was slung, and after seeing it drawn out over the abyss, they were less disposed to proffer their services. It needed strong nerves and a stout heart to gaze into that foaming gulf and not turn dizzy.

There was among us a youngster whom the old drivers called "Young Moll's Peevy." Young Moll was a half-breed (French and Indian) girl, or rather woman at this time, of thirty or thirty-three, and the mother of this boy. Some of the drivers said that his rightful patronymic was Skelly; but this was a rather obscure matter.

She lived at one of those little half-savage villages such as are only to be found in the backwoods of Canada; and her name was a far too commonly spoken one with the drivers, though not more so than many another. Society in these parts had not taken high orders. Nature had her own way pretty much; they deemed it little sin. Even the omnipresent Romish priest has somehow failed to get much control over the average river-driver, always too much a nomad to feel the continued influence of local sanctuaries.

The young woman realized the prevailing ideal of beauty; not a very refined one, perhaps; but the drivers deemed her fair.

"The Peevy," as he was half-humorously christened, must have been nearly or quite nineteen. The name was said to have come to him one day in boyhood, when a "peevy"



was dropped off a glut into ten or a dozen feet of water. Several of the drivers were trying to hook it up, but kept missing it. The boy, then eleven or twelve years old, had come along unobserved. Presently, and without saying a word, he dropped off the logs, brought up the peevy, and ran away, dripping. The men laughed, and not knowing his name, called him "the peevy-boy." Afterward, when they had found out his mother, they named the urchin "Young Moll's Peevy." This *sobriquet* clung to him even after he had reached manhood and worked with the gang, particularly among the older men who remembered the circumstance. But his mother called him Lotte. A stranger would not easily have believed him the child of the fresh young person who had cared for him; for he was unusually stalwart and bronzed by exposure. Seen together, they rather resembled lad and lass. I thought so, at least, when first I saw her, coming to fetch him dry feeting and a clean shirt. She had walked twenty miles to bring them, through the woods, following our trail. And the way she kissed the young man, aside, was, or looked to be, rather lover-like than maternal. Afterward, on several similar occasions, I was much struck by the *genre* picture they made; the youth had the great black eyes and black curling hair of his mother. The drivers used to chaff the fellow unceasingly about Young Moll and the care she took of him, all of which he bore silently, with a troubled, resentful eye; though, otherwise, a great, noble-hearted boy, generous, and inclined to jollity. Really, the rough fellows thought the more of the young woman for this motherly affection and wealth of care for her boy. It was in their uncultured faces, all the while their tongues belied them.

The "basket" was slung and ready. The gang on the other side were gesticulating, with random tugs at the line. There was something whimsical in the way the proposers of the project shrank the one behind the other, with assumed bravado and covert glances at each other's faces.

"I shall have to go myself!" Villate exclaimed, with his characteristic French oath, "I will go myself, fat as I am!" when, rather bashfully, as if afraid of giving offense, young Lotte said he would go "if no better man wanted the job." There were at first muttered "*non-nons*" of dissuasion in the crowd, but nobody claimed the "job," and Villate was but too glad to get a man to go. In a moment the young man had stripped

to his shirt and red drawers, taken his axe and stepped to the basket, but it was found to be insecurely attached; and afterward several better modes of handling the line were suggested, in all causing a delay of an hour or two.

And now, as if the birds of spring, just flitting past, had carried the word, or some presentiment of evil had found its way to the Peevy's mother, she inopportunely made her appearance. Rad Cates privately touched my elbow and nodded back, up the bank. I then saw young Moll standing partly in the cover of a shrub fir, a hundred yards off, intently watching the gang and the extended warp.

Several of the men saw her, but did not look or notice her after the first glance. "Parbleu! a pity she's here!" one said, and they closed in about Lotte to prevent his seeing her. But the woman soon came nearer, going partly around the crowd, keeping aloof. She had a new plaid shawl, gayly colored, pinned closely about her neck, and her long, black, Indian-like curls showed beneath a beaded scarlet hood. There was an intently anxious look in her eyes; she appeared worn and tired.

"The Peevy" was much too tall a man to be shut up in the crowd. Presently he espied her, and his eye fell. After a time he casually, as it were, made his way back to her. None of us heard what was said. The most instinctively kept their eyes to themselves. The gang on the other side was staring across the chasm. Villate ripped out an oath, and I saw Lotte push the girl aside so roughly that she caught at a shrub to save herself. He walked straight to the brink of the cliff.

"Je suis ici," said he. I never saw him look so manly. We knew his eye was quick and his hand sure. I had little doubt that he would cut the front logs and come up safe. We did not know what the danger was till afterward. He stood upright in the "basket," with one hand on the hawser, to steady himself, and his axe in the other.

At a signal the gang on the west side straightened the line. We paid it out slowly. They drew him out from the brink of the ledge, till the basket was directly over the center rock. Then gradually we slackened it, and let him down foot by foot, down under the rainbow, where the hot, mad mist flew up in fierce gusts, bearing the strong odor of crushed spruce fiber. He seemed to bear the deafening roar without confusion, and glanced about him quite coolly, as it looked.

Our attention was given closely to his signals and to our task, yet I saw Young Moll coming forward, step by step, as the "basket" went deeper and deeper into the gorge, her eyes riveted on it. She was very pale, and her hands were tightly clenched. The drivers cast ominous glances at her.

"I don't half like the looks of the jade!" I heard muttered, and I think the sight of her filled every one with a sense of foreboding.

As soon as the basket was down to the logs we saw him step out upon them, and thence to the rock. From moment to moment the mist hid him, and transient jets of water, from betwixt the logs, squirted high over his head. Guardedly he planted one boot, shod with the sharp corks, upon one of the large front logs—the one he judged it best to cut away first; the other foot rested on the rock. The "basket" he had placed at his back. We were holding it steady from both banks, ready to pull it up when signaled. Before and beneath him raged the cataract. We saw him raise his axe and strike it into the log. The bright steel flashed in the narrow chasm. At the fourth stroke the great log cracked. He threw the axe and clutched the basket. A mighty crash rang up. The jam had started—was moving—going down—madly splintering—thundering into the glut-hole! The wet splinters all along the rapids went up a hundred feet in air. On both sides the gangs were running backward, hoisting the "basket." It rose twenty feet a second! A hundred and fifty strong men pulled with might and main! As he rose he waved his hand to us.

Ah, God! we were too slow! It was all done in a trice. One great stick, ending

over like a fagot, barely missed the basket. Another longer log, whirling up, struck the warp farther out, and hurled him down with it! The cable was torn from our hands! Gone like a flash, into the gulf below! From the one great rough human heart on either bank a groan of pity blended with the roar. "Too d——n bad!" they cried out, in all sincerity, and stood staring.

Then all eyes turned toward the poor fellow's mother. She had thrown up her hands when the timber swept him down, as if to shut out the sight, then dropped them on a sudden, with a moan.

"Catch her!" some one shouted. Half-a-dozen standing nearest sprang forward—for she was standing on the very verge of the rocks. Her eyes had fallen on old man Villate. They were like the eyes of one in some mortal agony. The blotched and bloated old rum-butt turned his face aside and downward, and thrust out his hands as if to fight off flame. For their lives the men durst not lay hold of her. She seemed to waver in soul betwixt grief and fury.

A moment after, the men gave a loud shout! She was gone from where she had stood, and the echo of a smothered shriek—tribute of a woman's heart to death—came to our ears. We sprang to look over. There was a glimpse of the bright shawl whirled amid the foam.

"Did she fall?" some one cried out.

"Threwed herself down!" said those who saw it.

We never found trace of either of them. But the jam went out, to the last log. Two hours later the gangs were following the drive down the stream—on to Montreal! But the men had turned sullen. Scarce a laugh or a cheery shout was heard for three days.

## DEATH-DEALING TRADES.

THE fish-wives of Scotland are notorious for their extortionate prices. Their pat answer to all remonstrances is that it is not fish, but fishermen's lives, which they are selling. "Out of dry and hard necessity comes the beauty of the world," a well-known American has written. "Behind our tinted Salvati glass, our painted Sèvres china, our Minton majolica and shining silver plate, are the long rows of pallid faces inhaling poison in stifling rooms, breathing death that they may live." There is more

truth and less sentimentalism or poetical exaggeration in these statements, especially the last, than most persons will readily believe. Not a few common trades materially injure the health and shorten the lives of the operatives.

On a warm Sunday afternoon last autumn, a large hall in the Bowery was filled with an audience of cigar-makers who had come together to protest against the wrongs of their trade. Most of them were Germans, but, unlike Germans, they were sickly,

cadaverous, and sallow-faced. The speeches were delivered in their native language and English. A newspaper report adds that the sentiments were expressed with an emphasis and earnestness that left no room for doubt of the anxiety and determination which prompted them.

One speaker said that there are fourteen thousand registered men and women cigar-makers in New York city, besides enough children of both sexes to run the number up to twenty thousand. A large proportion of these live in tenement houses, some of which are crowded in every floor, from cellar to garret, with the families of cigar-makers, who rent their quarters from their employers, and work, eat and sleep in the same rooms. Another speaker complained that nothing had been done to improve the condition of the poor cigar-makers in festering tenements, and he spoke of the baneful influence of tenement life on women and children. Whole families are compelled to work sixteen or eighteen hours every day in order to keep body and soul together. In some cases as many as seventy families live in one tenement house, owned and rented to them by one employer, who controls them and holds them in utter bondage. The atmosphere of these places, he said, is horrible, being laden with nicotine, which makes permanent invalids of the children exposed to it.

The man who made the latter statements was a German, and he spoke with extreme earnestness and simplicity. Whoever purchases a cigar in one of the many small tobacconists' stores in the poorer part of the city, will not doubt their truth. Behind the counter or screen, or in a cramped room at the back of the store, he may see all the members of the proprietor's family working for their lives with leaf tobacco. The adults are wan and thin, the children stunted in growth and sickly. Yet these store-owners and workers are the best representatives of their trade, well supplied with comforts, and healthful, compared with the tenement occupants. If the inquirer would see complete poverty and misery, let him enlist the services of some policeman or missionary, and enter the dismal neighborhood where such unfortunates are to be found. The newspapers described their condition fully, and I will not say more here. I have mentioned the meeting, because it seems to be a fit text for the article I propose to write. It was one of the first public protests made against injurious trades, which are entitled

to wide consideration on sanitary and humanitarian grounds. There are many such in the United States, and thousands of workers in them who "breathe death that they may live."

The most injurious of all to the operatives are those in which arsenical green colors are used, notably artificial flower and wall-paper making. The former is an extensive trade in America, and in New York city alone there are about fifty manufactories, employing about two thousand girls and children. Possibly you have noticed admiringly how closely nature has been imitated in the sprays of leaves and grass exhibited by some of these establishments in the neighborhood of Wooster street. The delicacy and brilliancy of color are produced by arsenic, one of the most virulent of poisons.

The process of manufacture is simple. The fabric from which the leaves are cut is colored in the piece. The coloring material is made out of the arsenical pigment, cold water, and starch, or gum-arabic. The workman takes a quantity of this liquid in his fingers, and roughly spreads it over lengths of muslin or fine calico, which are afterward beaten or kneaded by hand until they are uniformly colored. They are then spread in a frame to dry, and the plain cloth is stamped, shaded, and cut into beautiful artificial leaves. The operative is much soiled with the color, and in that part of the process called "fluffing," which means dipping the leaf into warm wax and dusting the dry color from it, floating particles of arsenic enter the air and are inhaled by all in the work-room. Towels or masks are sometimes worn before the mouth and nostrils, but the moist skin attracts the dust and the clothes give it lodgment.

The quantity of arsenic used is almost incredible. The medical officer of the Privy Council states that from five to seven hundred tons are made in England annually, and a celebrated chemist found ten pure grains in a single twig of twelve artificial leaves. A lady might thus innocently carry to an evening party enough of the poison to destroy herself and twenty others.\* But the direct effects of the arsenic upon the workmen are yet more terrible. An investi-

\* "On the Evil Effects of the Use of Arsenic," a paper by Frank W. Draper, M. D., in the Third Annual Report of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts, to which the writer is largely indebted.

gation of the condition of artificial flower makers was made in Paris by M. Vernois some years ago; most of them were found to be suffering from various eruptions of the skin, presenting sometimes a papular form, sometimes a vesicular form, and sometimes a simple diffused redness. Combined with these external symptoms, which in some instances developed into ulceration and gangrene, were loss of appetite, nausea, colic, incessant headache, and debility. Several investigations were also made in London, and the eminent Dr. Hassall mentions a manufactory where he found twelve persons at work, the condition of all being wretched in the extreme. They all had sores at the back of the neck, on the sides of the nose and on the hands, and their sight was impaired. From time to time they were obliged to give up work and return to their homes.

Dr. Guy, an officer of the Medical Department of the Privy Council, visited another manufactory, where the one hundred young women employed were all affected by the skin disease, and, severe as this was, it proved to be but one of their ailments. Of the twenty-five girls who were examined nearly all showed signs, often highly developed, of chronic arsenical poisoning—nausea, loss of appetite, vomiting, palpitation, shortness of breath, drowsiness, and convulsions. It is wonderful, the medical officer observes, that deaths are not constantly occurring in the artificial flower factories; and, indeed, one fatal case is mentioned in relation to which a coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from arsenite of copper. The victim was a girl of nineteen, who had pursued her poisonous occupation for eighteen months without intermission, although she was afflicted by the symptoms previously described during the whole of that period. "The tortures which that poor girl must have suffered," remarks the official "Blue Book," "will not have been in vain if the public knowledge of them leads to the amendment of a system under which others are progressing toward a similar fate from day to day."

One branch of the industry in which children are employed is technically known as grass work. It consists in fastening small glass beads or "dew drops" to the artificial grass, and so simple is the work that mere infants can help at it. The master of a ragged school in a densely populated district of London found that when a particular kind of artificial flower was in fashion the

young children neglected to attend school. He told James Greenwood, who wrote an article which appeared in the London "Telegraph" some time ago: "You may always know a grass hand if he has been at work any time, from the appearance of his hair. You will find the front part of it—that which is most exposed, as the head is bent over the work—to be of a different color from the rest. If the child's hair is light-colored, the patch in front, just where the parting commences, will be changed to a dull yellow; if the hair is naturally dark the patch will be rusty, almost of the color called carrot. If they work long and hard at the grass the hair will fall out." The threading of the beads on blades and leaves of grass, and the subsequent shaking to see that all is right, dislodge particles of the arsenical green, which poisons the air and tells its tale upon the poor children.

No official investigation has ever been made in America, but I have the authority of Dr. Stephen Smith, member of the New York Board of Health, and Dr. E. H. Janes, Chief Sanitary Inspector, for stating that the same conditions exist here as abroad. A large number of the factories are in that part of the city bounded by Greene street, Broadway, Canal, and Houston streets. Others are on the East Side. All the smaller ones are in old tenement houses, which are insufficiently ventilated, and have no necessary conveniences for carrying on the manufacture. In a small room ten or twelve children are confined, doing the simplest work on common flowers under the direction of a woman. Some large firm supplies the materials, and the proprietress is paid by the dozen bunches. The little workers receive one dollar a week for ten hours' labor, and the youngest, who are called learners, are not paid at all. There is another class of small factories in which whole families are employed, supplying their own material, and taking the productions of the day to one of the large dealers every night. It is among these unfortunates, who are compelled to use the cheapest coloring, that the effects of arsenical green are most noticeable. The symptoms of the poisoning show themselves in accordance with the amount of work done, and the ventilation of the rooms. I did not find them as acute in any instance as described in London or Paris, but all the operatives were pale-faced and afflicted with dyspepsia, catarrh, and weakness of the eyes.

An opportunity was given to me by Messrs. Strauss, Bianchi & Co., to inspect their factory, which extends from Broadway to Mercer street. The building is a comparatively new one, and the work-rooms are lofty, warm, well lighted and well ventilated. About one hundred girls, whose ages varied from ten to twenty, were at work, and about one hundred and fifty more were constantly employed at their own homes. In one of the upper rooms two or three men were coloring the sheets of muslin, spreading them on a frame to dry and embossing them with iron stamps. The color in use at the moment of my visit was a deep carmine, dry particles of which filled the air and settled thickly on the floor and benches. It was constantly being inhaled, and Mr. Beers, the superintendent, showed me his pocket-handkerchief, which was speckled with crimson dust blown out through the nose. The only troublesome consequence he felt was in an occasional attack of catarrh or dyspepsia.

In the lower rooms the girls were applying intermediate tints to the carmine, pressing, curling, and folding the leaves. The faces and arms of some were daubed with the coloring, which even touched their lips; but none of them were more sickly in appearance than other factory girls. They were compelled to wash themselves often, and their complaints were no more serious than those of the superintendent. All the green leaves are bought ready-made, from houses which make a specialty of their manufacture, as Mr. Beers informed me—and it is among these that the worst forms of disease exist. There were several severe cases of sickness in his own factory, however, while some bronze leaves were in preparation—so many, in fact, that the work had to be abandoned.

It is more than thirty years since a German chemist called attention to the deleterious effects of the manufacture of emerald-green papers, and of living in rooms covered by them. The subject was subsequently inquired into by distinguished scientific men in England and America, and for some time the use of arsenical green papers was abandoned. But the dictates of fashion are capricious. The public has forgotten the warnings given in the newspapers ten years ago, and the poisonous paper-hangings are exhibited in the shops to-day, with the same fascinations of color, design, and finish that characterized them in the past. Dr. Frank W. Draper visited several stores

in Massachusetts a year or two ago, and in all of them he obtained specimens of wall-paper containing arsenic. I have not the space, and it is not within the scope of this article to mention the numerous cases in which persons have been poisoned by them. It is my intention to simply describe the injurious effects produced upon the workmen engaged in their manufacture.

The process is described by Dr. Draper as follows: A mixture of emerald-green and Paris-white is poured into some warm water and size, which the operative stirs with his fore-arm, often dipping it as low as the elbow. When the color is prepared, it is applied to the surface of the paper by a series of brushes, worked by machinery, and a uniform coating is thus secured. Passing from the brushes, the paper is suspended in loops from sticks which rest on a slowly moving endless chain, arranged near the ceiling, and it is carried the whole length of the room (which is very hot), until it is dry. If it is to be glazed, it is then drawn under a series of dry brushes, which revolve with great rapidity. The figured patterns are printed by two methods. The slower and more accurate is hand-printing. But most of the printing is done by machinery not unlike that used in calico-printing. The paper is drawn against some revolving wooden cylinders, on which are raised figures corresponding with the colors to be observed in the paper when it is finished, and each cylinder is fed by a belt of fine woolen cloth passing through a trough of color. "Flock" paper requires a special process to give it its roughened or velvety texture. The "flock" consists in finely divided shreds of waste woolen cloth, which is scoured, and dried, and ground to a powder. A quantity of this woolen dust is inclosed in a large chest or drum, the bottom of which is formed of sheep-skin. The paper having been covered with alternate layers of size and varnish is then passed into the drum, and as the sheep-skin bottom is beaten, the "flock" rises and settles on the moistened and adhesive surface, where it is allowed to dry. When the paper is to be a plain "flock," the size and varnish are spread uniformly, but when figures are desired, the pattern alone is covered with varnish.

The symptoms observed in the workmen, who obtain a precarious livelihood from this industry, are much the same as in the artificial flower makers, consisting of thirst, nausea, drowsiness, nervous tremblings, sore-throat, catarrh, and swelling of



the lips. Various eruptions also appear on exposed parts of the body, their severity being in proportion to the duration and continuity of the workman's labors, and to his cleanliness and individual susceptibility to the poison.

Dr. Draper also visited one of the largest manufactories. The building was not inferior to others of its class, and was well supplied with light and ventilation. Arsenic was used by the barrel in making green colors, and a number of workmen were asked whether or not they suffered from exposure to it. Their answers showed that either from their personal experience or by common consent, the emerald-green colors had a bad name; and in a few instances arsenic was mentioned as the recognized agent of injury. A foreman in the color-room, where the pigments were mixed with warm size, stated that sores sometimes appeared on the hands, especially when they were dipped into the color to hasten the mixing. Another man complained of ulcerations, meekly suggesting, at the same time, that they might be avoided by careful attention to washing. A third workman stated that he had been employed in the business for twenty-three years, and had suffered from the effects of emerald-greens in the same manner as many others. He considered the color a poison, and said that its influence was the worse when it was used dry. After working with it for a fortnight or less, the symptoms generally manifested themselves, beginning with "a bad cold in the head," which was followed by ulceration of the hands, a swelling of the lips and nose, and salivation "as bad as from mercury." The lower parts were also affected, and walking became difficult; but all the ailments would disappear a fortnight after the work was discontinued.

Paper-hangers also recognize the fact that certain green papers have a tendency to develop a peculiar set of symptoms. Out of nine men examined by Dr. Draper, seven had been poisoned by arsenic, in various degrees of severity. Within twelve hours after working upon an arsenical paper, they were afflicted with irritation of the mucous membrane of the eyes, nose and mouth, accompanied by eruptions on the body and great prostration of strength. No fatal cases had been heard of, but such symptoms of poisoning as these were very common.

All the phosphorus made is consumed in the manufacture of common matches, an industry employing many thousands of men

and women in America. A terrible jaw disease is often contracted by those exposed to the fumes, numerous cases of which have been treated and are on record at Bellevue Hospital, in the city of New York.

The splints of wood are twice the length of the matches they are intended to make, and are tied, like firewood, into cylindrical bundles about six inches in diameter. Both ends are placed on a heated sheet of metal until they are charred to a light brown, the object of which is to insure the adhesion of the sulphur or their complete saturation with oil. They are next dipped in an open vessel over a fire or stove containing a quantity of melted sulphur, an excess of which invests the interstices between the splints, and is removed by "hands" called "pickers," who press and roll the bundles on a board. The heads of the cheapest kind of matches are then dipped by hand into a composition, the ingredients and proportions of which vary, according to the quality of matches for which it is intended. The essential component parts are phosphorus, chlorate of potash, and glue. The phosphorus is used, of course, for its ready inflammability under the influence of friction or a gentle heat; the chlorate of potash for the facility with which, when exposed to the minutest spark, it explodes and bursts into flame; and the glue for combining and consolidating the two former substances. Powdered glass, and small quantities of coloring matter, such as red lead or vermilion, are also usually added to the composition.

All the ingredients which need pulverization are finely ground. The glue is melted in a steam bath, and then the phosphorus is introduced into it, and is stirred until the two substances are combined. Next, the powdered glass and coloring matter are thrown in, and incorporated in a like manner. Finally, the chlorate of potash, previously moistened, is added to the semi-fluid mass, and the whole is stirred until the admixture is complete.

The better kind of matches undergo what is called "frame-dipping," which consists in arranging the splints, already cut to the desired length of the match, in square wooden frames, at equal and short distances from one another. The composition is spread by a spatula on a smooth stone or metallic surface, warmed by steam, in a uniform layer of some thickness. The prepared frame is placed horizontally upon this, so that all the ends of the splints sink to the bottom of the composition. When the frame is removed,



each splint is found dipped with a small button of paste, which in drying acquires the ordinary ovoid shape.

After all the dipping has been done, the matches are dried in rooms especially adapted for the purpose—artificially heated and fire-proof. The last thing of all is "boxing." The splints are removed from the frames or loosened from the bundles, as the case may be, by persons who are known as "emptiers." The same persons act also as "boxers" or "lidders," which names express the duties they have to perform. "Cross-cutting" is done prior to "frame-filling," but with bundles, as was intimated, it follows the dipping. The vapors of the phosphorus escape in several of the processes: in mixing the composition, dipping, drying, and boxing. The better class of manufactories have separate rooms for each of these, and only the persons especially engaged in them can inhale the poisonous emanations. But in some instances the entire business is done in one small room, and all the work-people are more or less exposed.

The peculiar disease attending this industry is technically known as necrosis of the maxillary bones, and the operators most exposed to the fumes of phosphorus are constantly in danger of being attacked by it. An eminent surgeon pointed out to me in Sixth Avenue, New York, not more than a week previous to this writing, a young woman engaged in match-making, whose lower jaw he had removed at Bellevue Hospital two years before. A new and healthy bone had since formed, he told me, but the act of mastication was difficult. Out of the numerous cases on record, remarkably few have been fatal, and in most deformity has been the worst consequence. Several deaths caused by phosphorus are described, however, by the medical officers of the Privy Council of Great Britain.

Richard Bell began work as a match-maker at the age of eight, and continued it until his death at the age of twenty-two. While a dipper, he was troubled with tooth-ache, which developed into necrosis of the upper jaw. Part of the jaw was removed, but the disease continued and was progressing when he died. George Reynolds was attacked by the disease in both jaws, and died after an illness of twelve months. His brother was also attacked, but recovered after the removal of the lower jaw. John Cremer, a dipper, died after an illness of four years. Winifred Gaitley, A. Farrel, and B. Follen, all women, also died of the dis-

ease within a short time of each other. We might carry a list of such cases over another page. The details of some are too revolting for description in a family magazine, and any reader who is inclined to read further, may find many works on the subject in all medical libraries. The cases at Bellevue Hospital will be alluded to again.

About eighteen months ago an article appeared in a Brooklyn newspaper describing a white lead factory at Williamsburg, the operatives of which were said to be constantly suffering from metallic poisoning. The proprietors of the factory sharply controverted the statements made, but several of the workmen came to the writer's support with accounts of numerous well-authenticated cases. In a few months the subject was forgotten, and the factory now finds no scarcity of men to fill it. Nevertheless, the disastrous effects of the lead industry are proved on the best medical authority.

The manufacture of white lead is the most dangerous branch. The process is as follows: A number of earthen vessels are prepared, into each of which a few ounces of crude vinegar are poured. Sheets of lead are then introduced in such a manner that they neither touch the vinegar nor project above the top of the jars. The vessels are arranged in rows in a large building and inclosed between boards covered with tan, one row being placed on top of another until a stack is formed. The building is next closed, and a spontaneous process takes place, the exact nature of which is not understood. But when the building is opened after a lapse of several weeks and the stack is taken to pieces, the greater portion of the metal is found to have been converted into a carbonate. This, washed and ground while wet, is white lead, and when it is packed in casks it is ready for the market.

The poison affects the work-people partly through inhalation and partly through the agency of the skin. The inhalation is the most fertile source of evil, however, and the commonest symptom is colic, which is easily cured. There are other and more serious symptoms, which develop into paralysis unless work is discontinued; but as the wages paid by the manufacturers are high, and as many of the operatives have large families to support, medical prohibitions against the continuance of work are often disregarded.

The occupations in which mercury is used are also injurious to the workmen, and with

a brief account of these I will conclude this article. They include the silvering of looking-glasses, the dressing of furs, and barometer-making; but I shall omit the latter, as it is comparatively unimportant in the United States. In silvering looking-glasses a sheet of tin-foil is laid on a stone table and carefully flattened. A quantity of metallic mercury is poured upon this, and the glass to be silvered is drawn over the surface of the tin-foil in such a manner that a portion of the mercury intervenes everywhere between them. The excess of mercury which is necessary in this process runs off the table into vessels in which it is strained and fitted for further use. Some of this surplus mercury amalgamates with portions of the tin-foil, and in the form of an oxide it is diffused in the work-room.

A fair degree of care is observed in the construction of the work-rooms, and the ventilation and light are usually good, but the symptoms of mercurial poisoning are often seen in the silverers. There is a class of poor Hebrews and Italians who produce an inferior kind of mirror at their own tenement houses. All the processes are carried on in one or two rooms, which are also used for all household purposes; and it is among this class that the poisoning occurs most frequently. The writer went to an Italian lodging-house in Elm street, where two brothers do a small business in the manufacture of glasses which sell for from ten to fifty cents. One of them was silvering a sheet of common glass as I entered. He gave his age as thirty-five and said he came from Tuscany. His face was pallid, and his cheeks and eyes were sunken. All his teeth had fallen out, and he complained of an aching in his bones. As he stood talking to me, a nervous quivering was apparent in his frame, and he could not stand for more than a few minutes without resting. He was constantly expectorating, and was short of breath. When I asked him what it was that ailed him he quietly answered that he did not know, but believed it might be the mercury. I thoughtlessly added that there were more wholesome occupations open to him. He shook his head, and said: "Oh, no, none; none that will pay so well." By and by his brother came in, a younger man by five years. He was healthier-looking comparatively, but still wan in face and wasted in body. The only troubles he had, he said, were occasional pains in the bones and excessive salivation. Both of the men were uncleanly in appearance, and the poi-

son had a chance to enter their systems in three ways (as it evidently had done)—by inhalation, through the pores of the skin, and with their food, as some of the mercury necessarily adhered to their unwashed hands.

Even in the work-rooms of the most conscientious manufacturers, which are satisfactory in all sanitary respects, the consequences of the use of mercury are not wholly avoided. Small ulcers break out in the mouths of the operatives, the gums are sore, and the excretion of the saliva is abnormally profuse. The ultimate effects are in proportion to the sensibility of the workman to the poison, and to his power of eliminating it from the system—two qualities which vary to such an extent with the individual, that while one man may work with mercury for several years without serious injury, another will be prostrated before a month has elapsed.

The symptoms to be observed in the furriers are the same as in the silverers. Some time ago a woman was admitted to the Surrey Dispensary who was suffering from the usual results of the long-continued action of small quantities of mercury on the system. As she denied having taken it medicinally, she was questioned by the physicians as to her employment, and stated in answer that she was engaged by a furrier to dress skins with a fluid, which she believed contained the poison. Several other women were affected in the same manner as herself, she added, at the same establishment. A more serious case came to light a short time before this. A man was admitted to the hospital suffering from mercury in the system. Four years previously he began work as a packer of furs, and for three years was not much inconvenienced by the mercury, although he suffered from general debility. After that time, however, he could not hold his hand steadily enough to shave himself, and was soon unable to control his muscles. He trembled when standing upright, and had spasmodic movements when in bed. He continued work until he was compelled by exhaustion to give it up one month before his admission, two or three days after which he became delirious and died.

Some preparation of mercury is considered indispensable in dressing furs. A solution of the nitrate is brushed on the hairy side by men, and the skins are then dried in a heated room, brushed and cut by machinery, and sorted. All the operatives are exposed, some more than others; but, however slight the exposure, it is attend-

ed by impaired health, if not disease or death.

In regard to this industry and to the others we have described, it is exceedingly difficult to obtain as full information as might be desired. Some of the employers, knowing the writer's object, showed the extreme aversion to an investigation. A further declared to a medical officer that he really did not know enough about chemicals to say whether or not he used mercury in his store. Other employers—all, in fact, who have had the humanity to respect the lives of their work-people—gave me every facility, and were frank in their statements of the injuries arising from the use of certain materials. The conclusions to be drawn from all that I saw and heard are, that a number of occupations openly carried on, fully deserve to be called "death-dealing," that they need close supervision by public health officers—which they do not receive; that proper regulations, strictly enforced, might alleviate the evils or completely overcome them.

Further and more valuable suggestions than these may be drawn from the following letter addressed to the writer by Dr. Stephen Smith, member of the New York Board of Health, and of the American Public Health Association, who kindly revised this article:

"The damage done to the health of operatives in the various trades by the articles employed in manufacture, has excited far too little attention in this country. Nearly all of our knowledge of these sources of ill-health is derived from investigations in the manufacturing towns of Europe. The evils detailed in this paper are undoubtedly more numerous, and more destructive of health among operatives, in the old factories abroad, than in the same comparatively new and improved establishments at home. But, we have abundant evidence that operatives in this country are far from being exempt from the deleterious effects of the poisonous agents used in many trades. Lead poisoning was at one time traceable in many of the chronic and invaliding maladies of those engaged in establishments where this material was extensively employed. The terrible experiences of the employés in lucifer match manufactories, several years since,

awakened a temporary interest in this subject, which led to important reforms in the management of the dangerous stage in the process. In this phosphor-necrosis disease the ravages of the poison were so apparent and so destructive, consisting of the loss of part or of the whole of the lower jaw, that a prompt remedy of the evil was imperatively demanded by the public. But, unfortunately, many of these poisons, like arsenic, are so slow and insidious in their operation, that the source of impaired health is not even suspected. The operative continues to perform his duties until the progressive effects of the poison have so deteriorated his constitutional vigor that he is compelled to abandon his trade and seek another employment. If by this change his health is improved, the former sickness is attributed to some comparatively trivial circumstance, as confinement, while the real evil escapes detection. It is also unfortunate that these poisons affect different persons differently, as is the case with phosphorus, ten escaping to one affected with destructive disease of the jaw. If those poisons were prompt and decisive in their action, and all operatives were alike affected, the reform would be prompt and effectual; either poisonous materials would not be used, or, when used, proper precautions would be taken to render them harmless.

"Popular enlightenment on these subjects, which are of such abiding interest to the working classes, is of the utmost importance. It is not sufficient for the proper authorities to learn these facts, and endeavor to correct apparent defects in methods of manufacturing. The operatives themselves should be instructed as to the known, and to the suspected, causes of sickness, or impaired health, which are incident to certain trades. And such instruction should include specific information as to the early symptoms which are characteristic of the effects of the several poisons used in the arts and manufactures. In this country, where the field of employment is so large and so diversified, such instruction would be especially valuable, and would enable those who are liable to suffer ill-health from pursuing any particular trade, to change their occupations before they have received permanent detriment."

## WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

MARION showed me her wedding gown  
And her veil of gossamer lace to-night,  
And the orange blooms that to-morrow morn  
Shall fade in her soft hair's golden light.  
But Philip came to the open door;  
Like the heart of a wild rose glowed her cheek,  
And they wandered off through the garden paths  
So blest that they did not care to speak.

I wonder how it seems to be loved;  
To know you are fair in some one's eyes;  
That upon some one your beauty dawns  
Every day as a new surprise.  
To know that whether you weep or smile,  
Whether your mood be grave or gay,  
Somebody thinks you all the while  
Sweeter than any flower of May!

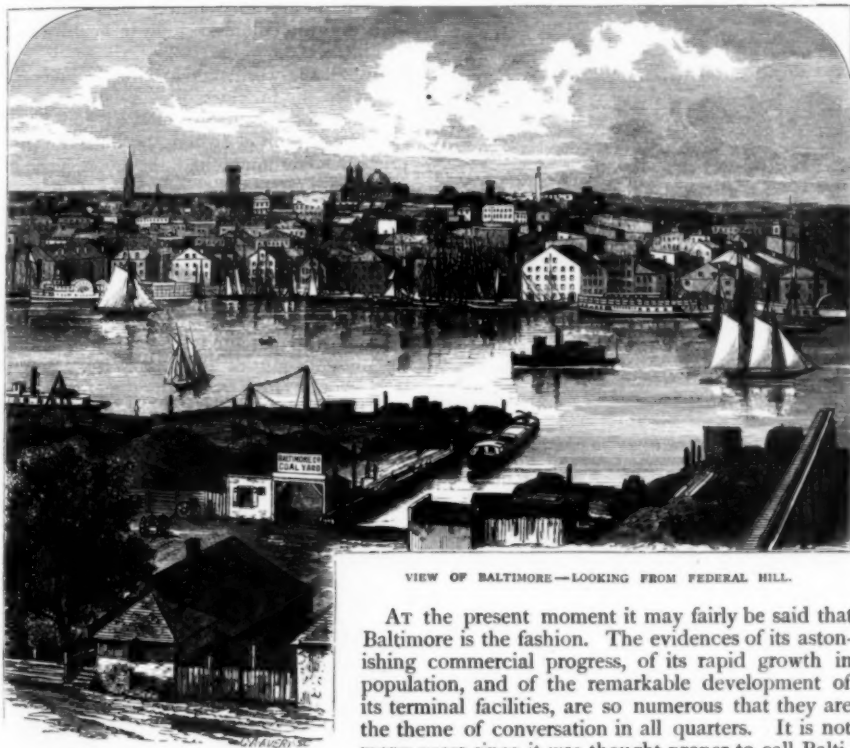
I wonder what it would be to love;  
That, I think, would be sweeter far—  
To know that one out of all the world  
Was lord of your life, your king, your star!  
They talk of love's sweet tumult and pain;  
I am not sure that I understand,  
Though—a thrill ran down to my finger-tips,  
Once when—somebody—touched my hand.

I wonder what it would be to dream  
Of a child that might one day be your own,  
Of the hidden springs of your life a part,  
Flesh of your flesh, and bone of your bone.  
Marion stooped one day to kiss  
A beggar's babe with a tender grace,  
While some sweet thought, like a prophecy,  
Looked from her pure Madonna face.

I wonder what it must be to think  
To-morrow will be your wedding day,  
And, in the radiant sunset glow,  
Down fragrant, flowery paths to stray,  
As Marion does this blessed night  
With Philip, lost in a blissful dream.  
Can she feel his heart through the silence beat?  
Does he see her eyes in the starlight gleam?

Questioning thus, my days go on,  
But never an answer comes to me;  
All love's mysteries, sweet as strange,  
Sealed away from my life must be.  
Yet still I dream, O heart of mine!  
Of a beautiful city that lies afar;  
And there, sometime, I shall drop the mask,  
And be shapely and fair as others are!

## THE LIVERPOOL OF AMERICA.



VIEW OF BALTIMORE—LOOKING FROM FEDERAL HILL.

more slow, and to accuse her citizens of old fogyism. Before the war, Northern people spoke with enthusiasm of the bewitching beauty of Baltimore belles, and with provoking disdain of the conservatism of the plodding old merchants who were the belles' fathers. The epithet "provincial" was freely applied to the Maryland metropolis.

To-day, Baltimore may with reason be called "The Liverpool of America."

It is not the province of this sketch to enter into the numerous details of the development of commerce in the fair city of which the people of Maryland are so proud. Let us simply content ourselves with a few glances at the principal features of this promising center of trade, and with a summary review of the material progress.

Suppose that we sit down here in the bal-

At the present moment it may fairly be said that Baltimore is the fashion. The evidences of its astonishing commercial progress, of its rapid growth in population, and of the remarkable development of its terminal facilities, are so numerous that they are the theme of conversation in all quarters. It is not many years since it was thought proper to call Baltimore of Barnum's Hotel (the pleasant inn of which Charles Dickens was so fond), and look out upon the stone-paved square in which the famous "Battle Monument" stands. It is "race week" in the busy city of Baltimore, and great throngs come and go along the steep and elegant streets leading into the heart of the fashionable quarter. A motley array of negro hackmen, armed with long whips, vociferate in front of the large, square, old-fashioned mansion, of late years occupied as a City Hall, but formerly the residence of Reverdy Johnson. Around Guy's restaurant, where Southern epicures find the canvas-back duck and the soft-shell crab in all their glory, are gathered groups of horse-fanciers from all parts of the Union. On Baltimore street, the main business avenue of the city, thousands of people come and go with less of tumultuous rush and



hurry than one sees on Broadway, but with the same steady, resistless flow. One observes nowhere any magnificent vistas, any



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN BALTIMORE.

huge glittering blocks—save where, in an obscure position, placed between unimportant streets, a superb new marble City Hall is almost hidden from view. It does not occur to the careless observer that Baltimore is a specially large or busy town.

But, as we sit here and look out over the square, at the tall form of the Shot Tower in the distance, and at the comings and goings of the old horse aiding the car-teams to draw the crowded cars up the hill, we can summon up what will seem to all convincing proofs of the greatness of Baltimore. Its thousands of small industries, its crowded wharves, and its staid, solemn and substantial warehouses; its great elevators, its labyrinths of railways, its fine schools and churches, its noble public institutions, are worthy special attention.

If George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, who gave his name to the Maryland metropolis, could come back from the shades of the seventeenth century to see how mighty the city which he founded has grown, he would consider himself well repaid for the long and tedious examination of the Chesapeake, which he made in or about 1628. When he procured his grant of territory on the Chesapeake, he doubtless had in view the establishment of a great commercial port at some point near it. But he died before the English Government had given him the charter to the lands which he had explored.

His son, however, became, a few years later, absolute lord and proprietary of a province which was named Maryland, in honor of Henrietta Maria, of France, the wife of Charles the First. The Baltimore of those days had arbitrary power over life and limb, and the colonists stood in healthy awe of him.

But all the world knows how, in succeeding years, the province of Maryland became a refuge for those who suffered from religious persecution elsewhere, because the proprietary government had the good sense to inaugurate a régime of tolerance at a time when it was quite unknown in other parts of America or Europe. There was no ecclesiastical establishment in Maryland until the Royal Government usurped the proprietary's powers in 1692.

It was a member of the Society of Friends who patented the first land within the present limits of Baltimore city. Singularly enough, this was a tract of fifty acres on "Whetstone Point," the very place where to-day is centering the trade which has lately brought the community into such frequent notice. Where now thousands of cars, laden with coal and grain, daily pour their stores of wealth from the West upon wharves fronting on deep water, Mr. Thomas Gorsuch

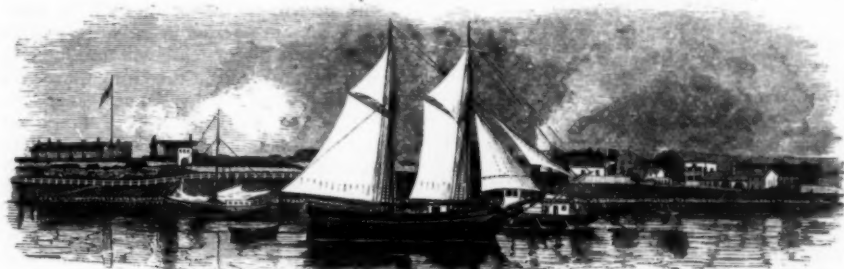


THE SHOT TOWER, BALTIMORE.

was probably wont to promenade, wondering to what use he could put the unpromising-looking level land fronting on the Pa-

Patapsco River. It was not until a whole lifetime after Mr. Gorsuch had made his purchase that ships began to enter the Patapsco from London, and that, in 1730, a town was laid out into lots on the north side

city, crowded with manufacturing establishments of almost every conceivable description,—and at Locust Point, an immense projection on the north-eastern side of the Whetstone peninsula, the greatest activity



PORT MCHENRY, BALTIMORE HARBOR.

of the river, and named Baltimore, as a compliment to the then proprietary family.

It was an unpromising location. The modern Baltimorean must often wonder what led his forefathers to settle on land surrounded by hills, marshes and water-courses. Succeeding generations have had to expend enormous sums in draining and filling up unwholesome fens, and in grading streets along some almost perpendicular hills, where the houses seem in imminent danger of sliding down to the plains below.

Although Baltimore proper was not made a city until 1730, Whetstone Point was incorporated as early as 1706, and from the consolidation of this and numerous other outlying towns the city has attained its present size. Nothing but the old names remain to indicate the once separate existence of numerous large sections; and the metropolis is now proposing still farther to extend her limits one mile east and west, and two miles north, into the surrounding country, thus taking in a host of pretty and prosperous manufacturing villages.

Whetstone Point is an irregularly shaped peninsula, projecting between the middle and the north-western branches of the Patapsco River, and having a fine frontage on the harbor. At the south-western extremity of Whetstone Point, on a long and narrow neck of land, is the celebrated Fort McHenry. Entering the Patapsco River from the great Chesapeake highway, vessels must pass Fort Carroll—a stone fortification, now of little practical service—and, ascending the river, enter the city limits a little below Fort McHenry. Along both sides of the harbor, at Canton,—which is in itself a vast teeming

prevails. Here the stranger, anxious to learn the causes of Baltimore's commercial greatness, may study and barely comprehend it all. Here the terminal facilities, which are thus far superior to those of any European city, are concentrated. Two great railways, whose connecting lines literally cover the continent, and whose influence upon the development of internal commerce in America has been incalculably great, are



JONES'S FALLS, BALTIMORE.

contributing to the prosperity and activity of Baltimore as a seaport. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company has made Locust Point the shipping point for its vast trade with the West; and the Pennsylvania Central, and

certain local roads, pour merchandise into Canton, which is yearly rivaling in facilities for speedy shipment to Europe its important and aggressive neighbor. The improve-



THE NEW CITY HALL, BALTIMORE.

ments in the harbor have of late been very extensive, the general Government and the City each having contributed equally generous sums for the creation of channels to enable vessels of large draught to come up at all seasons.

Locust Point is reached from the main track of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad by lines which cut across the stream known as Gwynn's Falls, and skirting the "Middle Branch," run along the peninsula to the massive elevators and coal wharves built by the railway company. Along every portion of the peninsula there is an average depth of from seventeen to twenty-one feet of water; and at the "Point" proper an area of eighty acres is crowded with sheds and warehouses, and wharves, beyond which, on thousands of piles, stand two elevators—one capable of containing 1,500,000, the other, 600,000 bushels of grain. Each elevator, surrounded by water on three sides, always has a host of foreign vessels nestling about it, and receiving from gigantic spouts the grain which is at the same moment delivered on the land side from newly arrived trains. A thousand coal cars daily might now easily be unloaded at Locust Point; and during a single month in 1874, nearly fourteen thousand coal cars, more than two thousand grain cars, and many thousands loaded with miscellane-

ous freight, were received and emptied there. Several hundred cars are daily transferred across the harbor, to railroads leading to the East, which they reach without having broken bulk on their journey from Western cities.

The growth of the grain trade in Baltimore is without parallel in the history of the country; and the increase will undoubtedly be much more rapid in the future than it has been in the past, as the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Corporation will build immense elevators at Canton, which will draw a gigantic trade to them. The extension of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Chicago was a splendid stroke of enterprise, and will result in giving North-western wheat a cheaper and better route to foreign markets through Baltimore than by any other port. The receipts of corn increased enormously after the establishment of the Baltimore and Ohio elevators at Locust Point. The Baltimore flour-mills are very noted, and more than a million barrels of flour are annually received in the market. The coffee trade is extensive, Baltimore ranking only second as a coffee mart, the receipts there being more than twice the aggregate entries at Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans. The im-



THE EXCHANGE, BALTIMORE.

ports for 1873, at Baltimore, amounted to three hundred and eighty-four thousand eight hundred and eight bags. Hundreds of thousands of barrels of flour are annually

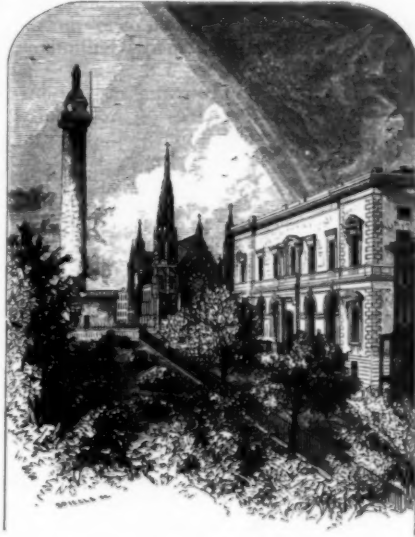
exported to Brazil and the West Indies. The great sugar refineries work up more than one hundred million pounds of crude material yearly. The tobacco trade is large, and a visit to the warehouses in different sections of the city would be of much interest to the Northern traveler. A great portion of the tobacco marketed in Baltimore goes to Germany and France to be converted into moist cigars, or into the stringy smoking material in which the Gaul so much delights. The tobacco and cigar manufactories in the city employ thousands of workmen.

Lumber, iron, cotton, and petroleum are important items of Baltimore's trade. There are many prosperous iron-workers in the city, one company alone controlling four plate-mills which yield a million dollars every year. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Corporation employs two regiments of laborers in its immense establishments at Mount Clare. At Canton, the largest copper-smelting works on the Atlantic coast are situated.

The coal trade, which grows steadily, can have no other limit than that imposed by inadequate transportation facilities. A few years ago, seventeen hundred tons was considered a heavy shipment from the Cumberland mines, which are situated about two hundred miles from Baltimore; but several million tons are now annually shipped from the Cumberland region. The city can always freight several thousand vessels with coal; and her coastwise trade in the sooty merchandise is springing into huge proportions. More than a thousand vessels arrive at Baltimore yearly; but, if there were five thousand, freight could readily be furnished for all. Millions of hogs and thousands of cattle are yearly distributed to Southern markets through Baltimore. The imports in 1873 were \$31,319,933; the exports, \$22,548,616. In 1874 the imports were \$26,578,554; the exports, \$28,617,590. The receipts of coffee in 1873 amounted to nearly \$7,000,000. One of the chief manufacturing industries in the city is the making of boots and shoes, which employs four thousand persons.

The oyster trade of Baltimore is stupendous. Whole streets are devoted to the packing of oysters; and twenty thousand men, women and children, are employed either in fishing them up, or packing them down. From the vast waters of the Chesapeake many persons have already wrested handsome fortunes. Eight hundred little schooners and three thousand small-boats

are engaged from September until Spring in dredging for oysters. In one single establishment in Baltimore, fifty thousand cans of raw oysters are packed each day. The manufacture of tin cans is in itself a gigantic business; and several large printing houses are constantly occupied in preparing labels. From early spring until mid-September, the packeries are devoted to preparing and preserving the fruit which is brought by thou-



MOUNT VERNON SQUARE AND THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.

sands of tons from the orchards and market gardens along the Chesapeake.

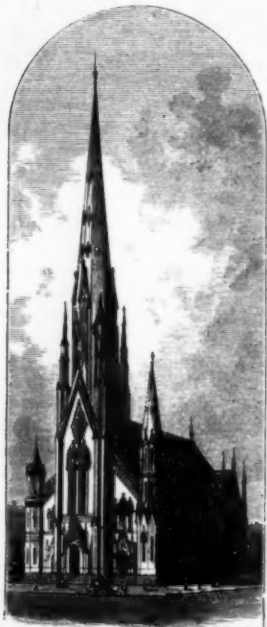
Looking down from "Federal Hill," a historic eminence now adorned with the remains of a fortification erected by Union troops during the war, the blue waters of the harbor, dotted with sails, and hemmed in on three sides by masses of solid blocks and wharves, present a very picturesque appearance. Federal Hill was christened at the time that the Constitution of the United States was adopted. The "Federalists" manifested their joy on that occasion by rigging a model ship, called the "Federalist," which they paraded through the streets, and then burned on the hill.

The streets leading out from the hill in various directions are inhabited by thousands of industrious and well-to-do German families. This quarter of the city is one of the most quiet, and is exceedingly

well kept. The unsavory reputation of the harbor basin is well known; it is safe to say that no canal in Amsterdam can rival its odors. The city should have it filled up; for it is at present an abomination.

Baltimore merits the title which it so proudly bears, of "The Monumental City." The stately shaft which rises from a massive pedestal in Mount Vernon Square is dedicated to the memory of George Washington. It shames into dreary insignificance the uncouth and inartistic pile of stones which has long stood incomplete on the mud flats near the Potomac. Baltimore's Doric column is crowned with a statue representing Washington resigning his commission, and on the four sides of the pedestal is the following inscription:

"To George Washington, by the State of Maryland. Born February 22, 1732. Commander-in-chief of the American Army, June 15, 1775. Trenton, December 25, 1776. Yorktown, October 19, 1781. Commission resigned at Annapolis, December 23, 1783. President of the United States,



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BALTIMORE.

March 4, 1789. Retired to Mount Vernon, March 4, 1797. Died December 14, 1799."

From the top of the column, which is



THE BATTLE MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.

two hundred and eighty feet above tide water, you may have a view of the sloping streets, and the busy avenues along the water-side; may look across to Federal Hill, where the fortifications made during the war still remain, and down the harbor to the wide, blue waters of the Chesapeake.

From the four sides of the monument's pedestal radiate outward an equal number of little parks, surrounded by neat railings. All the streets leading up to the square are lined with elegant mansions, and on bright days, during the season, carriages filled with lovely women crowd the way.

The "Battle Monument," in Monument Square, stands on the site originally chosen for the Washington Memorial. The invasion by the English, and the battle of North Point, which resulted in preserving Baltimore from destruction at the hands of British soldiers, moved the impulsive people of the city to erect at once a testimonial of gratitude to the brave men who had died for them. The Committee of Safety of those days circulated a petition for subscriptions, which were readily given, and on September 12, 1815, was laid the corner-stone of the monument to the memory of the citizens who fell in defense of the city at the battle of North Point and the bombardment of



Fort McHenry. The structure comprises a marble shaft in the form of a fasces, surmounted by a statue representing the city of Baltimore. Although the whole is but fifty-two feet high, it produces a very imposing effect. The corner-stone of the Washington Monument was laid in July, 1815, but the statue was not placed in position for fourteen years thereafter.

Prominent among the monuments of lesser fame in Baltimore is that dedicated to Thomas Wildey, the founder of the Order of Odd-Fellows in America. It was erected in 1865, and is merely a Grecian Doric column springing from a singularly shaped pedestal, and amply decorated with the emblems of the Order. Thomas Wildey was an Englishman, who, in 1819, established a Lodge of Odd-Fellows in Baltimore, and who gave his entire means and energies to the Order until 1861. The inscription upon his tomb records the fact, that before his death four hundred and twenty-seven thousand members had been initiated, thirty-eight thousand bereaved families administered to, and in Maryland alone, three thousand orphans educated by the Order.

The Hill and McComas Monument in Ashland Square, to the memory of the youths supposed to have slain Gen. Ross, the British commander, during the invasion which culminated in the battle of North Point; and the McDonough statue

in Greenmount Cemetery, a memorial to a philanthropic merchant who gave the whole of his immense fortune to New Orleans and Baltimore, to be devoted to the education



THE CATHEDRAL, BALTIMORE.

of poor children, are among the other most interesting monuments in the city. The Merchants' Shot Tower, nearly two hundred and fifty feet high, is now the only one remaining of three, from each of which the prospect was singularly beautiful.

The churches of Baltimore are among the most beautiful in the country. The Catholic Cathedral, an imposing edifice in the form of a Roman cross, stands on the ground where the Duc de Lauzun's legion encamped when Count Rochambeau halted at Baltimore, on his return with his army from Yorktown in 1782; and there, in the forests which crowned the hills, the French chaplains were wont to celebrate mass. The cathedral was consecrated in 1821, its foundations having been laid in 1806. Its interior is decorated with numerous rare paintings, and its architecture, while simple, is exceedingly impressive. The First Presbyterian Church, at the corner of Madison and Park streets, is one of the noblest religious edifices in Baltimore. It is a superb Gothic structure, built of colored freestone, and its spire is one of the most elaborate and graceful in the country. It rises two hundred and fifty feet above the pavement. The Second and Memorial Presbyterian churches



THE WILDEY MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.

are interesting, but do not equal the airy grace and consummate finish of the First. The Franklin Square Presbyterian Church



THE FRANKLIN SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BALTIMORE.

is a fine edifice of rough white stone; fronting on a beautiful park, it is picturesque and imposing. The Mount Vernon Methodist Episcopal Church, built of various colored marbles, and standing near the Washington Monument, is another fine specimen of the Gothic style, which the Baltimoreans like so well. Of nearly two hundred churches and chapels in the city, but few others than those already mentioned are strikingly interesting. The Westminster's turrets cast their shadows over the grave of Edgar A. Poe, which is soon to be marked by a monument worthy his genius.

St. Luke's and St. Paul's, in the aristocratic quarter, are the High Church establishments; and St. Peter's, Christ Church, Grace Church, and the Ascension are fine Episcopal edifices. The Catholics have twenty-four commodious churches, and St. Ignatius and St. Alphonsus are honored with remarkably decorated ceilings and walls. Baltimore is the "metropolitan city of American Methodism," and the various branches of the Methodists own seventy-seven churches there. The province of Baltimore is also at the head of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States, and the Primate, Archbishop Bayley, resides in that city.

The parks, the public squares, and the cemeteries of this great metropolis are noted for quiet beauty. Druid Hill Park, once the home of the Rogers family for one hundred and fifty years, was laid out a century since like an English country estate. On its high and beautiful slopes, the most elevated eminences in the city's immediate neighborhood, grew and flourished in those old days thousands of pear-trees, bearing six hundred varieties of the luscious fruit. The Park came into the hands of the City Commissioners, who purchased it some years since, for half a million dollars, with great numbers of fine old trees still upon it, and the marks of the landscape gardeners of a past century everywhere visible within its limits. Here and there in the glades are oaks fifteen, and hickories ten or eleven feet in circumference.

The Park is easily reached from the center of Baltimore by two horse railways, and by the Northern Central road, which has a station at the pretty and active manufacturing town of Woodbury. The distance to the central entrance gate at Druid Hill, from the principal centers of population in the city, is about two and a-half miles. From the noble gate-way, which reminds one somewhat of the entrance to Hyde Park in London, long



MAIN ENTRANCE TO DRUID HILL PARK, BALTIMORE.

walks and roads, adorned with summer-houses, statues, vases, and urns, lead into the pretty drives and lawns, and to the Club-House, around which, in summer afternoons, there is always a grand parade of fine equi-

pages, and a fine array of beauty and fashion. From a hill, rising in the rear of the mansion, one can get fine views of the river, the bay,



THE BLIND ASYLUM, BALTIMORE.

and of all the country side, and in autumn some most exquisite effects are presented. "Druid Lake," within the park limits, is a storage reservoir with a capacity of 493,000,000 gallons, and is an important adjunct to the system already very amply provided for by the creation of the beautiful artificial Lake Roland, at the Relay House, eight miles from Baltimore. Anxious to provide completely for the future, however, the Baltimoreans are now building a conduit which shall bring 170,000,000 gallons daily into the city from the Gunpowder River, a stream which passes through the center of Baltimore county, and empties into Chesapeake Bay. The prospect of a fine botanical garden in Druid Hill Park was originated by the Maryland Academy of Sciences; but, together with a zoological department, will henceforth be under the control of the Park Commission.

In the eastern section of the city lies Patterson Park, comprising seventy-six handsomely adorned and cultivated acres. The public squares of Baltimore, which are worthiest of attention, are Union, Franklin, and Harlem, in the western part; La Fayette, in the north-west; Monument Square and the City Spring, in the central quarter; Ashland, in the north-east; and Battery

Square, at the extreme south. Greenmount Cemetery, on the York road, just within the city limits, is a beautiful landscape garden of sixty acres.

The city is rich in charitable institutions; and the beautiful Bay View Asylum, the House of Refuge for vagrant and vicious children, the Mount Hope Hospital, the New Mount Hope Asylum, and the Maryland Hospital—the last three for insane patients—are nobly supported and ably managed. The superb charity of Moses Sheppard, a citizen of Baltimore, who some years since left by his will the sum of six hundred thousand dollars for the establishment of a hospital for the Insane, is soon to be consummated. Within six miles of the city, lovely grounds, bordering both upon Charles Street Avenue and the York Road, have been laid out with exquisite taste, and there a graceful Elizabethan structure, which will have no superior in beauty or finish on the continent, is rapidly rising. The sum donated by Mr. Sheppard has, by judicious investment, been increased to nearly a million dollars. The New Maryland Hospital, otherwise known as the Spring Grove Asylum, overlooks the fair Patapsco and the beautiful Chesapeake Bay. Successive Legislatures have made appropriations for it until it has received



THE HOUSE OF REFUGE, BALTIMORE.

\$400,000, and its substantial granite walls enclose one of the best-ordered asylums in the United States. The Bay View Asylum,

an institution for the city paupers, is one of the most conspicuous buildings as one approaches Baltimore from Philadelphia. It is an imposing edifice, resembling a palace rather than a poor-house, and is located on a lofty eminence, some distance outside the eastern limits of the city. Half a million dollars have been expended to render this abode worthy the charitable hospitality which Baltimore accords to eight hundred dependents.

The corporation has provided the paupers with water in all parts of the immense structure, although they were compelled to build a conduit five and a-half miles long, from the Mount Royal Reservoir, at an expense of \$65,000. The House of Refuge, opened in 1855, is a stately structure, situated a little outside the western boundary, near the Ellicott's Mills Railway.

Few street beggars are ever seen in Baltimore. The colored people flocked into the city in immense numbers as soon as the news of emancipation reached Maryland, and they have thronged the popular quarters ever since. But although many of them are very poor, I never remember to have seen one of them begging, and I am inclined to believe them an industrious and thriving class. There is a Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, which

for many years has done beneficent work. It sternly discourages abject street begging and thoughtless charity, but raises large



WOODBURY VILLAGE, FROM DRUID HILL PARK, BALTIMORE.

sums with which to aid the deserving poor whose cases it has examined.

The Maryland Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, located in a beautiful marble building on North Avenue, is plain but imposing. The Baltimore Orphan Asylum, on Stricker street, was founded at the beginning of this century, for the education and maintenance of very young children. Mr. Johns Hopkins, who is sure of a permanent place in the memory of Baltimoreans, has left, among his myriad other gifts, one of \$1,500,000, with which to found a vast hospital, from which only patients afflicted with insanity and contagious diseases are to be excluded. The same generous man was mindful of the colored orphans, and left an ample endowment for an institution devoted to their care. The State Industrial School for Girls is located twelve miles from the city, at Orange Grove. The Methodist Orphan Asylum, Baltimore and Union Protestant Infirmary, the Manual Labor School, and the Children's Aid Society are noble institutions; and there are, in addition, a host of denominational institutions for charitable purposes. The frail devotees of the bowl which contains the



MARYLAND INSTITUTE, BALTIMORE.

fragrant but destructive "Maryland Club" whiskey, when they find need of refuge from temptation, are ushered into Inebriate Asylums, of which there are several in the city and vicinity. The munificent donation of Mr. McDonogh, mentioned elsewhere, is already doing its good work. A large farm, ten miles from Baltimore, has been purchased, and there a fine group of buildings will be erected, in which poor children will receive all the advantages of a good education.

The Maryland Institute for the Promotion of the Mechanic Arts is a huge hall fronting on Baltimore street, and serves as the locale of an annual Mechanics' Fair. It also contains a fine library. The hall is noted as the place where the fiery Southerners nominated Breckenridge in 1860. The Schools of Design attached to the Institute are in excellent condition, and the membership of the Society numbers nearly three thousand citizens.

The name of George Peabody is never lightly spoken in Baltimore. The memory of the merchant prince who died blessed by millions of persons whom he had aided is cherished in the rich and proud city where he lived many years and amassed a great portion of his fortune. In 1857 he founded in Baltimore the Peabody Institute, the plan of which comprised a free library, the subsidy and support of the best of lecture and con-

shadow of the Washington Monument in Mount Vernon Place stands the structure which thus far represents the "Institute." Other buildings will be added, as the grand charity, to which immense sums have been



PEABODY INSTITUTE, BALTIMORE.

devoted, and which has already contributed greatly to the increase of culture in Baltimore, is developed. The present building contains an elegant lecture hall.

Among other interesting edifices in the Maryland metropolis are the Masonic Temple on Charles street, completed in 1870 at a cost of \$400,000; the Maryland Academy of Art, opposite the Cathedral; the Odd-Fellows Hall; the splendid home which the Young Men's Christian Association is building for itself at the corner of Charles and Saratoga streets; the new Academy of Music on Howard street opened a few months since, and the Baltimore City College. The Athenæum is not remarkable architecturally; it is noted chiefly as the location of the State Historical Society's rooms, the "Library Company," and the Mercantile Library Association.

The hospitality of Baltimore is unbounded, and manifests itself in a hundred little attentions which are overlooked in the rush and hurry common to larger cities. The Baltimorean is never tired of wandering with the visitor through the charming streets which crown the hills rising from the harbor. He bids his guest to terrapin at



CITY JAIL AND PENITENTIARY, BALTIMORE.

cert courses, a school of design, a gallery of paintings, and the study of music and the promotion of musical culture. Under the



the "Maryland Club," and to the soft-shell crab and the bewitching mayonnaise at the Allston. He tells him incidentally of the days when the Maryland Club was closed by order of the military officer commanding the forces occupying the town in those days "so near and yet so far." He climbs with you to the Monument's summit, and points, a trifle complacently, to unpicturesque but famous Fort McHenry on the flat peninsula, and recalls the story of the English shelling, and relates how Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner" while prisoner on an English ship during the bombardment. He shows you the water of the bay freighted with ships from every foreign clime, and says, with a sigh that is tinged with a sneer, "And yet they call us provincial!" He consoles himself with a "fling" at New York's decaying grandeur, and with the reflection that several thousand new houses have been built in Baltimore since the close of the war. He points to the beautiful and commodious railway stations in every quarter of the town. And if you smile when you see an express train dragged by stout horses through the most populous quarters of a great commercial center, he will point you to the tremendous tunnels which railway enterprise has already dug in the outskirts of the city. You may still insist upon sneering at his provincialism, but you cannot sneer at his "Union Railroad," which girdles the city,

city which has no tenement houses to serve as haunts of vice and disease; which has fifteen millions of banking capital, and sav-



THE MASONIC TEMPLE, BALTIMORE.

ings banks in which hardy mechanics have deposited twenty-five millions. He will tell you that there have been no failures among the banking firms of Baltimore for thirty years, and that in the dread panic of 1873 Johns Hopkins, that prince of merchant princes, won fresh right to be canonized by the heroic manner in which he put his shoulder to the wheel, loaning his money until it was exhausted, then loaning his magic name until the storm had swept by and Baltimore was unhurt. If he does not have a statue on the noble lawn at Clifton Park, where the university which he endowed with the sum of three and a-half millions is soon to be erected and established, the City Fathers will be open to the charge of ingratitude.

The Baltimorean will further tell you that the assessable value of the city property is over two hundred and twenty-eight million dollars, or two-thirds of that of the whole State of Texas; that the city, like a rapidly growing child, is bursting out of its garments in all directions; that the old "Poppleton's Map" of fifty years since looks like a garden plot in the middle of the present city, and that in a few years a host of pretty suburban towns, crammed with important manufacturing establishments, will be swallowed up by the constantly yawning monster. He will tell you a



THE BOOTH MONUMENT, GREENMOUNT CEMETERY, BALTIMORE.

and regulates the whole commercial movement in a manner to make New York, Boston, and Chicago hide their very much diminished heads. He will show you a

that the population is nearly or quite three hundred thousand. That the Germans have settled in Baltimore by thousands, bringing in their train the same frugality, sobriety, and comfort which they have made so conspicuous in St. Louis, and setting a noble example of thrift to the negroes. He will point to the City Penitentiary and Jail, pictures only perched on a hill and overlooking the harbor, and will tell you that it is one of the best-ordered jails in the country. He will promenade with you in the long arcades of the market-houses, where the shouting

no school-house in the city is more than two stories high, as the Baltimoreans cannot be persuaded to build them any higher. The German children are not, to any great extent, attendant on the public schools, as there are numerous fine German private institutions of learning in the city. The Catholics have a very large number of parish schools of their own; but this does not prevent the Catholics from also patronizing the public schools very largely. It is believed that much good would result from the establishment of German-English schools.



"THE COUNTRY IS GOING TO THE DOGS, SIR."

and scrambling negroes will amuse if they do not alarm you; and you will find that Norfolk places her luxuries all within a few hours' journey of the Baltimore caterers.

The Baltimorean will certainly point with pride to his public schools, which are as well organized as any in the country. Twenty commissioners, one from each ward of the city, officered from their own ranks, and by the City Superintendent and his assistant, regulate the arrangements for public instruction. The sexes are separated in the school;

The Baltimore City College, two fine female high schools, nineteen male and twenty female grammar schools, twenty-eight male and thirty-one female primary schools, seven evening schools for whites, and eleven day and four evening schools for colored children, are now in successful operation in the city. The Baltimore College, attended exclusively by young men, will compare favorably with the high schools of St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, and Philadelphia, and the new building allotted it is superb. In 1861 there were but 13,952 scholars in the public

schools of Baltimore; there are now 28,329 under the tuition of 624 teachers. About half a million dollars is annually expended on public education.

There are numerous remarkably fine collections of modern paintings in the possession of Baltimore citizens. Mr. W. T. Walters, a wealthy gentleman, has a notable gallery, comprising some of the best efforts of Delacroix, Meissonier, Gérôme, Edouard Frère, Rousseau, Breton, Corot, Troyon, Achenbach, Heilbuth, Brandon, Hart, Durand, Church and Lambert. Colonel J. Stricker Jenkins, the

Baltimore has many beautiful suburbs, most noticeable among which are Mount Washington, perched on lofty hills five miles from the city; Brooklyn, a flourishing village connected with Baltimore by a bridge over the middle branch of the Patapsco, and possessing a fine land-locked harbor; Towson town, Govanstown, and Pikesville.

City politics are never overwhelmingly exciting in Baltimore. People are somewhat conservative, but they appreciate the dignity and importance which the Maryland metropolis is steadily assuming, and are anxious to



THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

well-known and gallant commander of the "Maryland Fifth," also has a very valuable art collection. When these galleries are made the nucleus of a public museum, as perhaps they may some day be, Baltimore will have a collection of which she may justly be proud. Rinehart, the sculptor, who died in Rome the other day, was long a resident of Baltimore, and has contributed many handsome statues to the decoration of private dwellings and public edifices in the State. The statue of Chief Justice Taney, at Annapolis, is from his hands.

do everything necessary to improve it. There are a few old relics of the past who get together in the vicinity of some well-known dealer's bar to discuss the politics of the hour, and inform each other that "the country is going to the dogs." The colored man's vote has also been sought by designing and corrupt persons in Baltimore, as elsewhere in the South. But neither negroes nor carpet-baggers have anything to do with the management of city affairs at present.

The press of the city is active and prosperous. The "American" is the most ven-

erable journal in the city, having been established in 1773 as the "Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser." Its success since its present proprietor, Mr. Charles C. Fulton, took charge of it, in 1855, has been remarkable. Mr. A. S. Abell, who owns a magnificent country-seat in the environs of Baltimore, was the founder of the "Sun," in 1837, and has made it a highly profitable journal, as well as an exceedingly "newsy"

one. The "Gazette" is the successor to the "Maryland News-Sheet" of war times, and is thoroughly Democratic. The "American" is Republican in sentiment. "The Baltimore Bulletin" is a sprightly weekly, devoted to literature and art, and edited by Mr. W. Mackay Laffan. Baltimore is the location of the publishing office of "The Southern Magazine," the only monthly periodical of importance in the South.



EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL, BALTIMORE.

### WHITE AZALEAS.

AZALEAS—whitest of white!  
 White as the drifted snow  
 Fresh-fallen out of the night,  
 Before the coming glow  
 Tinges the morning light,  
 When the light is like the snow,  
 White,  
 And the silence is like the light;—  
 Light, and silence, and snow,—  
 All—white!

White! not a hint  
 Of the creamy tint  
 That a rose will hold  
 (The whitest rose) in its inmost fold,  
 Nor a possible blush;  
 White as an embodied hush;  
 A very rapture of white,  
 A wedlock of silence and light.  
 White, white, as the wonder undefiled  
 Of Eve just wakened in Paradise;  
 Pure as the angel of a child  
 That looks into God's own eyes.

## THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

## CHAPTER IX.

WHICH TELLS HOW A LAWYER SPENT HIS VACATION IN CAMP, AND TOOK HOME A SPECIMEN OF GAME THAT HE HAD NEVER BEFORE FOUND IN THE WOODS.

It was a bright moonlight night when Mike Conlin and Jim started off from Sevenoaks for home, leaving Mr. Balfour

days, and was full of his schemes for Mr. Balfour and his protégés in camp, and warm with his memories of Miss Butterworth, simply gloried in his moonlight tramp. The accumulated vitality of his days of idleness was quite enough to make all the fatigues before him light and pleasant. At nine o'clock the next morning he stood by the side of his boat again. The



"DON'T BE FOOLED!"

and his boy to follow. The old horse had a heavy load, and it was not until an hour past midnight that Mike's house was reached. There Jim made the new clothes, comprising a complete outfit for his boarders at Number Ten, into a convenient package, and, swinging it over his shoulders, started for his distant cabin on foot. Mike, after resting himself and his horse, was to follow in the morning with the tools and stores, so as to arrive at the river at as early an hour as Mr. Balfour could complete the journey from Sevenoaks with his lighter load and swifter horses.

Jim Fenton, who had lain still for several

great stillness of the woods, responding in vivid color to the first kisses of the frost, half intoxicated him. No world-wide wanderer, returning after many years to the home of his childhood, could have felt more exulting gladness than he, as he shoved his boat from the bank and pushed up the shining stream in the face of the sun.

Benedict and Harry had not been idle during his absence. A deer had been shot and dressed; trout had been caught and saved alive; a cave had been dug for the preservation of vegetables; and when Jim shouted, far down the stream, to announce his approach, there were three happy persons



on shore waiting to welcome him—Turk being the third, and apparently oblivious of the fact that he was not as much a human being as any of the party. Turk added the "tiger" to Harry's three cheers, and Jim was as glad as a boy when his boat touched the shore, and he received the affectionate greetings of the party.

A choice meal was nearly in readiness for him, but not a mouthful would he taste until he had unfolded his treasures, and displayed to the astonished eyes of Mr. Benedict and the lad the comfortable clothing he had brought for them.

"Take 'em to Number Ten and put 'em on," said Jim. "I'm a goin' to eat with big folks to-day, if clo'es can make 'em. Them's yer stockin's and them's yer boots, and them's yer indigoes and them's yer clo'es."

Jim's idea of the word "indigoes" was, that it drew its meaning partly from the color of the articles designated, and partly from their office. They were blue under-goes—in other words, blue flannel shirts.

Jim sat down and waited. He saw that, while Harry was hilarious over his good fortune, Mr. Benedict was very silent and humble. It was twenty minutes before Harry reappeared; and when he came bounding toward Jim, even Turk did not know him. Jim embraced him, and could not help feeling that he had acquired a certain amount of property in the lad.

When Mr. Benedict came forth from the little cabin, and found Jim chaffing and petting his boy, he was much embarrassed. He could not speak, but walked directly past the pair, and went out upon the bank of the river, with his eyes averted.

Jim comprehended it all. Leaving Harry, he went up to his guest, and placed his hand upon his shoulder. "Will ye forgive me, Mr. Benedict? I didn't go fur to make it hard fur ye."

"Jim," said Mr. Benedict, struggling to retain his composure, "I can never repay your overwhelming kindness, and the fact oppresses me."

"Well," said Jim, "I s'pose I don't make 'lowance enough fur the difference in folks. You think ye oughter pay fur this sort o' thing, an' I don't want no pay. I git comfort enough outen it any way."

Benedict turned, took and warmly pressed Jim's hand, and then they went back to their dinner. After they had eaten, and Jim had sat down to his pipe, he told his guests that they were to have visitors that

night—a man from the city and his little boy—and that they would spend a fortnight with them. The news alarmed Mr. Benedict, for his nerves were still weak, and it was a long time before he could be reconciled to the thought of intrusion upon his solitude; but Jim reassured him by his enthusiastic accounts of Mr. Balfour, and Harry was overjoyed with the thought of having a companion in the strange lad.

"I thought I'd come home an' git ye ready," said Jim; "fur I knowed ye'd feel bad to meet a gentleman in yer old poor-house fixin's. Burn 'em or bury 'em as soon as I'm gone. I don't never want to see them things agin."

Jim went off again down the river, and Mr. Benedict and Harry busied themselves in clearing the camp, and preparing Number Ten for the reception of Mr. Balfour and his boy, having previously determined to take up their abode with Jim for the winter. The latter had a hard afternoon. He was tired with his night's tramp, and languid with loss of sleep. When he arrived at the landing he found Mr. Balfour waiting. He had passed Mike Conlin on the way, and even while they were talking the Irishman came in sight. After half-an-hour of busy labor, the goods and passengers were bestowed, Mike was paid for the transportation, and the closing journeys of the day were begun.

When Jim had made half of the weary row up the river, he ran into a little cove to rest and wipe the perspiration from his forehead. Then he informed Mr. Balfour that he was not alone in the camp, and, in his own inimitable way, having first enjoined the strictest secrecy, he told the story of Mr. Benedict and his boy.

"Benedict will hunt and fish with ye better nor I can," said he, "an' he's a better man nor I be any way; but I'm at yer sarvice, and ye shall have the best time in the woods that I can give ye."

Then he enlarged upon the accomplishments of Benedict's boy.

"He favors your boy a little," said Jim, eyeing the lad closely. "Dress 'em alike and they wouldn't be a bad pair o' brothers."

Jim did not recognize the germs of change that existed in his accidental remark, but he noticed that a shade of pain passed over the lawyer's face.

"Where is the other little feller that ye used to brag over, Mr. Balfour?" inquired Jim.

"He's gone, Jim; I lost him. He died a year ago."

Jim had no words with which to meet intelligence of this character, so he did not try to utter any; but, after a minute of silence, he said: "That's what floors me. Them dies that's got everything, and them lives that's got nothin'—lives through thick and thin. It seems sort o' strange to me that the Lord runs everything so kind o' carless like, when there ain't nobody to bring it to his mind."

Mr. Balfour made no response, and Jim resumed his oars. But for the moon, it would have been quite dark when Number Nine was reached, but once there the fatigues of the journey were forgotten. It was Thede Balfour's first visit to the woods, and he was wild with excitement. Mr. Benedict and Harry gave the strangers a cordial greeting. The night was frosty and crisp, and Jim drew his boat out of the water, and permitted his stores to remain in it through the night. A hearty supper prepared them all for sleep, and Jim led his city friends to Number Ten, to enjoy their camp by themselves. A camp-fire, recently lighted, awaited them, and, with its flames illuminating the weird scenes around them, they went to sleep.

The next day was Sunday. To the devoutly disposed, there is no silence that seems so deeply hallowed as that which pervades the forest on that holy day. No steamer plows the river; no screaming, rushing train profanes the stillness; the beasts that prowl, and the birds that fly, seem gentler than on other days; and the wilderness, with its pillars and arches, and aisles, becomes a sanctuary. Prayers that no ears can hear but those of the Eternal; psalms that win no responses except from the echoes; worship that rises from hearts unencumbered by care, and undiverted by pageantry and dress—all these are possible in the woods; and the great Being to whom the temples of the world are reared cannot have failed to find, in ten thousand instances, the purest offerings in lonely camps and cabins.

They had a delightful and bountiful breakfast, and, at its close, they divided themselves naturally into a double group. The two boys and Turk went off by themselves to watch the living things around them, while the men remained together by the camp-fire.

Mr. Balfour drew out a little pocket-Testament, and was soon absorbed in reading. Jim watched him, as a hungry dog watches a man at his meal, and at last,

having grown more and more uneasy, he said:

"Give us some o' that, Mr. Balfour."

Mr. Balfour looked up and smiled, and then read to him the parable of the talents.

"I don't know nothin' 'bout it," said Jim, at the conclusion, "but it seems to me the man was a little rough on the feller with one talent. 'Twas a mighty small capital to start with, an' he didn't give 'im any chance to try it over; but what bothers me the most is about the man's trav'lin' into a fur country. They hadn't no chance to talk with 'im about it, and git his notions. It stan's to reason that the feller with one talent would think his master was stingy, and be riled over it."

"You must remember, Jim, that all he needed was to ask for wisdom in order to receive it," said Mr. Benedict.

"No; the man that traveled into a fur country stan's for the Almighty, and he'd got out o' the way. He'd jest gi'n these fellers his capital, and quit, and left 'em to go it alone. They couldn't go arter 'im, and he couldn't 'a' hearn a word they said. He did what he thought was all right, and didn't want to be bothered. I never think about prayin' till I git into a tight place. It stan's to reason that the Lord don't want people comin' to him to do things that they can do themselves. I shouldn't pray for breath; I sh'd jest h'ist the winder. If I wanted a bucket o' water, I sh'd go for it. If a man's got common sense, and a pair o' hands, he hain't no business to be botherin' other folks till he gits into what he can't git out of. When he's squeezed, then in course he'll squeal. It seems to me that it makes a sort of a spooney of a man to be always askin' for what he can git if he tries. If the feller that only had one talent had brushed round, he could 'a' made a spec on it, an' had somethin' to show fur it, but he jest hid it. I don't stan' up for 'im. I think he was meaner nor pusly not to make the best on't, but he didn't need to pray for sense, for the man didn't want 'im to use no more nor his nateral stock, an' he knowed if he used that he'd be all right."

"But we are told to pray, Jim," said Mr. Balfour, "and assured that it is pleasant to the Lord to receive our petitions. We are even told to pray for our daily bread."

"Well, it can't mean jest that, fur the feller that don't work for't don't git it, an' he hadn't oughter git it. If he don't lift his hands, but jest sets with his mouth open, he gits mostly flies. The old birds, with a nest full o' howlin' young ones, might go on, I

s'pose, pickin' up grasshoppers till the cows come home, an' feedin' 'em, but they don't. They jest poke 'em out o' the nest, an' larn 'em to fly an' pick up their own livin'; an' that's what makes birds of 'em. They pray mighty hard fur their daily bread, I tell ye, and the way the old birds answer is jest to poke 'em out, and let 'em slide. I don't see many prayin' folks, an' I don't see many folks any way; but I have a consait that a feller can pray so much an' do so little, that he won't be nobody. He'll jest grow weaker an' weaker all the time."

"I don't see," said Mr. Balfour, laughing, and turning to Mr. Benedict, "but we've had the exposition of our scripture."

The former had always delighted to hear Jim talk, and never lost an opportunity to set him going; but he did not know that Jim's exposition of the parable had a personal motive. Mr. Benedict knew that it had, and was very serious over it. His nature was weak in many respects. His will was weak; he had no combativeness; he had a wish to lean. He had been baffled and buffeted in the world. He had gone down into the darkness, praying all the way; and now that he had come out of it, and had so little society; now that his young life was all behind him, and so few earthly hopes beckoned him on, he turned with a heart morbidly religious to what seemed to him the only source of comfort open to him. Jim had watched him with pain. He had seen him, from day to day, spending his hours alone, and felt that prayer formed almost the staple of his life. He had seen him willing to work, but knew that his heart was not in it. He was not willing to go back into the world, and assert his place among men. The poverty, disease, and disgrace of his former life dwelt in his memory, and he shrank from the conflicts and competitions which would be necessary to enable him to work out better results for himself.

Jim thoroughly believed that Benedict was religiously diseased, and that he never could become a man again until he had ceased to live so exclusively in the spiritual world. He contrived all possible ways to keep him employed. He put responsibility upon him. He stimulated him with considerations of the welfare of Harry. He disturbed him in his retirement. He contrived fatigues that would induce sound sleep. To use his own language, he had tried to cure him of "loppin'," but with very unsatisfactory results.

Benedict comprehended Jim's lesson, and it made an impression upon him; but to break himself of his habit of thought and life was as difficult as the breaking of morbid habits always is. He knew that he was a weak man, and saw that he had never fully developed that which was manliest within him. He saw plainly, too, that his prayers would not develop it, and that nothing but a faithful, bold, manly use of his powers could accomplish the result. He knew that he had a better brain, and a brain better furnished, than that of Robert Belcher, yet he had known to his sorrow, and well nigh to his destruction, that Robert Belcher could wind him around his finger. Prayer had never saved him from this, and nothing could save him but a development of his own manhood. Was he too old for hope? Could he break away from the delights of his weakness, and grow into something stronger and better? Could he so change the attitude of his soul that it should cease to be exigent and receptive, and become a positive, self-poised, and active force? He sighed when these questions came to him, but he felt that Jim had helped him in many practical ways, and could help him still further.

A stranger, looking upon the group, would have found a curious and interesting study. Mr. Balfour was a tall, lithe man, with not a redundant ounce of flesh on him. He was as straight as an arrow, bore on his shoulders a fine head that gave evidence in its contour of equal benevolence and force, and was a practical, fearless, straightforward, true man. He enjoyed humor, and though he had a happy way of evoking it from others, possessed or exhibited very little himself. Jim was better than a theater to him. He spent so much of his time in the conflicts of his profession, that in his vacations he simply opened heart and mind to entertainment. A shrewd, frank, unsophisticated nature was a constant feast to him, and though he was a keen sportsman, the woods would have had few attractions without Jim.

Mr. Benedict regarded him with profound respect, as a man who possessed the precise qualities which had been denied to himself—self-assertion, combativeness, strong will, and "push." Even through Benedict's ample beard, a good reader of the human face would have detected the weak chin, while admiring the splendid brow, silken curls, and handsome eyes above it. He was a thoroughly gentle man, and, curiously enough, attracted the interest of Mr. Bal-

four in consequence of his gentleness. The instinct of defense and protection to everything weak and dependent was strong within the lawyer; and Benedict affected him like a woman. It was easy for the two to become friends, and as Mr. Balfour grew familiar with the real excellences of his new acquaintance, with his intelligence in certain directions, and his wonderful mechanical ingenuity, he conceived just as high a degree of respect for him as he could entertain for one who was entirely unfurnished with those weapons with which the battles of life are fought.

It was a great delight to Jim to see his two friends get along so well together, particularly as he had pressing employment on his hands, in preparing for the winter. So, after the first day, Benedict became Mr. Balfour's guide during the fortnight which he passed in the woods.

The bright light of Monday morning was the signal for the beginning of their sport, and Thede, who had never thrown a fly, was awake at the first day-light; and before Jim had the breakfast of venison and cakes ready, he had strung his tackle, and leaned his rod against the cabin in readiness for his enterprise. They had a day of satisfactory fishing, and brought home half-a-hundred spotted beauties that would have delighted the eyes of any angler in the world; and when their golden flesh stood open and broiling before the fire, or hissed and sputtered in the frying-pan, watched by the hungry and admiring eyes of the fishermen, they were attractive enough to be the food of the gods. And when, at last, the group gathered around the rude board, with appetites that seemed measureless, and devoured the dainties prepared for them, the pleasures of the day were crowned.

But all this was comparatively tame sport to Mr. Balfour. He had come for larger game, and waited only for the nightfall to deepen into darkness to start upon his hunt for deer. The moon had passed her full, and would not rise until after the ordinary bed-time. The boys were anxious to be witnesses of the sport, and it was finally concluded that for once, at least, they should be indulged in their desire.

The voice of a hound was never heard in the woods, and even the "still hunting" practiced by the Indian was never resorted to until after the streams were frozen.

Jim had been busy during the day in picking up pine knots, and digging out old stumps whose roots were charged with pitch.

These he had collected and split up into small pieces, so that everything should be in readiness for the "float." As soon as the supper was finished, he brought a little iron "Jack," mounted upon a standard, and proceeded to fix this upright in the bow of the boat. Behind this he placed a square of sheet iron, so that a deer, dazzled by the light of the blazing pine, would see nothing behind it, while the occupants of the boat could see everything ahead without being blinded by the light, of which they could see nothing. Then he fixed a knob of tallow upon the forward sight of Mr. Balfour's gun, so that, projecting in front of the sheet iron screen, it would be plainly visible and render necessary only the raising of the breech to the point of half-hiding the tallow, in order to procure as perfect a range as if it were broad daylight.

All these preparations were familiar to Mr. Balfour, and, loading his heavy shot-gun with a powerful charge, he waited impatiently for the darkness.

At nine o'clock, Jim said it was time to start, and, lighting his torch, he took his seat in the stern of the boat, and bade Mr. Balfour take his place in the bow, where a board, placed across the boat, made him a comfortable seat. The boys, warily wrapped, took their places together in the middle of the boat, and, clasping one another's hands and shivering with excitement, bade good-night to Mr. Benedict, who pushed them from the shore.

The night was still, and Jim's powerful paddle urged the little craft up the stream with a push so steady, strong, and noiseless, that its passengers might well have imagined that the unseen river-spirits had it in tow. The torch cast its long glare into the darkness on either bank, and made shadows so weird and changeful that the boys imagined they saw every form of wild beast and flight of strange bird with which pictures had made them familiar. Owls hooted in the distance. A wild-cat screamed like a frightened child. A partridge, waked from its perch by a flash of the torch, whirled off into the woods.

At length, after paddling up the stream for a mile, they heard the genuine crash of a startled animal. Jim stopped and listened. Then came the spiteful stroke of a deer's fore-feet upon the leaves, and a whistle so sharp, strong and vital, that it thrilled every ear that heard it. It was a question, a protest, a defiance all in one; but not a sign of the animal could be seen. He was

back in the cover, wary and watching, and was not to be tempted nearer by the light.

Jim knew the buck, and knew that any delay on his account was useless.

"I knowed 'im when I hearn 'im whistle, an' he knowed me. He's been shot at from this boat more nor twenty times. 'Not any pine-knots on my plate,' says he. 'I seen 'em afore, an' you can pass.' I used to git kind o' mad at 'im, an' promise to follow 'im, but he's so 'cute, I sort o' like 'im. He 'muses me."

While Jim waited and talked in a low tone, the buck was evidently examining the light and the craft, at his leisure and at a distance. Then he gave another lusty whistle that was half snort, and bounded off into the woods by leaps that struck every foot upon the ground at the same instant, and soon passed beyond hearing.

"Well, the old fellow's gone," said Jim, "an' now I know a patch o' lily-pads up the river where I guess we can find a beast that hasn't had a public eddication."

The tension upon the nerves of the boys was relieved, and they whispered between themselves about what they had seen, or thought they had seen.

All became still, as Jim turned his boat up the stream again. After proceeding for ten or fifteen minutes in perfect silence, Jim whispered:

"Skin yer eyes, now, Mr. Balfour; we're comin' to a lick."

Jim steered his boat around a little bend, and in a moment it was running in shallow water, among grass and rushes. The bottom of the stream was plainly visible, and Mr. Balfour saw that they had left the river, and were pushing up the debouchure of a sluggish little affluent. They brushed along among the grass for twenty or thirty rods, when, at the same instant, every eye detected a figure in the distance. Two blazing, quiet, curious eyes were watching them. Jim had an instinct which assured him that the deer was fascinated by the light, and so he pushed toward him silently, then stopped, and held his boat perfectly still. This was the signal for Mr. Balfour, and in an instant the woods were startled by a discharge that deafened the silence.

There was a violent splash in the water, a scramble up the bank, a bound or two toward the woods, a pitiful bleat, and then all was still.

"We've got 'im," said Jim. "He's took jest one buckshot through his heart. Ye didn't touch his head nor his legs. He jest

run till the blood leaked out and he gi'n it up. Now, boys, you set here, and sing hallelujah till we bring 'im in."

The nose of the little craft was run against the bank, and Mr. Balfour, seizing the torch, sprang on shore, and Jim followed him into the woods. They soon found track of the game by the blood that dabbled the bushes, and stumbled upon the beautiful creature stone dead—fallen prone, with his legs doubled under him. Jim swung him across his shoulders, and, tottering behind Mr. Balfour, bore him back to the boat. Placing him in the bottom, the two men resumed their seats, and Jim, after carefully working himself out of the inlet into the river, settled down to a long, swift stroke that bore them back to the camp, just as the moon began to show herself above the trees.

It was a night long to be remembered by the boys, a fitting inauguration of the lawyer's vacation, and an introduction to woodcraft from which, in after years, the neophytes won rare stores of refreshment and health.

Mr. Benedict received them with hearty congratulations, and the perfect sleep of the night only sharpened their desire for further depredations upon the game that lived around them, in the water and on the land.

As the days passed on, they caught trout until they were tired of the sport; they floated for deer at night; they took weary tramps in all directions, and at evening, around the camp-fires, rehearsed their experiences.

During all this period, Mr. Balfour was watching Harry Benedict. The contrast between the lad and his own son was as marked as that between the lad's father and himself, but the positions were reversed. Harry led, contrived, executed. He was positive, facile, amiable, and the boys were as happy together as their parents were. Jim had noticed the remarkable interest that Mr. Balfour took in the boy, and had begun to suspect that he entertained intentions which would deprive the camp of one of its chief sources of pleasure.

One day when the lawyer and his guide were quietly eating their lunch in the forest, Mr. Balfour went to work, in his quiet, lawyer-like way, to ascertain the details of Benedict's history; and he heard it all. When he heard who had benefited by his guide's inventions, and learned just how matters stood with regard to the Belcher rifle, he became, for the first time since he had been in the woods, thoroughly excited. He had a law-



case before him as full of the elements of romance as any that he had ever been engaged in. A defrauded inventor, living in the forest in poverty, having escaped from the insane ward of an alms-house, and the real owner of a patent right that was a mine of wealth to the man who believed that death had blotted out all the evidences of his villainy—this was quite enough to excite his professional interest, even had he been unacquainted with the man defrauded. But the position of this uncomplaining, dependent man, who could not fight his own battles, made an irresistible appeal to his sense of justice and his manhood.

The moment, however, that the lawyer proposed to assist in righting the wrong, Mr. Benedict became dangerously excited. He could tell his story, but the thought of going out into the world again, and, particularly of engaging in a conflict with Robert Belcher, was one that he could not entertain. He was happier in the woods than he had been for many years. The life was gradually strengthening him. He hoped the time would come when he could get something for his boy, but, for the present, he could engage in no struggle for reclaiming and maintaining his rights. He believed that an attempt to do it would again drive him to distraction, and that, somehow, Mr. Belcher would get the advantage of him. His fear of the great proprietor had become morbidly acute, and Mr. Balfour could make no headway against it. It was prudent to let the matter drop for a while.

Then Mr. Balfour opened his heart in regard to the boy. He told Benedict of the loss with which he had already acquainted Jim, of the loneliness of his remaining son, of the help that Harry could afford him, the need in which the lad stood of careful education, and the accomplishments he could win among better opportunities and higher society. He would take the boy, and treat him, up to the time of his majority, as his own. If he could ever return the money expended for him, he could have the privilege of doing so, but it would never be regarded as a debt. Once every year the lawyer would bring the lad to the woods, so that he should not forget his father, and if the time should ever come when it seemed practicable to do so, a suit would be instituted that would give him the rights so cruelly withheld from his natural protector.

The proposition was one which taxed to its utmost Mr. Benedict's power of self-control. He loved his boy better than he loved

himself. He hoped that, in some way, life would be pleasanter and more successful to the lad than it had been to him. He did not wish him to grow up illiterate and in the woods; but how he was to live without him he could not tell. The plucking out of an eye would have given him less pain than the parting with his boy, though he felt from the first that the lad would go.

Nothing could be determined without consulting Jim, and as the conversation had destroyed the desire for further sport, they packed their fishing-tackle and returned to camp.

"The boy was'n't got up for my 'commo-dation,'" said Jim, when the proposition was placed before him. "I seen the thing comin' fur a week, an' I've brung my mind to't. We hain't got no right to keep 'im up here, if he can do better. Turk ain't bad company fur them as likes dogs, but he ain't improvin'. I took the boy away from Tom Buffum 'cause I could do better by 'im nor he could, and when a man comes along that can do better by 'im nor I can, he's welcome to wade in. I hain't no right to spile a little fellow's life 'cause I like his company. I don't think much of a fellow that would cheat a man out of a jews-harp 'cause he liked to fool with it. Arter all, this sendin' the boy off is jest turnin' 'im out to pastur to grow, an' takin' 'im in in the fall. He may git his head up so high t'we can't git the halter on 'im again, but he'll be worth more to somebody that can, nor if we kep 'im in the stable. I sh'll hate to say good-bye t'the little feller, but I sh'll vote to have 'im go, unanimous."

Mr. Benedict was not a man who had will enough to withstand the rational and personal considerations that were brought to bear upon him, and then the two boys were brought into the consultation. Thede was overjoyed with the prospect of having for a home companion the boy to whom he had become so greatly attached, and poor Harry was torn by a conflict of inclinations. To leave Jim and his father behind was a great sorrow; and he was half angry with himself to think that he could find any pleasure in the prospect of a removal. But the love of change, natural to a boy, and the desire to see the wonders of the great city, with accounts of which Thede had excited his imagination, overcame his inclination to remain in the camp. The year of separation would be very short, he thought, so that, after all, it was only a temporary matter. The moment the project of going away took posses-

sion of him, his regrets died, and the exit from the woods seemed to him like a journey into dreamland, from which he should return in the morning.

How to get the lad through Sevenoaks, where he would be sure to be recognized, and so reveal the hiding-place of his father, became at once a puzzling question. Mr. Balfour had arranged with the man who brought him into the woods to return in a fortnight and take him out, and as he was a man who had known the Benedicts it would not be safe to trust to his silence.

It was finally arranged that Jim should start off at once with Harry, and engage Mike Conlin to go through Sevenoaks with him in the night, and deliver him at the railroad at about the hour when the regular stage would arrive with Mr. Balfour. The people of Sevenoaks were not travelers, and it would be a rare chance that should bring one of them through to that point. The preparations were therefore made at once, and the next evening poor Benedict was called upon to part with his boy. It was a bitter struggle, but it was accomplished, and, excited by the strange life that was opening before him, the boy entered the boat with Jim, and waved his adieus to the group that had gathered upon the bank to see them off.

Poor Turk, who had apparently understood all that had passed in the conversations of the previous day, and become fully aware of the bereavement that he was about to suffer, stood upon the shore and howled and whined as they receded into the distance. Then he went up to Thede, and licked his hand, as if he would say: "Don't leave me as the other boy has done; if you do, I shall be inconsolable."

Jim effected his purpose, and returned before light the next morning, and on the following day he took Mr. Balfour and Thede down the river, and delivered them to the man whom he found waiting for them. The programme was carried out in all its details, and two days afterward the two boys were sitting side by side in the railway-car that was hurrying them toward the great city.

#### CHAPTER X.

WHICH RECORDS MR. BELCHER'S CONNECTION WITH A GREAT SPECULATION, AND BRINGS TO A CLOSE HIS RESIDENCE IN SEVENOAKS.

WHITHER was he going? He had a little fortune in his pockets—more money than prudent men are in the habit of carry-

ing with them—and a scheme in his mind. After the purchase of Palgrave's Folly, and the inauguration of a scale of family expenditure far surpassing all his previous experience, Mr. Belcher began to feel poor, and to realize the necessity of extending his enterprise. To do him justice, he felt that he had surpassed the proprieties of domestic life in taking so important a step as that of changing his residence without consulting Mrs. Belcher. He did not wish to meet her at once; so it was easy for him, when he left New York, to take a wide diversion on his way home.

For several months the reports of the great oil discoveries of Pennsylvania had been floating through the press. Stories of enormous fortunes acquired in a single week, and even in a single day, were rife; and they had excited his greed with a strange power. He had witnessed, too, the effect of these stories upon the minds of the humble people of Sevenoaks. They were uneasy in their poverty, and were in the habit of reading with avidity all the accounts that emanated from the new center of speculation. The monsters of the sea had long been chased into the ice, and the whalers had returned with scantier fares year after year; but here was light for the world. The solid ground itself was echoing with the cry: "Here she blows!" and "There she blows!" and the long harpoons went down to its vitals, and were fairly lifted out again by the pressure of the treasure that impatiently waited for deliverance.

Mr. Belcher had long desired to have a hand in this new business. To see a great speculation pass by without yielding him any return was very painful to him. During his brief stay in New York he was approached by speculators from the new field of promise; and by his quick wit and ready business instinct he had been able to ascertain just the way in which money was made and was to be made. He dismissed them all, for he had the means in his hands of starting nearer the sources of profit than themselves, and to be not only one of the "bottom ring," but to be the bottom man. No moderate profit and no legitimate income would satisfy him. He would gather the investments of the multitude into his own capacious pockets, or he would have nothing to do with the matter. He would sweep the board, fairly or foully, or he would not play.

As he traveled along westward, he found that the company was made up of men

whose tickets took them to his own destination. Most of them were quiet, with ears open to the few talkers who had already been there and were returning. Mr. Belcher listened to them, laughed at them, scoffed at their schemes, and laid up carefully all that they said. Before he arrived at Corry he had acquired a tolerable knowledge of the oil-fields, and determined upon his scheme of operations.

As he drew nearer the great center of excitement, he came more into contact with the masses who had gathered there, crazed with the spirit of speculation. Men were around him whose clothes were shining with bitumen. The air was loaded with the smell of petroleum. Derricks were thrown up on every side; drills were at work piercing the earth; villages were starting among stumps still fresh at the top, as if their trees were cut but yesterday; rough men in high boots were ranging the country; the dépôts were glutted with portable steam-engines and all sorts of mining machinery, and there was but one subject of conversation. Some new well had started flowing with hundreds of barrels of petroleum *per diem*. Some new man had made a fortune. Farmers, who had barely been able to get a living from their sterile acres, had become millionaires. The whole region was alive with fortune-hunters from every quarter of the country. Millions of dollars were in the pockets of men who were ready to purchase. Seedy, crazy, visionary fellows were working as middle-men, to talk up schemes, and win their bread, with as much more as they could lay their hands on. The very air was charged with the contagion of speculation, and men seemed ready to believe anything and do anything. It appeared, indeed, as if a man had only to buy to double his money in a day; and half the insane multitude believed it.

Mr. Belcher kept himself quiet, and defended himself from the influences around him by adopting and holding his scoffing mood. He believed nothing. He was there simply to see what asses men could make of themselves; but he kept his ears open. The wretched hotel at which he at last found accommodations was thronged with fortune-seekers, among whom he moved self-possessed and quite at home. On the second day his mood began to tell on those around him. There were men there who knew about him and his great wealth—men who had been impressed with his sagacity. He studied them carefully, gave no one his

confidence, and quietly laid his plans. On the evening of the third day he returned to the hotel, and announced that he had had the good fortune to purchase a piece of property that he proposed to operate and improve on his own account.

Then he was approached with propositions for forming a company. He had paid fifty thousand dollars for a farm—paid the money—and before morning he had sold half of it for what he gave for the whole, and formed a company with the nominal capital of half a million of dollars, a moiety of the stock being his own at no cost to him whatever. The arrangements were all made for the issue of stock and the commencement of operations, and when, three days afterward, he started from Titusville on his way home, he had in his satchel blank certificates of stock, all signed by the officers of the Continental Petroleum Company, to be limited in its issue to the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He never expected to see the land again. He did not expect that the enterprise would be of the slightest value to those who should invest in it. He expected to do just what others were doing—to sell his stock and pocket the proceeds, while investors pocketed their losses. It was all an acute business operation with him; and he intended to take advantage of the excitement of the time to "clean out" Sevenoaks and all the region round about his country home, while his confrères operated in their own localities. He chuckled over his plans as if he contemplated some great, good deed that would be of incalculable benefit to his neighbors. He suffered no qualm of conscience, no revolt of personal honor, no spasm of sympathy or pity.

As soon as he set out upon his journey homeward he began to think of his New York purchase. He had taken a bold step, and he wished that he had said something to Mrs. Belcher about his plans, but he had been so much in the habit of managing everything in his business without consulting her, that it did not occur to him before he started from home that any matter of his was not exclusively his own. He would just as soon have thought of taking Phipps into his confidence, or of deferring to his wishes in any project, as of extending those courtesies to his wife. There was another consideration which weighed somewhat heavily upon his mind. He was not entirely sure that he would not be ashamed of Mrs. Belcher in the grand home which he had

provided for himself. He respected her, and had loved her in his poor, sensual fashion, some changeable years in the past; he had regarded her as a good mother, and, at least, as an inoffensive wife; but she was not Mrs. Dillingham. She would not be at home in the society of which he had caught a glimpse, or among the splendors to which he would be obliged to introduce her. Even Talbot, the man who was getting rich upon the products of his enterprise, had a more impressive wife than he. And thus, with much reflection, this strange, easy-natured brute without a conscience, wrought up his soul into self-pity. In some way he had been defrauded. It never could have been intended that a man capable of winning so many of his heart's desires as he had proved himself to be, should be tied to a woman incapable of illuminating and honoring his position. If he only had a wife of whose person he could be proud! If he only had a wife whose queenly presence and manners would give significance to the splendors of the Palgrave mansion!

There was no way left for him, however, but to make the best of his circumstances, and put a brave face upon the matter. Accordingly, the next morning after his arrival, he told, with such display of enthusiasm as he could assume, the story of his purchase. The children were all attention, and made no hesitation to express their delight with the change that lay before them. Mrs. Belcher grew pale, choked over her breakfast, and was obliged to leave the table. At the close of the meal, Mr. Belcher followed her to her room, and found her with dry eyes and an angry face.

"Robert, you have determined to kill me," she said, almost fiercely.

"Oh, no, Sarah; not quite so bad as that."

"How could you take a step which you knew would give me a life-long pain? Have I not suffered enough? Is it not enough that I have ceased practically to have a husband?—that I have given up all society, and been driven in upon my children? Am I to have no will, no consideration, no part or lot in my own life?"

"Put it through, Sarah; you have the floor, and I'm ready to take it all now."

"And it is all for show," she went on, "and is disgusting. There is not a soul in the city that your wealth can bring to me that will give me society. I shall be a thousand times lonelier there than I have been here; and you compel me to go where

I must receive people whom I shall despise, and who, for that reason, will dislike me. You propose to force me into a life that is worse than emptiness. I am more nearly content here than I can ever be anywhere else, and I shall never leave here without a cruel sense of sacrifice."

"Good for you, Sarah!" said Mr. Belcher. "You're more of a trump than I thought you were; and if it will do you any good to know that I think I've been a little rough with you, I don't mind telling you so. But the thing is done, and it can't be undone. You can have your own sort of life there as you do here, and I can have mine. I suppose I could go there and run the house alone; but it isn't exactly the thing for Mrs. Belcher's husband to do. People might talk, you know, and they wouldn't blame me."

"No; they would blame me, and I must go, whether I wish to go or not."

Mrs. Belcher had talked until she could weep, and brushing her eyes she walked to the window. Mr. Belcher sat still, casting furtive glances at her, and drumming with his fingers on his knees. When she could sufficiently command herself, she returned, and said:

"Robert, I have tried to be a good wife to you. I helped you in your first struggles, and then you were a comfort to me. But your wealth has changed you, and you know that for ten years I have had no husband. I have humored your caprices; I have been careful not to cross your will. I have taken your generous provision, and made myself and my children what you desired; but I am nothing to you but a part of your establishment. I do not feel that my position is an honorable one. I wish to God that I had one hope that it would ever become so."

"Well, bye-bye, Sarah. You'll feel better about it."

Then Mr. Belcher stooped and kissed her forehead, and left her.

That little attention—that one shadow of recognition of the old relations, that faint show of feeling—went straight to her starving heart. And then, assuming blame for what seemed at the moment of reaction her unreasonable selfishness, she determined to say no more, and to take uncomplainingly whatever life her husband might provide for her.

As for Mr. Belcher, he went off to his library and his cigar with a wound in his heart. The interview with his wife, while it

had excited in him a certain amount of pity for her, had deepened his pity for himself. She had ceased to be what she had once been to him; yet his experience in the city had proved that there were still women in the world who could excite in him the old passion, and move him to the old gallantries. It was clearly a case of incipient "incompatibility." It was "the mistake of a lifetime" just discovered, though she had borne his children and held his respect for fifteen years. He still felt the warmth of Mrs. Dillingham's hands within his own, the impression of her confiding clasp upon his arm, and the magnetic influence of her splendid presence. Reason as he would, he felt defrauded of his rights; and he wondered whether any combination of circumstances would ever permit him to achieve them. As this amounted to wondering whether Mrs. Belcher would die, he strove to banish the question from his mind; but it returned and returned again so pertinaciously that he was glad to order his horses and ride to his factory.

Before night it became noised through the village that the great proprietor had been to the oil regions. The fact was talked over among the people in the shops, in the street, in social groups that gathered at evening, and there was great curiosity to know what he had learned, and what opinions he had formed. Mr. Belcher knew how to play his cards, and having set the people talking, he filled out and sent to each of the wives of the five pastors of the village, as a gift, a certificate of five shares of the stock of the Continental Petroleum Company. Of course, they were greatly delighted, and, of course, twenty-four hours had not passed by when every man, woman and child in Sevenoaks was acquainted with the transaction. People began to revise their judgments of the man whom they had so severely condemned. After all, it was the way in which he had done things in former days, and though they had come to a vivid apprehension of the fact that he had done them for a purpose, which invariably terminated in himself, they could not see what there was to be gained by so munificent a gift. Was he not endeavoring, by self-sacrifice, to win back a portion of the consideration he had formerly enjoyed? Was it not a confession of wrong-doing, or wrong judgment? There were men who shook their heads, and "didn't know about it;" but the preponderance of feeling was on the side of the proprietor, who sat in his library and imagined just

what was in progress around him; nay, calculated upon it, as a chemist calculates the results of certain combinations in his laboratory. He knew the people a great deal better than they knew him, or even themselves.

Miss Butterworth called at the house of the Rev. Solomon Snow, who, immediately upon her entrance, took his seat in his arm-chair, and adjusted his bridge. The little woman was so combative and incisive that this always seemed a necessary precaution on the part of that gentleman.

"I want to see it!" said Miss Butterworth, without the slightest indication of the object of her curiosity.

Mrs. Snow rose without hesitation, and, going to a trunk in her bedroom, brought out her precious certificate of stock, and placed it in the hands of the tailoress.

It certainly was a certificate of stock, to the amount of five shares, in the Continental Petroleum Company, and Mr. Belcher's name was not among the signatures of the officers.

"Well, that beats me!" exclaimed Miss Butterworth. "What do you suppose the old snake wants now?"

"That's just what I say—just what I say," responded Mrs. Snow. "Goodness knows, if it's worth anything, we need it; but what *does* he want?"

"You'll find out sometime. Take my word for it, he has a large axe to grind."

"I think," said Mr. Snow judicially, "that it is quite possible that we have been unjust to Mr. Belcher. He is certainly a man of generous instincts, but with great eccentricities. Before condemning him *in toto* (here Mr. Snow opened his bridge to let out the charity that was rising within him, and closed it at once for fear Miss Butterworth would get in a protest), let us be sure that there is a possible selfish motive for this most unexpected munificence. When we ascertain the true state of the case, then we can take things as they air. Until we have arrived at the necessary knowledge, it becomes us to withhold all severe judgments. A generous deed has its reflex influence, and it may be that some good may come to Mr. Belcher from this, and help to mold his character to nobler issues. I sincerely hope it may, and that we shall realize dividends that will add permanently to our somewhat restricted sources of income."

Miss Butterworth sat during the speech, and trotted her knee. She had no faith in the paper, and she frankly said so.



"Don't be fooled," she said to Mrs. Snow. "By and by you will find out that it is all a trick. Don't expect anything. I tell you I know Robert Belcher, and I know he's a knave, if there ever was one. I can feel him—I can feel him now—chuckling over this business, for business it is."

"What would you do if you were in my place?" inquired Mrs. Snow. "Would you send it back to him?"

"Yes, or I'd take it with a pair of tongs and throw it out of the window. I tell you there's a nasty trick done up in that paper; and if you're going to keep it, don't say anything about it."

The family laughed, and even Mr. Snow unbent himself so far as to smile and wipe his spectacles. Then the little tailoress went away, wondering when the mischief would reveal itself, but sure that it would appear in good time. In good time—that is, in Mr. Belcher's good time—it did appear.

To comprehend the excitement that followed, it must be remembered that the people of Sevenoaks had the most implicit confidence in Mr. Belcher's business sagacity. He had been upon the ground, and knew personally all about the great discoveries. Having investigated for himself, he had invested his funds in this Company. If the people could only embark in his boat, they felt that they should be safe. He would defend their interests while defending his own. So the field was all ready for his reaping. Not Sevenoaks alone, but the whole country was open to any scheme which connected them with the profits of these great discoveries, and when the excitement at Sevenoaks passed away at last, and men regained their senses, in the loss of their money, they had the company of a multitude of ruined sympathizers throughout the length and breadth of the land. Not only the simple and the impressible yielded to the wave of speculation that swept the country, but the shrewdest business men formed its crest, and were thrown high and dry beyond all others, in the common wreck, when it reached the shore.

On the evening of the fourth day after his return, Mr. Belcher was waited upon at his house by a self-constituted committee of citizens, who merely called to inquire into the wonders of the region he had explored. Mr. Belcher was quite at his ease, and entered at once upon a narrative of his visit. He had supposed that the excitement was without any good foundation, but the oil was really there; and he did not see why the

business was not as legitimate and sound as any in the world. The whole world needed the oil, and this was the one locality that produced it. There was undoubtedly more or less of wild speculation connected with it, and, considering the value of the discoveries, it was not to be wondered at. On the whole, it was the biggest thing that had turned up during his lifetime.

Constantly leading them away from the topic of investment, he regaled their ears with the stories of the enormous fortunes that had been made, until there was not a man before him who was not ready to invest half the fortune he possessed in the speculation. Finally, one of the more frank and impatient of the group informed Mr. Belcher that they had come prepared to invest, if they found his report favorable.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Belcher, "I really cannot take the responsibility of advising you. I can act for myself, but when it comes to advising my neighbors, it is another matter entirely. You really must excuse me from this. I have gone into the business rather heavily, but I have done it without advice, and you must do the same. It isn't right for any man to lead another into experiments of this sort, and it is hardly the fair thing to ask him to do it. I've looked for myself, but the fact that I am satisfied is no good reason for you being so."

"Very well, tell us how to do it," said the spokesman. "We cannot leave our business to do what you have done, and we shall be obliged to run some risk, if we go into it at all."

"Now, look here," said the wily proprietor, "you are putting me in a hard place. Suppose the matter turns out badly: are you going to come to me, and charge me with leading you into it?"

"Not at all," was responded, almost in unison.

"If you want to go into the Continental, I presume there is still some stock to be had. If you wish me to act as your agent, I will serve you with a great deal of pleasure, but, mark you, I take no responsibility. I will receive your money, and you shall have your certificates as soon as the mail will bring them, and, if I can get no stock of the Company, you shall have some of my own."

They protested that they did not wish to put him to inconvenience, but quietly placed their money in his hands. Every sum was carefully counted and recorded, and Mr. Belcher assured them that they should have their certificates within five days.

As they retired, he confidentially told them that they had better keep the matter from any but their particular friends. If there was any man among those friends who would like "a chance in," he might come to him, and he would do what he could for him.

Each of these men went off down the hill, full of dreams of sudden wealth, and, as each of them had three or four particular friends to whom Mr. Belcher's closing message was given, that gentleman was thronged with visitors the next day, each one of whom he saw alone. All of these, too, had particular friends, and within ten days Mr. Belcher had pocketed in his library the munificent sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. After a reasonable period, each investor received a certificate of his stock through the mail.

It was astonishing to learn that there was so much money in the village. It came in sums of one hundred up to five hundred dollars, from the most unexpected sources—little hoards that covered the savings of many years. It came from widows and orphans; it came from clergymen; it came from small tradesmen and farmers; it came from the best business men in the place and region.

The proprietor was in daily communication with his confederates and tools, and the investors were one day electrified with the information that the Continental had declared a monthly dividend of two per cent. This was what was needed to unload Mr. Belcher of nearly all the stock he held, and, within one month of his arrival from the oil-fields, he had realized a sum sufficient to pay for his new purchase in the city, and the costly furniture with which he proposed to illuminate it.

Sevenoaks was happy. The sun of prosperity had dawned upon the people, and the favored few who supposed that they were the only ones to whom the good fortune had come, were surprised to find themselves a great multitude. The dividend was the talk of the town. Those who had invested a portion of their small means invested more, and those whose good angel had spared them from the sacrifice yielded to the glittering temptation, and joined their lot with their rejoicing neighbors. Mr. Belcher walked or drove among them, and rubbed his hands over their good fortune. He knew very well that if he were going to reside longer among the people, his position would be a hard one; but he calculated that when

the explosion should come, he should be beyond its reach.

It was a good time for him to declare the fact that he was about to leave them, and this he did. An earthquake would not have filled them with greater surprise and consternation. The industries of the town were in his hands. The principal property of the village was his. He was identified with the new enterprise, upon which they had built such high hope, and they had come to believe that he was a kindlier man than they had formerly supposed him to be.

Already, however, there were suspicions in many minds that there were bubbles on their oil, ready to burst, and reveal the shallowness of the material beneath them; but these very suspicions urged them to treat Mr. Belcher well, and to keep him interested for them. They protested against his leaving them. They assured him of their friendship. They told him that he had grown up among them, and that they could not but feel that he belonged to them. They were proud of the position and prosperity he had won for himself. They fawned upon him, and when, at last, he told them that it was too late—that he had purchased and furnished a home for himself in the city—they called a public meeting, and, after a dozen regretful and complimentary speeches, from clergy and laity, resolved:

"1st. That we have learned with profound regret that our distinguished fellow-citizen, ROBERT BELCHER, Esq., is about to remove his residence from among us, and to become a citizen of the commercial emporium of our country.

"2d. That we recognize in him a gentleman of great business enterprise, of generous instincts, of remarkable public spirit, and a personal illustration of the beneficent influence of freedom and of free democratic institutions.

"3d. That the citizens of Sevenoaks will ever hold in kindly remembrance a gentleman who has been identified with the growth and importance of their beloved village, and that they shall follow him to his new home with heartiest good wishes and prayers for his welfare.

"4th. That whenever in the future his heart and his steps shall turn toward his old home, and the friends of his youth, he shall be greeted with voices of welcome, and hearts and homes of hospitality.

"5th. That these resolutions shall be published in the county papers, and that a copy shall be presented to the gentleman named

therein, by a committee to be appointed by the chairman."

As was quite natural, and quite noteworthy, under the circumstances, the committee appointed was composed of those most deeply interested in the affairs of the Continental Petroleum Company.

Mr. Belcher received the committee very graciously, and made them a neat little speech, which he had carefully prepared for the occasion. In concluding, he alluded to the great speculation in which they, with so many of their fellow-citizens, had embarked.

"Gentlemen," said he, "there is no one who holds so large an interest in the Continental as myself. I have parted with many of my shares to gratify the desire of the people of Sevenoaks to possess them, but I still hold more than any of you. If the enterprise prospers, I shall prosper with you. If it goes down, as I sincerely hope it may not—more for your sakes, believe me, than my own—I shall suffer with you. Let us hope for the best. I have already authority for announcing to you that another monthly dividend of two per cent. will be paid you before I am called upon to leave you. That certainly looks like prosperity. Gentlemen, I bid you farewell."

When they had departed, having first heartily shaken the proprietor's hand, that gentleman locked his door, and gazed for a long time into his mirror.

"Robert Belcher," said he, "are you a rascal? Who says rascal? Are you any worse than the crowd? How badly would any of these precious fellow-citizens of yours feel if they knew their income was drawn from other men's pockets? Eh? Wouldn't they prefer to have somebody suffer rather than lose their investments? Verily, verily, I say unto you, they would. Wouldn't they take it out of you if they could? Verily, verily! No, my fine fellow, they're just like you—every man for himself. Not a devil of 'em ever asked you whether the business was legitimate or not, or cared where their dividends came from, provided they got them. They knew the thing was half humbug any way, and they wanted a chance at it—big profits and small outlay. They would make it hot for you if you were here, but you don't propose to come back until you get ready. In the meantime they'll get hungry enough to want to see you when you see fit to come. But don't talk to me about being a rascal! You're just a little sharper than the rest of them—that's all. They wanted to get money without earning

it, and wanted me to help them to do it. I wanted to get money without earning it, and I wanted them to help me to do it. It happens that they will be disappointed and that I am satisfied. Don't say rascal to me, sir. If I ever hear that word again I'll throttle you. Is that question settled? It is? Very well. Let there be peace between us. \* \* \* List! I hear the roar of the mighty city! Who lives in yonder palace? Whose wealth surrounds him thus with luxuries untold? Who walks out of yonder door and gets into that carriage, waiting with impatient steeds? Is that gentleman's name Belcher? Take a good look at him as he rolls away, bowing right and left to the gazing multitude. He is gone. The abyss of heaven swallows up his form, and yet I linger. Why lingerest thou? Farewell! and again I say, farewell!"

Mr. Belcher had very carefully covered all his tracks. He had insisted on having his name omitted from the list of officers of the Continental Petroleum Company. He had carefully forwarded the names of all who had invested in its stock for record, so that, if the books should ever be brought to light, there should be no apparent irregularity in his dealings. His own name was there with the rest, and a small amount of money had been set aside for operating expenses, so that something would appear to have been done.

The day approached for his departure, and his agent, with his family, was installed in his house for its protection; and one fine morning, having first posted on two or three public places the announcement of a second monthly dividend to be paid through his agent to the stockholders in the Continental, he, with his family, rode down the hill in his coach, followed by an enormous baggage-wagon loaded with trunks, and passed through the village. Half of Sevenoaks was out to witness the departure. Cheers rent the air from every group; and if a conqueror had returned from the most sacred patriotic service he could not have received a heartier ovation than that bestowed upon the graceless fugitive. He bowed from side to side in his own lordly way, and flourished and extended his pudgy palm in courtly courtesy. Mrs. Belcher sat back in her seat, shrinking from all these demonstrations, for she knew that her husband was unworthy of them. The carriages disappeared in the distance, and then, sad, suspicious, uncommunicative, the men went off to draw their last dividend and go about

their work. They fought desperately against their own distrust. In the proportion that they doubted the proprietor they were ready to defend him; but there was not a man of

them who had not been fairly warned that he was running his own risk, and who had not sought for the privilege of throwing away his money.

(To be continued.)

### TO A FRIEND

ABOUT TO TAKE UP HIS RESIDENCE IN TOWN.

THE City claims thee? Yet amid its noise  
And envious conflict do thou seek to frame  
An inward quiet, leisure void of blame,  
The genial mood that no unrest alloys;  
Nor wilt thou listen vainly for the voice  
Of the blithe elements that still proclaim,  
Even there, the power to move and to inflame  
Hearts that divine the depths of simple joys.  
Wandering cloud-shadows on thy head will fall,  
And touch and tend thee in the arid street;  
The breath of the wild wind will fan thy face;  
Yea, spirits shy as those of flowers will call  
Upon his listening ear, who still doth greet  
With ready soul each hint of Nature's grace.

### MY ISLAND.

My feet have never trod thy flowery ways,  
O my fair island!—situate in the sea,  
Whose green, curled tongues still lap thee back from me,  
Strive how I may. Yet oft in winter days  
I stretch my hands toward thee as toward a blaze  
That warms and cheers. I know what sweetness fills  
Those groves of thine; what clash of tiny bills  
Adrip with music; what sweet wind delays  
Among the bashful lilies cloistered there.  
In summer heats I watch, through dust and glare,  
The grew mists wrap thee, and across thy crest  
The rainy grass blown slantwise toward the west,  
While sleeping fountains rise and shake their hair.  
Sometimes I seek amiss—O deaf and blind!—  
And cannot find thee, loveliest, anywhere.  
Yet—whether it be some vague, stirred pulse of air,  
Or fugitive sweet odor undefined—  
Ev'n then I know thee, O my rare and fair!  
That thou dost lie between me and the wind.

## THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

## PART II.

## CHAPTER VII.

THUS the colonists of Lincoln Island regained their home, and Neb, lighting the fire, spread a substantial repast. Jupe was not forgotten, but received his portion. Then, before going to bed, Cyrus Smith and his companions discussed some improvements which were urgently required.

Most important and pressing was that of a bridge over the Mercy, in order to put the southern part of the island in communication with Granite House; then the establishment of a corral for the hill-sheep or other wool-bearing animals that might be captured.

The next day—the 3d of November—the new labors began with the building of the bridge, and all hands were required for that important business. At the same time Cyrus Smith told his comrades of a project, at once very simple of execution and very advantageous, which he had thought over for some time. This was to isolate the plateau of Grand View entirely, in order to place it out of danger of attack by four-footed or four-handed marauders. In that way Granite House, the Chimneys, the poultry-yard to be established, and all the upper portion of the plateau destined for sowing, would be safe from the depredations of animals. Nothing was easier than to execute the plan, and it was in this way the engineer proposed to work: The plateau was already guarded on three sides, by waters artificially or naturally disposed: namely, on the north-west by Lake Grant, on the north by the new stream of water from the lake, and on the east by the sea. The west side alone remained, and stretched between the elbow formed by the river and the southern corner of the lake, for about a mile. Now nothing was easier than to cut a channel deep and broad and fill it from the lake, while its overflow would drop by a second fall into the Mercy. Undoubtedly the level of the lake would fall slightly, but Cyrus Smith had seen that Red Creek was of sufficient volume to warrant the execution of his plan.

"Thus," said the engineer, "the plateau of Grand View will really become an island, being on all sides surrounded by water, and will communicate with the rest of our domain only by the bridge which we are about to throw across the Mercy, by the two small

bridges already established above and below the fall, and finally by two other small bridges yet to be constructed, one over the ditch and the other on the left bank of the Mercy. Well, then, if these bridges can be raised at will, the plateau of Grand View will be safe from any surprise."

The building of the bridge over the Mercy lasted three weeks. Meals were taken on the spot, and as the weather was magnificent, only supper was eaten at Granite House. During this time Jupe began to accustom himself to his new masters, whom he still regarded with eyes full of curiosity. Top and Jupe were the best of friends, and often played together, but Jupe did everything with the greatest gravity.

The bridge was finished on the 20th of November. Its movable portion being counter-weighted, descended and rose easily, so that a slight effort moved it. Between its hinge and the further cross-piece on which it fell was a distance of some twenty feet, which was great enough to prevent any animals from crossing.

Then arose the question whether the cover of the balloon should be brought to Granite House. It was necessary to get it into a place of safety, as the future clothing of the colonists depended on it; but for its transport they must have a wagon to carry it to Port Balloon, and necessarily a wagon-road through the thick Forests of the Far West. This required a certain length of time. Neb and Pencroff made a reconnoissance as far as the Port, and as they announced that the "stock of dry goods" was suffering no injury in the cave where it was stowed, it was decided to continue the labor on the plateau of Grand View without remission.

"That will allow us to establish our poultry-yard," observed Pencroff, "in the best of all places, for we need not fear the visits of foxes or any other beasts of prey."

"Not to speak of the fact," added Neb, "that we can clear the plateau, transplant wild vegetables—"

"And make ready our second field of wheat!" cried the sailor, with an air of triumph.

Truly enough, the first wheat-field, consisting solely of one grain, had prospered admirably, thanks to Pencroff's care. It had produced the ten heads promised by



the engineer, and, each head bearing twenty-four grains, the colony found itself in the possession of eight hundred grains in six months. This allowed two crops a year. The eight hundred grains, with the exception of fifty, which were prudently held in reserve, were to be sown in a new field, and with no less care than the single grain.

The field was prepared, then surrounded with a high palisade, strong and pointed, which would offer great difficulties to the intrusion of quadrupeds. Small wind-vanes which emitted noises, and scarecrows of strange aspect, due to the fantastic imagination of Pencroff, served as complete guards against the birds. The seven hundred and fifty grains were then placed in regular drills, and nature was left to do the rest.

On the 21st of November Cyrus Smith began to lay out the ditch which was to shut off the plateau on the west. Between the southern angle of the lake and the bend of the Mercy the ground consisted of about three feet of vegetable mold, and below that granite. So it was necessary to make more nitro-glycerine, and nitro-glycerine did its usual work. When finished, the little stream received the name of Glycerine Creek. With the first fortnight of December this work was finally accomplished, and the plateau of Grand View, that is to say, a sort of irregular pentagon having a circumference of about four miles, was surrounded by a liquid girdle, and absolutely assured against any attack.

During the month of December the heat was very great. Still the settlers did not want to stop their work, and, as the poultry-yard was next in order, they proceeded to lay it out. It is not necessary to say that since the closing of the plateau, Master Jupe had been left at liberty. He staid by his master and evinced no wish to escape. He was a gentle beast, yet very strong, and agile to an astonishing degree. When it came to running up the ladder of Granite House, there was no one to equal him. He was also made of use in various ways. The poultry-yard occupied an area of two hundred yards square, which was marked out on the south-eastern border of the lake. A palisade was built around it, and various huts were built within for the accommodation of the animals to be introduced. They were simple booths of branches divided into compartments.

The first inhabitants were the two tinamous, which soon after hatched out their young. In addition, there were half-a-dozen wild-ducks, captured on the lake.

Some of the latter belonged to the Chinese variety, whose wings open like fans, and whose brilliant plumage rivals the golden pheasant's. A few days later, Harbert captured a pair of gallinaceous birds with round tails and crests of long plumes—"alectors" of the finest kind, which soon became domesticated. As to the pelicans and kingfishers, they came of themselves to the border of the water near the poultry-yard, and, after a few disputes, all this little feathered world, each clucking, quacking or screaming after its kind, ended by coming to an understanding, and increased with a rapidity which gave assurance of the future supply of food to the colonists. Cyrus Smith, as a crown to the work, added a pigeon-house to the yard, and stocked it with rock pigeons from the cliffs.

The cover of the balloon was still to be brought to Granite House, and the settlers went to work to make their heavy cart lighter and more manageable. Though they possessed a vehicle, the moving power was still to be found. Did there not exist on the island some ruminant to take the place of horse, ass, ox, or cow? That was the question.

"That's a fact," said Pencroff, "a beast of draught will be of great use to us, until Mr. Smith is good enough to construct a locomotive or a steam carriage; for I have no doubt that some day we shall have a railway from Granite House to Port Balloon, with a branch road to Mount Franklin!"

One day, the 23d of December, Neb was heard calling and Top barking, at the top of their voices. The settlers ran up from the Chimneys where they were employed, fearing some mishap. And behold what a sight!—two fine animals of good stature, which had imprudently ventured on the plateau while the small bridges had been left open. They looked like two horses, or at least two asses, male and female, with beautiful lines, dove-colored coats, white legs and tails, and bands of black on head, neck, and body. They advanced quietly, without showing any signs of fear, and looked with bright eyes at their human visitors, in whom they could not foresee their masters.

"They are onaggas!" cried Harbert, "quadrupeds half-way between the zebra and the quagga!"

"Why not asses?" asked Neb.

"Because they have not long ears, and their shape is finer."

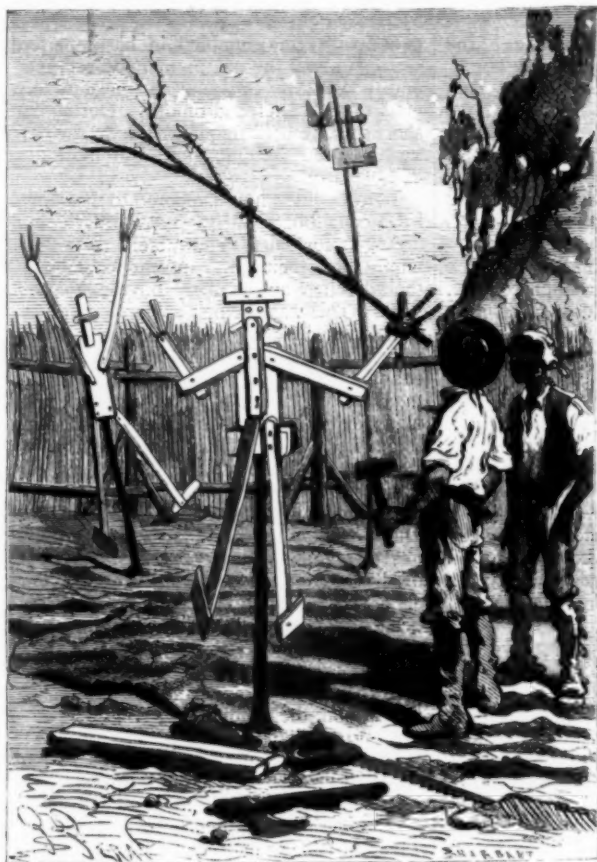
"Asses or horses," said Pencroff, "they are motive powers, anyway, as Mr. Smith would say, and, being such, are meant to be caught!"

Without frightening the animals, the sailor slipped through the grass to the bridge over Glycerine Creek, raised it, and the onaggas were prisoners. The magnificent pair were allowed complete liberty of movement, and

Meanwhile, harness and reins of vegetable fiber had been made, and a few days after the capture of the onaggas, not only was the wagon ready for them, but a straight road, or rather a clearing, had been made through the

Forests of the Far West from the bend of the Mercy to Port Balloon. So the wagon could be taken to that point, and it was near the end of December that the onaggas were tried for the first time. Pencroff had coaxed them up to the point of eating out of his hand, and they allowed themselves to be approached without difficulty; but once harnessed, they plunged, and it was with great difficulty that they could be restrained. Still, it was merely a question of time when they would yield to this new labor, for the onagga, less fierce than the zebra, is often harnessed in the mountainous portions of eastern Africa, and in Europe it is possible to acclimate them in zones comparatively cold.

That day, the whole colony, with the exception of Pencroff, who marched at the head of his animals, got into the wagon and took the road for Port Balloon. It is needless to say that they were well shaken on the rough road, which was hardly more than laid



AN INVENTION OF PENCROFF'S.

the settlers were even careful not to scare them by approaching them. Several times the onaggas seemed to feel a longing to quit the plateau, which was too small for them, accustomed as they were to wide meadows and great forests. At such times they were seen to follow the girdle of water which opposed an unsurmountable barrier, give a few sharp brays, then gallop across the fields, and when calmed again, stand for hours at a time, looking over at those deep woods which were shut to them forever.

out; but the wagon arrived safely, and that same day they loaded it with the covering and the rigging of the balloon. At eight o'clock in the evening, the wagon, having re-crossed the bridge of the Mercy, again descended the left bank of the river and stopped on the beach. The onaggas were unharnessed and led to their stable, and Pencroff, before going to sleep, uttered a long sigh of contentment which made the echoes of Granite House resound again.

(To be continued.)

## A FARMER'S VACATION: I.

## HOLLOW-LAND.

WE had stopped to change coaches at the little hamlet of Bunde, near the Dutch border of East Friesland, and to take our last glass of German beer in the little parlor of the Post-house, where a few Dutch ornaments had crept in among the more familiar forms.

A vehicle of a new shape drove up, the mails and luggage were loaded, we climbed to the narrow seats of the half open interior, the horn tooted, and away we rattled over the brick pavement that wound through the village and out into the flat open country, between ditches nearly filled with water. Presently we drew up, under the raised bar in front of a wayside custom-house. The examination was soon made, and we clattered on into the Kingdom of the Netherlands, which we entered by its back door. Instantly the aspect of the country changed, and we realized the presence of the transforming hand of the Dutch Wizard of Drainage.

In East Friesland the ditches had been full nearly to the brink, vegetation showed the ill effect of a wet soil, and there was a general air of swamp and fog over the land and its people. Here, the water was three or four feet below the surface, the land was dry, the growth was magnificent, and, though the country was flat as the sea, there was no suspicion of wetness anywhere. The few people whom we met were hardy and red-cheeked. The farm-houses and barns grew larger, and hay and grain ricks multiplied. Perhaps nowhere else in the world is such a sudden change of condition to be seen in a country of precisely the same original character.

We soon reached the little walled village or fort of Nieuwe Schans. We had dismounted at a hotel, outside the fort, adjoining the post-station and overlooking a canal. It was raining and chilly, and the desolate house was moldy, damp, and uncomfortable. There was no especially foreign air about the establishment—the same sort of discomfort is still to be found in the Dutch villages east of the Upper Hudson. Almost the only odd-looking thing was a tall stand filled with long clay pipes, suggesting the evening congregation of the men of the neighborhood. The landlord, already, at midday, well stu-

pefied with gin, grumbled in his imperfect German about the dearth of good servants, and cooked for us, himself, an unsavory mess of fried beef and onions. During our short stay, he paid frequent visits to the bottle-closet, and became more and more disconsolate.

In front of the house, moored to the shore, lay a canal-boat well stocked with crockery, arranged for sale. The merchant and his family had their home in the cabin, and their kitchen and scullery on the quarter-deck. This was our first example of an institution peculiar to the Netherlands, where so much of the life is on the canals—merchants of many sorts living and carrying on their traffic in canal-boats, moving from place to place in search of a market, and, sometimes setting sail and standing for Amsterdam to replenish stock.

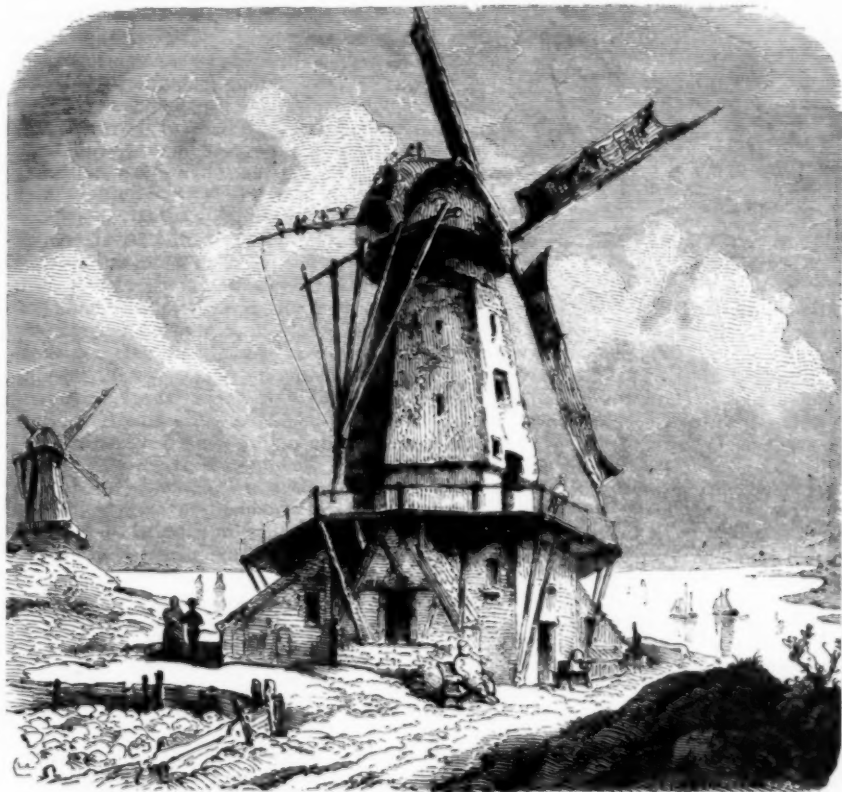
Canal-boat living is scrupulously cleanly, the abundant water at hand allowing the Dutch passion for scrubbing and scouring a field for its fullest sway. The narrowness of the quarters seems to be no inconvenience, much of the life being on deck. The occupations of these floating people appear exceedingly simple, the men smoking and the women knitting with faithful constancy.

After some hours waiting, we started for the station, the landlord insisting on carrying my small hand-bag. But he was too far gone, and his oft-changed hands refused their grasp. He soon allowed me to relieve him—apologizing that it was an "un-ge-wohnte arbeit," an unaccustomed work to which his sinews had not been trained. He said he was of gentle blood, and offered as his maudlin proof, a curiously ornamented old watch and chain of the sixteenth century, which had descended from his forebears.

The railway from Nieuwe Schans to Groningen has been recently opened, and everything about the frequent stations is new and raw-looking—so that the impression the traveler gets is in one respect similar to that given by our own Western prairie regions; and the broad windy stretch of flat country, without much wood, and lying open to the gales of the North Sea, has a little of the same bleak, unhomelike air. But with this

is mingled a most unaccustomed aspect of novelty. These fields are cultivated with the care of suburban market gardens, and are separated by long straight V-shaped ditches, in which the water runs some feet below the surface of the ground. Looking across them, we see broad, dingy sails moving in various directions among the growing crops; the railway is on an embankment, and we are running well above the land;

they were all of similar character—large, handsome, three-story stone or brick houses, well built and substantial, with a hedge-like row of clipped trees along the front, and, before these, neat gardens with good grass and showy flowers; running out from the back of the house, which its peak often overtops, and beyond which its low eaves project far on each side, is the huge red-tiled roof of the barn—large enough for the com-



A LOW-LAND FLOURING-MILL.

we frequently cross canals, lying far enough below us for the deck loads and the lowered masts of the barges to pass under the road, without the need of draw-bridges. Scattered over the whole landscape are the remarkable habitations of the farmers and their herds. Many of these were near enough for us to examine them, others only suggestions of similar farmsteads far away over the wide plain. As well as we could judge,

plete housing of the crops of the farm, for the comfortable accommodation of all its live stock, and for the sheltering of all implements. The evidences of wealth on every side, and the absence of all evidences of poverty, suggest an unequaled richness of soil, no less than a most skillful and industrious people. It is a region fairly teeming with fertility, bustling with activity on land and water, and stretching its productive

fields, one after another, to the far away sand-dunes of the north coast.

As we neared Groningen—our first Dutch town—we were curious as to our accommodation and personal comfort. The



HEAD-DRESS OF GRONINGEN PEASANT.

guide-books made it seem a chief advantage of one of the hotels that we need not sleep on feathers, and confined its general information mainly to the statement that the city has a population of forty thousand (all Dutch, of course), is situated at the junction of two principal canals, and is an important Dutch seaport. Those who have been bred in America, with its generous cultivation of the instincts in favor of foreign (and especially of "Dutch") ways and doings, will understand that we were imbued with a proper superiority of feeling, and were prepared to accept the oddities and provincialisms of Groningen without severe criticism; to make the best of what it had to offer that was good or interesting, and to put up with or to disregard its shortcomings—making due allowance for the disadvantages of a people who had been born Dutch. The strong infusion of Dutch blood in our own veins need not be considered, for we had that mysterious inner light that comes of American birth and education, and gives the look, from above downward, with which we so justly scrutinize the less favored civilizations of Europe.

This spirit had been shaken in some of our earlier experiences of travel, but nowhere had it been so chastened as it was at Groningen; and I meekly confess, at this point, that by the time we had crossed the Belgian frontier, some weeks later, it was entirely and forever laid.

A town of forty thousand inhabitants is not of itself remarkable. We have plenty such at home, but we have no small

town at all comparable to Groningen, in the evidences of good government, general refinement and cultivation. Much of its advantage is due to its great age, but more to the wise use of the means of improvement with which it has been blessed, and to the thrift and far-seeing intelligence of its people. The approach from the station leads over a massive and well-shaded bridge that spans the moat-like canal, busy with moving craft, and through a handsome archway in the wall of the town. The well-kept and park-like walks outside the walls were frequented by well-dressed pleasure-seekers, and the whole scene at this point was no less charming than unexpected.

Within the walls we found a well-built city, much less strange to us than many towns we had seen, and, indeed, with an air very much like Philadelphia. While obviously old, it seemed to have always been thriving and well kept. The hotel was excellent, and the shops and private houses were often fine. This is the most important of the northern towns of the country. It has an excellent university, a museum of natural history, a botanic garden, institutions for the instruction of the blind and of the deaf and dumb, and a school of painting, sculpture, and architecture. The Breedemarkt is one of the largest *plazas* in the kingdom, and it is flanked by some very fine churches and public buildings. These details are mentioned, notwithstanding their guide-book air, because they are so entirely different from what we had an idea of finding, and as indicating the completeness with which



HEAD-DRESS OF THE ISLAND OF AMELAND.

we withdrew our estimate of what it must imply to be Dutch and to live in Groningen.

Yet, in spite of the modern air of the shops and many of the houses, there was enough of novelty and quaintness in the



life of the streets to attract the interest of the traveler. Opposite our window was a street pump, about which women and girls were constantly awaiting their turns to fill the pails that hung from their wooden neck yokes. Here they stood chatting, heedless of the rain that was falling. Their stout woolen dresses were evidently used to it, and they themselves looked hearty enough to withstand any exposure.

Like all the women of their class whom we saw—including the itinerant vendors of milk and vegetables—they had their heads done up after the marvelous fashion of their province. Whether they are a hairless race could not be told; but not a trace of hair was to be seen, nor did there seem room for tresses under their triple coifs, which consist of a closely fitting cap of white cotton; another, equally close, of black silk; and over these a solid *plaque* of shining gold or silver, covering the whole head, save a small space at the crown, and a narrow slit at the top, "where got the apple in." The side wings reach nearly to the eyes, and they nearly join at the top of the head. They are quite as large as an ordinary pair of rounded horses' blinders; the band by which these are joined at the back is fully three inches wide.

This is the head-gear with which the working-women turn out in the early morning, and in which they do their drudgery, but they are usually seen with the added decoration of engraved, or embossed, or filigree ornaments of the same metal, nearly two inches across, attached to the front of the plate, and making the effect of gold or silver rosettes just back of the eyes. It is a very undress occasion on which even this suffices; they usually wear a fourth covering of thin lace. This is a cap, drawn close over the forehead, and hanging in a full cape behind. The whole gold affair is covered, save the rosettes. The origin of this singular costume we had no means of learning. It is common in various provinces of the Netherlands, and is worn with pride by

those who travel or reside in other than their native districts—to such an extent that it attracts no attention in any part of the kingdom. In the streets of Amsterdam it is constantly seen.

We went to buy one of these gold plaques as a curiosity, and found to our



A STREET IN GRONINGEN.

surprise that they are made of pure metal, and cost a large sum. The cheapest gold one we found cost one hundred and ten gulden (fifty-five dollars in currency). The silver ones are cheaper, but still very costly, for the daily wear of the kitchen. We found one at last of gilded brass, which cost but a trifle, but were told that no peasant woman or servant girl could wear it and preserve her self-respect.

Like all novelties, these head-dresses soon grew familiar, and after devouring a few townfuls of them, we had no further appetite save for the ornaments at the temples, of which nearly every village has its own form—some very curious. There is also some variety in the head-plates, but they are of the same general character.

These shining metal heads, glinting through neat lace, are attractive for more than their novelty, and the gear is really becoming to the fair complexions and clear eyes of the damsels of the northern peninsula.

The fashions of Paris have penetrated even to Groningen, modifying the dress of all above the working class, but they seem powerless before this national distinction. If the French bonnet is worn, as it sometimes is, it must adjust itself to this gilded ball of a head, without its accustomed-cush-

ion of false hair. In many localities the native costume included a hat of some remarkable cut, but usually where the metal plates are worn they are covered, if at all, only by a thin cap, through which they are plainly seen. The variety of detail is constant in the different regions. In the island

well-kept park, we found much more peculiar than Groningen, and the evidences of its great age more conspicuous. Yet, with all its age, it is emphatically a town of today; its old, ruined church-tower, which stood in the fierce times of the Spanish wars, and its quaint old streets, suggest all that



BOTER-MARKT AT LEEUWARDEN.

of Ameland, in the North Sea, the plate is continuous over the head, the side ornaments look like curved shutters thrown open to show the temples, the cap is fastened on by gold-headed pins, and a little cluster of false curls is worn at each side.

The principal part of Groningen is built on terra firma, but the outskirts are lower, and here the streets are divided by canals, which are busy with traffic. At the edges of the town there are many wind-mills, and the houses are more thoroughly Dutch than in the main business and residence streets.

Our route lay westward, to Leeuwarden, the capital of the province of Friesland. The character of the country traversed differed very little from that between Groningen and the German border. On every hand were the same evidences of activity on land and water, and of commercial and agricultural prosperity. It was harvest-time, and thick-standing gavels bespoke the richness of the ditch-bound fields. The same great farm-houses and barns, and the same sails among the meadows, were everywhere seen. Here, as in the other province, the cattle were superb and numerous.

Leeuwarden, which has a beautiful and

could be desired of historic and picturesque interest, but the canals in its streets are busy with modern commerce, the shop windows are effective in their appeal to present wants, and an air of comfortable prosperity is everywhere prevalent.

This is the cleanest large town we have anywhere seen. We wandered in the back slums, among people of the poorest class, and saw no spot that was not cleaner than Union Square or Fifth Avenue, in New York. Nor was this all,—the cleanliness extended to the people themselves. Hard-worked charwomen, and the children playing in the alleys, were as trim and tidy as though just dressed for school or church. Nor is even this all,—the politeness and grace of all classes of the people were most marked. At every turn we were greeted with cordial salutation,—really cordial. We were bid "Good Day," not apparently as a matter of form, but as though the speaker had an interest in our welfare. There was some curiosity evinced as to our queer costume, and a helmeted woman would now and then be called from a house to look at the unaccustomed head-dress of our ladies; but even this was as far as possible from rudeness.

The women of Friesland have a world-wide reputation for beauty, and the women of Leeuwarden must be of the best Frisian type. More striking maidens may be elsewhere seen, but the beauty of these is of a sort that never fades; on the contrary, it seems to grow fresher and more delicate with advancing years, and to reach the culmination of loveliness in ripe old age, when the skin has a wax-like rosiness, the blue veins are clearly marked about the white temples, and the eyes remain pure and mellow. Fine foreheads, beautifully penciled eyebrows, and delicate features are almost universal. There are gradations of comeliness, of course, and plain faces are not hard to find; but the average beauty, apparently without reference to class, is very striking. We bought currants from a woman of more than the allotted threescore years and ten, whose face would be a fortune to a belle.

Leeuwarden owes much of its obvious prosperity to the residence of capitalists whose investments are in the fertile lands of Friesland, the farmers of this province being largely tenants. Rents are high and promptly paid, and the land-owners are the social nabobs of the town. That there are many men of leisure is evidenced by two modern club-houses, large and perfectly appointed, which we were surprised to find in so small a place.

A beautiful building is the Butter Market; of exquisite proportions, old, and well-built, of dark red brick, with facings of light stone. Its unobtrusiveness is one of its chief charms. It has a modest character, suited to its modest uses; but its perfectly artistic form and coloring are well worthy of the attention they are sure to engage. Here are kept the official scales over which all butter exported or sold in the market must pass.

We were attracted by a small bit of old Delft ware in the window of a spectacle-maker's shop, and went in to examine it. It was a queer little shop, with many odd kickshaws which interested us, and the enthusiastic spectacle-man led us to an inner room, where he had a perfect museum of Delft ware. We found his prices extravagantly high (as they were in all country towns, where we hoped to find them low), for the reason, he told us, that he can at any time sell his whole stock to the Jew dealers at Amsterdam and the Hague at very high rates. The spectacle business was evidently only a tradition, for after we had sufficiently admired the stock on the

ground floor, he drummed up his old wife with her keys, and led us up the narrow stairs to a wealth of wonderful bric-à-bracerie crowding two large rooms above. Brocades, old silver-ware of most exquisite design, and all manner of luxurious furniture, remaining from the wealthy generations that have gone, filled every corner and cranny. For the modest sum of three thousand gulden\* we could have bought a marvel of a carved table of ebony and ivory of rarest workmanship, which had belonged to Prince Maurice, and there was much else of real interest. When we had returned to the street we looked back with amazement, to think that so modest a shop could be the entrance to such a store of riches.

Unfortunately, we had not known the interest of the country and the towns of Groningen and Friesland when we formed the plan of travel that hurried us on toward Amsterdam, and we had to cut short our visit and take the train for Harlingen on the Zuyder



COSTUME OF HINDELOOPEN.

Zee. This is a dullish seaport, defended by enormous granite-faced dikes against the invasion of the sea, which entirely destroyed the town in 1134, and overwhelmed it again in 1566. Here we took the small steamer for Amsterdam. The wind was high, and the

\* The gulden, which will be used throughout these papers on Holland, is about equal to fifty cents United States Currency.

sea wide and rough. We bore down the low line of coast until we came abreast of Hindeloopen, whence a heavy open lugger put out to meet us with a fresh supply of passengers, who were handed up on the open guard beneath which the lugger was tossing. The one woman of the party wore the strange costume of her town. The wind was so fresh that few vessels were

more quiet, and vessels became frequent. Some of these were square-rigged sea-going craft, but more were canal-boats, with their sails hauled down to the smallest capacity, and toiling along with an unaccustomed list—women and children under close hatches in the cabin, and the men, clad in oil-skins and sou'westers, bracing themselves to their work on deck.



WIND-MILLS AT AMSTERDAM.

out, and these few were under close-reefed sail. The trip occupied six hours, and had the usual discomfort of rough weather and small tonnage.

After leaving the Frisian coast our course was toward a beacon rising out of the water, which, as we neared it, grew into a church steeple. Gradually wind-mills and the roofs of houses were developed, and the old city of Enkhuizen stood out on the film of land that seemed but a continuation of the sea. The rest of our course was within sight of wind-mills, and generally of the land that supported them. Villages and churches were frequent, but the view was hardly inspiring—gray sky and gray water were barely separated, and the land had much the effect of a tight-rope, on which the houses and mills and trees were balanced.

The low shore had little effect on the north-west wind; but the sea was much

As we approached it, Amsterdam manifested itself by a thicker clustering of the universal wind-mills, and by the looming up of huge domes and church towers and steeples, and by a forest of topmasts reaching above the general level of the roofs.

It is one of the peculiarities of Holland that we go down into it from the sea, and the further in we go the deeper down we get. The metropolis lies on a river or estuary called (for short) the IJ.\* Into this we entered through a ponderous granite-built lock—one of an assorted series, of various sizes, adjusted to vessels of larger or smaller dimensions. After we had been shut into our compartment the valves were opened, and we followed the declining water until it reached the level of the IJ, when

\* Pronounced *Eye*.

the gates were swung back and we steamed on to the city.

And here we were in Amsterdam—the mother of the “Nieuw Amsterdam” of Peter Stuyvesant and Wouter Van Twiller. The guide-books (to which the reader is respectfully referred) are fond of calling this town “the Venice of the North,” which misleads the imagination. Like Venice, it is built on piles. Erasmus speaks of its people living like birds perched on the tops of trees—and some of its obscurer narrow alleys are only canals. Beyond this, the resemblances are only differences. The canals penetrate many of the principal streets, it is true, but these are wide thoroughfares, with broad, well-paved roadway and sidewalk, and often with four rows of trees—the waterway being between the center rows. Carriages and heavy drays are moving in every direction, and the canals are but little used for internal traffic. Canal-boats, lighters, and in some parts even square-rigged ships are floated opposite to the warehouses which are to receive or to deliver their cargoes; but the city has a roar and hum that would at once destroy the dreamy charm of Venice.

There is much in Amsterdam that is magnificent, and in which we were greatly interested, but my present purpose is mainly connected with those of its features which seldom engage the attention of travelers. Rising at daybreak, I strolled out to see the street life of the early morning. Market

the streets and on the canals; and housemaids were scrubbing steps and sidewalks, and sweeping to the middle of the carriage way, or hurrying home with prayer-book or market basket. The town was alive with

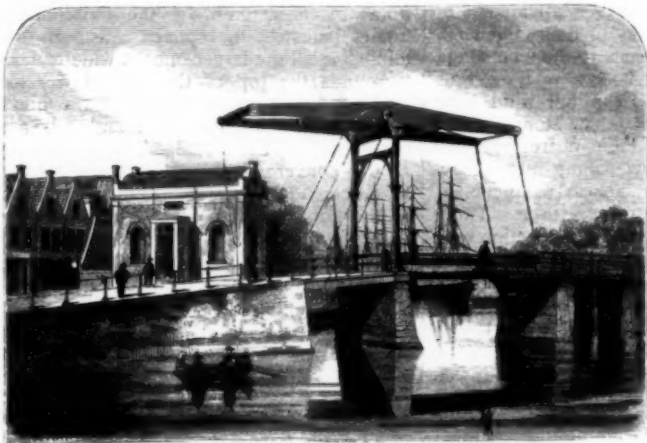


HEAD-DRESS OF ZAANDAM AND KROMMENTE.

a population which a few hours later would make way for those who are only known to the broader day.

Canal-boats were arriving and departing; moving out from their berths through a crowd of other craft, with that mysterious kind of silent help that a moving canal-boat always gets from the crews of its neighbors at rest,—its sides are prodded with boat-hooks from here and from there, and it slowly floats out from the crowd and starts on its

way “sans mot dire;” turf boats were floating into the Dam Rak, furling their sails and lowering their masts; cargoes of cabbages were being tossed, one by one, from men in boats to men on shore; here the clatter of knives and forks was heard through low back windows and cabin-hatch, and here the vrouw was washing up the breakfast things in a slat-floored kitchen sink hang-



A DUTCH DRAW-BRIDGE.

men and market women from the country, near and far, dressed in their widely varying local costumes, were plying their traffic in

ing from the taffrail; strange-looking people were doing strange-looking things throughout all the strange-looking fleet, and all with



the air of its being in no wise unusual or peculiar. On shore, a street vendor was attracting custom with a watchman's rattle; men were hoisting baskets of turf to the cellar, at the top of a high house gable; women and children were going from a basement with the sign "water en vuur te koop," with neatly painted iron buckets, each having a kettle of boiling water at the top, and a lump of burning turf at the bottom,—going home to make the morning tea; at every quarter-hour, the carillon jingled from all the steeples. The gin-shops were already well patronized, for it seems a universal habit, in this moist northern climate, to take "een sneeuwballetje" \* of gin and sugar as a frequent prophylactic. At this early hour, and about the canals, the gilded heads and odd bonnets of the peasant women are more frequent than elsewhere, or later in the day.

Near the Haarlem Railway station I turned down by the broad canal that encircles the city, where there was a long line of huge wind-mills. The first was a saw-mill, carrying two gangs of fourteen saws each, and capable of sawing, with a good wind, two eighteen-inch logs at a time.

I next visited a flour-mill, of which the owner showed me all the details. The sub-structure was a large tower of brick, three stories high. On the ground floor were stables, wagon-house, and storage-room for hay; over this, the granary and flour and meal store; and next, the bolting-rooms, where the ground wheat is divided into seven different qualities of flour and feed, which run through spouts to the store-room below. On the next floor were three runs of five-foot stones. In a full wind they may all be run at once. The stones have a regulator, which sets them nearer together when running too fast, making more resistance to the wind. The general arrangement of the stones is the same as with us. There is a friction hoisting-gear in connection with the main shaft, whereby, on the pressure of a lever, a wheel on the windlass is brought against one on the running-shaft, and the movement is communicated. By this means all grain to be ground is hoisted from the wagons, through traps in the several floors, to the story above the stones. Here the cleaning machines are operated, and the different manipulations of grinding, bolting, and bagging accompany its descent, by spouts, from floor to floor. The wind-mill

proper is quite above this structure, sheltering the upper floor, on which the cleaning-machines stand. It is, of itself, an enormous affair, and the immense tree-trunk of a main-shaft that was groaning with its strong slow movements far above us, turned all the heavy machinery of the mill with its



A PAIL-BEARER AT THE CABIN OF PETER THE GREAT—ZAANDAM.

mighty force, and sent a tremor through every window-sash. It was hard to realize that all this obvious power was gathered from the unseen air by the frail-looking frames that held the opened sails. In this mill, as in all the larger ones, a wide gallery surrounds the top of the brick tower for working the windlass, by which the hood and wind-wheel (main-shaft and all) are turned to face the breeze. The windlass is at the converging point of a frame-work that descends from the projecting timbers of the hood, and it carries a stout rope, the ends of which are hooked at different points of the gallery, as may be needed in facing toward different points of the compass.

Distance is very unjust to these higher wind-mills. It is only when one is fairly under their thatched covering, or close to their giant arms, that their size is at all appreciated. In the one I am describing, the gallery was more than forty feet from the ground, and the sweep of the sails described a circle of over one hundred feet in diameter above this.

The whole of the sloping structure, above the brick-work, as well as the roof of the

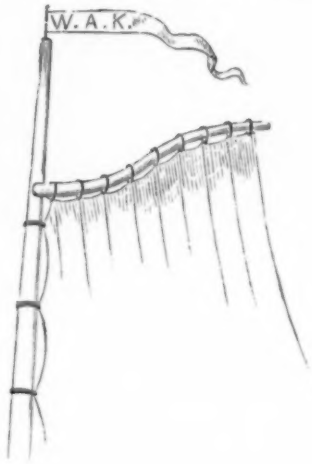
\* A little snow-ball.

hood, was, according to the almost universal custom, covered with heavy straw thatch. This is always kept in neat repair, and never falls to the mossy and picturesque condition of decay which seems the allotted end of cottage thatches, but is kept sound and firm from generation to generation. The interior arrangements of the mill are exceedingly ingenious and practical, and showed a much higher degree of mechanical art than we are wont to connect with the idea of a Dutch wind-mill. I descended from my examination with slight disposition to explain to the friendly proprietor the modern contrivances of the newly built establishment in America, where I had once officiated as chief miller. I descended with another feeling also strong within me—a realization of the enormous and easily managed power that we allow to blow where it listeth, and of which we make no useful account in our mechanical operations.

The canal-boats one sees in the street canals of Amsterdam, and all over Holland, are mainly of the same character—shorter than ours, and all provided with mast and sail. They are not painted, but oiled, and have a warm brown wood color that is very agreeable. The mast is hinged at the deck, and is raised or lowered at pleasure, by means of a windlass. That part below the deck is heavily loaded with iron, as a counterpoise to the long end. When the top is lying back over the stern the counterpoise appears above the deck at the bow. When standing erect, the counterpoise is on the upper edge of the keel, and the step is held firmly in its socket by the bow-guy being hauled taut by the windlass. The gaff at the top of the sail—there is often no boom

ed on a stiff, vane-like frame, which turns on a rod, after the manner of a weathercock.

It is very rare to see one of these boats drawn by horses in the Netherlands. The propulsion is generally by the wind; when



GAFF AND PENNANT OF DUTCH CANAL-BOAT.

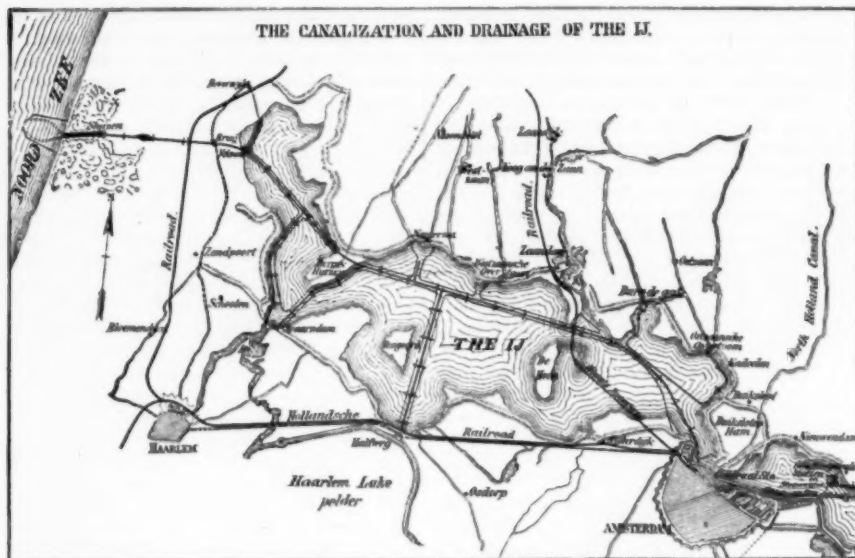
this fails, or is too much ahead, the family turn out, shoulder the guy-rope, and trudge slowly along the tow-path. Often father, mother, and children are seen pulling their craft for miles along their sluggish way, one remaining at the helm to keep the course. Where the tow-path fails, as it often does, and in the street canals of the town, the man on one side of the deck and the woman on the other, planting their long boat hooks against the bottom, bear a shoulder against the other end (padded for the purpose), and walk slowly from stem to stern. Like many other processes in this steady-going land, this seems painfully slow; but they keep it up with such quiet persistency, that, if you forget your boat for a little, you always find, on looking for it again, that it has gone much farther than you had expected. The movement, either by pulling or by poling, is not much slower than in France, where the boats are drawn by three or four creeping horses.

Generally, except in the innermost canals of the towns, the boats have the right of way without lowering their masts, and land-traffic must bide its time at the draw-



A WIND-MILL IN THE DRY REGION.

below it—is not straight, but curved, and the pennant, instead of hanging free from the mast, is, for a part of its length, stretch-



bridges (Ophaal bruggen) which are everywhere seen on the smaller canals. These are attached to a heavy frame-work, of wood or iron, above the road, which is so balanced as to be easily tilted by a single man hauling on the rope at the rear end.

One's first ride over the rail, from Amsterdam to Haarlem, furnishes sensations that no other country in Europe can give. The line, absolutely straight, lies across a level plain. The masts and domes, and steeples, and gables, and wind-mills of Amsterdam are falling behind us to the left; to the right, across the IJ, the low shore bristles as far as the sight can reach with wind-mills; here and there village steeples hold up their quiet points among the swinging arms; on every side, across the fields, and among the cottages and hay-ricks, sails are moving with the wind, or bare masts against it; here are crops of grain, or garden vegetables, and here stacks of peat drying for fuel; we pass farms lying much below the level of the road, and of the canals on which the boats are running; farther on, we look down into the fertile depth of the vast Haarlem Lake; we are traveling, at nearly the level of the sea, in the midst of a teeming population, whose vast accumulated wealth would be swept from the face of the earth, were the care relaxed for a single year, which holds back the sea from its old bed in this old oozy silt of the Rhine.

After this marvelous ride of twenty minutes we roll into the station of the clean canal-washed old city of Haarlem, the beautiful old residence of the Counts of Holland. We must postpone our examination of it, for we are bound to Rotterdam and the Kermis—we are to see the fair scene of "Faust" in real life. Excursion trains are running from all the provinces at rates within the means of the humblest class, and the Rotterdam Kermis is the sensation of the day. The broad, low fields,



A DUTCH BATHING-MACHINE.

the superb herds, the high and busy canals, and the quaint farm-houses and towns lie all along our route, *via* Haarlem, the Hague, and Delft.

It was not yet noon when we arrived, but Rotterdam was filled with gay booths, puppet shows, fat women, giants, and the whole range of lowly side entertainments.

plain at each side, are more than four hundred wind-mills,—a forest of huge revolving crosses, grinding out the wealth that has made many of the burghers millionaires,—and



THE BEACH AT SCHEVENINGEN.

The streets were thronged with peasants in all manner of local costume, sailors from all quarters of the world, and low people of all sorts from far and near. Already the influence of the "sneeuwbaljetje" was manifest. Whatever there may ordinarily be of municipal control over the streets of Rotterdam was obviously relaxed now, and the wildest disorder prevailed. Our experiences were of questionable satisfaction; but to leave nothing undone that faithful sight-seers ought to do, we went in the afternoon to the Vauxhall, where the festivities were said to center. We went, but we soon came, for Rotterdam beer and tobacco disputed the sway with fiery "Hollands," and the large hall was another pandemonium. Our verdict, as we took the return train, was that American ladies can gain a pleasanter impression of the Kermis in Irving Place than in its native home. We had seen a long stretch of most interesting country, but the main purpose of our trip had been signally disappointed.

An hour's sail in a little steamer took us from Amsterdam to Zaandam, on the north side of the IJ, a place of the most unmitigated Dutch character. It lies on both sides of the Zaan (which is lower than the IJ, into which it discharges its traffic, and from each side of which extend still lower canals and ditches which discharge into it), and stretches—a single street on each side—for miles along its banks. The population amounts to nearly 12,000, but the complete little-village character of the town is never lost. Its importance is due entirely (aside from its nearness to Amsterdam) to the wind that blows over it. Towering above its little houses, and scattered over the low

here the guide-book lore is suggestive. Each mill represents an average capital of 100,000 gulden, and wealth is estimated by mills; these form the dot of daughters, and the inheritance of sons. There are a hundred saw-mills and a large number of colza-oil mills, and, besides these, grain-mills, paint-mills, snuff-mills, mustard-mills, cement-mills, and flax-mills. The effect in the flat landscape of all these is inexpressibly strange. In a walk of an hour, I stopped occasionally and counted never less than fifty wind-mills in sight at one time—far and near.

The houses are almost invariably small, and generally have neat little gardens about them; some are good specimens of miniature green-painted and red-tiled luxury, and their gardens are (not always, but often) tastefully laid out, and ornamented with statuary, fine pottery, rock-work, and shrubbery. Flowers are everywhere fine and abundant—in the gardens, and in the windows—and the grass is well kept. At the rear, there is always a neat landing-place, and pleasure-boats are numerous. The houses stand on the line of the street, and outside the windows it is usual (as all through the Netherlands) to have small mirrors set at such an angle, that one sitting inside can look up and down the street. The windows of all the houses were tightly closed, and, although it was August, I do not remember ever seeing an open window in a private house in all Holland. On the other hand, a peculiarity that is so often mentioned is usually conspicuous only by its absence—the closing of all front rooms, except for the Saturday cleaning. Dead-looking house-fronts are no more common than in America or else-

where; it is usual, everywhere, for women, whose time is chiefly passed in house-work, to leave their best rooms mainly unused; but we generally found the front windows of well-to-do people in towns and villages open, well polished, and well filled with flowers. Within, the population seems, to the casual observer, to pass most of its time in making and drinking tea. Walking, as one does, close to the windows, there is generally seen on a spread side-table, an ornamented pail with burning peat, with a well-polished hot water kettle over it—ready for instant use.

I walked not less than two miles up the east side of the river, crossed in one of the frequent row-boat ferries, having for fellow-passengers, a woman, a dog, and an alarmed infant in a perambulator, and returned through the western half of the town. In the whole trip, I saw but two horses and one

of note, but it was rich in impressions of the most interesting novelty,—for Zaandam is more widely different from all else that we saw even in Holland, than one would believe possible, in view of its nearness to the capital. Then, too, there is something very engaging in a town that can so serenely preserve its original character amid the whirl of nineteenth century change—a town, where a fair cigar can be bought for a cent, and where you are smiled at as “queer” by a woman with the top gear shown herewith. And the worst of it is that you feel queer, and begin to grow half ashamed of the different absurdity of the manner in which your own companions have followed a more familiar custom, and to wonder how they would look—in French bonnet and pannier—standing at the door of Peter the Great’s cabin in Zaandam with neck-yoke and water-pails.

As we ended our afternoon’s sight-seeing, and steamed away toward the city, Zaandam soon dropped out of sight behind the high dike that protects it from the waters of the IJ, and the four hundred and odd wind-mills renewed their position on the tight-rope of a low line of shore, swinging their sails like balance-poles against the red evening sky.

On Sunday, I went to visit a friend in Gelderland, at Roozendaal, near Arnhem. Much of the way from Amsterdam—after leaving the low country—is through an extremely barren sandy region, purple with heather blooms as far as the eye can reach. Some of this land has been brought, by a slow process of rotation, to a tolerably productive condition, but the most of it is dismally poor. Arnhem, where we left the rail, is a very handsomely built, open town, on a high bank of the Rhine, with ample space, street parks, and fine trees. It is not unlike Leamington (England) in general aspect, but is finer. It, and the country about it, is a great resort for the burghers of Amsterdam, who “come ashore” here, so to speak, to escape the water-logged air of the hollow country, and to give their children a summer vacation on dry land. We stopped to lunch at the Club, which is a very ordinary house in the outskirts, but with a superb garden (filled with tables and chairs) overlooking many miles of the winding Rhine, with its odd-looking craft, and the fertile plain of the Betuwe stretching its rich farms as far as the eye can reach. This is a favorite Sunday afternoon resort for the better class of the people—pious people too.



FROM SCHEVENINGEN TO THE HAGUE.

donkey. The streets are all sidewalk, and as neat as possible. Locomotion is almost exclusively on foot or in boats, and all heavy carriage is by water.

The immediate neighborhood of the town is so much taken up with wind-mills and business, that my long walk failed to reach anything in the way of farming that is worthy



The Chateau of Roozendaal—the ancient summer palace of the old Dukes of Gelderland and Egmont, who long maintained a war against Charles V.—is a well-kept country house surrounded by a beautiful park, and a fine wooded estate, where are many avenues of enormous beeches, which it is worth the trip from Amsterdam to see.

This poor dry region has better withstood the patient attack of Dutch enterprise than has the wet country of the Netherlands, but even here the soil has been made to do more than would be supposed possible from the character of its native vegetation. However, it is a poor farming country at best, and must depend for its prosperity very much on its attractiveness for residence. It is especially a favorite resort for returned East India merchants, whose extravagance of expenditure would do credit to an American watering-place. The occupied part of this region, with its superb old beeches and pleasant hills and valleys, is all the more charming from its contrast with the adjoining flat country and the polders and canals of the better known provinces of Holland.

We made an agricultural trip in North Holland, which will be again referred to in our account of Dutch Farming, but some reference to which is necessary to a general understanding of the country and its peculiarities.

Immediately opposite Amsterdam, on the other side of the IJ, is the entrance to the North Holland Canal—the Willemsluis, the largest locks in Europe. They are built on piles driven through the mud into the firm sand. The canal itself is one of the most remarkable works of this remarkable people, and is the ship channel from Amsterdam to the sea—running on one level, ten feet below the ordinary level of the sea, and much more below its highest tides, to Helder, fifty miles away on the channel between North Holland and Texel. It is more than twenty feet deep, and one hundred and twenty feet wide at the surface. "Steam on the Canals" is a long settled problem here; the banks slope gradually and are protected at the very edge by willow wattles. In front of these, in the water, grows a narrow belt of luxuriant rushes. As the following wave of a steamer sweeps the shore, these rushes bend before it and make a solid thatch over which the wave rolls without abrasion, and as it passes they resume their upright position ready for the next attack—which soon comes, for the busy canal is alive with pas-

senger boats, tugs, square-rigged vessels, canal-boats, and all manner of craft.

The treacherous sands of the Zuyder Zee made the natural approach to Amsterdam too tedious and uncertain, and this artificial



ON THE CANAL FROM THE HAGUE TO DELFT.

passage was needed to satisfy the restless energy of the people. Now, after half a century's experience of the benefits of this, a larger and shorter canal is being built through the IJ, and across the sand dunes—reaching the North Sea at a point about fifty miles south of Helder, and only about sixteen miles from the city. The line of this canal, and its branches, with its enormous dikes, is shown in the accompanying map. The forebay or harbor on the coast reaching nearly a mile into the sea, its ponderous breakwaters enclosing 135 acres of water 25 feet deep at low tide, will be the most stupendous work of its kind in the world, and so much of the IJ as the canal does not occupy is to be drained for cultivation. An idea of the magnitude of this work may be formed by comparing it with the building of a ship canal at the level of low water from Perth Amboy to the ocean at Long Branch, build-

ing there a large harbor strong enough to withstand the storms of the Atlantic, and draining Prince's Bay for cultivation. Except for the closing of the east end of the bay, the undertaking would not be much greater than the changing of the IJ from its original condition to that now being effected.

The details of the construction of parts of this work indicate very fairly the spirit with which public improvements are carried on in Holland. The two jetties or breakwaters have their foundations between 25 and 30 feet below low-water mark. At the shore end they are about three-fourths of a mile apart, but their outer ends turn in so as to leave an opening of only 750 feet. The wall is carried to a height of 14 feet above low-water mark, the ordinary rise of the tide being  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet.

The jetties are built of blocks of *béton* or concrete, the main blocks measuring between 7 and 8 cubic yards (length,  $12\frac{1}{4}$  feet; breadth,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  feet; thickness, 4 feet). These are made in molds, and are composed of Portland cement, sand, and gravel; they are left four months to harden before being moved. The foundation of the jetty is an artificial deposit of fragments of rock between 3 and 4 feet deep and over 200 feet wide, the thickness being sufficiently increased afterward on the outside to cover the first course of the masonry. These blocks are carried by rail to the point where they are to be used, are lowered by a steam derrick whose arm reaches 40 feet, and are placed in position by men in submarine armor.

The draft of water in the canal and in the enormous locks by which this is separated from the sea is 23 feet. The surface width in the canal proper is 200 feet, and the width of the floor or deepest part is 88 feet. The total amount of earth excavation is nearly 15,000,000 cubic yards. Over 13,000 acres of arable land will be added to the area of the kingdom, and the whole work will cost \$13,000,000. It is to be completed in 1876.

Purmerend, at which we left the steamer, is an active country town (though at the same time, like all Holland towns, a seaport), is surrounded by a well-wooded walk, and a canal, and has a pleasant look. It has a noted cheese and butter market, and is the market-town of the Beemster, at the edge of which it stands, and which is probably the richest polder in all the Netherlands. This will be described in the articles on Dutch Draining and Farming.

After visiting some capital farms, we re-

turned to pass the night at the local inn—where we found good fare, and slept in tidy feather beds, in tin bedsteads which seemed like bathing tubs. The next day was mar-



S. CHEVENINGEN FISH-WIFE.

ket day, and the town was early filled with country people in their strange costumes, and the streets were crowded with the peculiar wagons and caleches of the region. The cheese market was being fast filled with heaps of round Dutch cheeses—laid up like piles of cannon balls—and foreign buyers were arriving. I never saw so many cheeses before in my life; some were yellow, some of a grayish color that comes with age, and many painted with various shades of red. A bright magenta was very common. The annual sales amount to about two thousand tons. In the adjoining "Botermarkt," a very active trade in butter was going on. The quality seemed but ordinary, and it was rudely put up,—evidently cheese is king here.

The cattle exposed for sale were simply magnificent, and the supply of sheep and poultry was very fine. The weekly market day draws to the town nearly every farmer of the Beemster, the Wormer, and the Purmer—that is, from probably the very richest dairy region in the whole world—and they

are largely accompanied by their wives and daughters dressed in all the glory of gold head-dresses and lace caps, and with the odd hats of their localities. The most curious dresses that we saw here were those of some women from Marken. The people were cheery and hearty, attentive to their business without excitement, but far from being stolid in their looks, or sluggish in their movements. Indeed, a similar congregation of American farmers would not appear very different, except in their dress and surroundings—and in the lack of that indescribable *aplomb* that comes of the possession of wealth; for these men, who make cannon-ball cheeses at the bottoms of the old lakes of North Holland, are of more than comfortable substance, and the two ends of the year always meet with a liberal lap.

From Purmerend we took our first long drive—two hours and a-half to Alkmaar. We had an old-fashioned, high, four-wheeled barouche, drawn by a single horse. Not knowing the roads over which we were to roll as over a floor, could I have spoken Dutch I should have protested, for we were five persons including the driver, and the distance was long. At the edge of the town we crossed a draw-bridge, and the road pitched down to the floor of the old Beemster lake, where formerly crabs and lobsters and eels had their foraging ground—we were traveling in the old home of the fishes, and far above our heads lay the imaginary track of keels bearing the fierce corsairs of the days of the Spanish wars—we were at the bed of a surging inland sea, large enough for a naval battle, and deep enough for the largest tonnage. Yonder, high above us, the sails of vessels are skirting the ancient domain of their tribe, as though longing for one more free scud across its waves. Below us, the little cross canals nurse all that is left of marine life, and bear the little boats that alone remain of the fleet of former days.

The waters have been rolled back, and we crossed upon dry land—upon the dry bricks with which the long straight roads are paved. Long, and straight, and flat, they run on interminably, between sheltering ranks of fine trees; between canals, where swans are sailing and boats are moored at little painted front-yard landings; between handsome old family mansions set about with ancient trees and parterres of gay flowers; between red farm-houses, with their huge backing of red-tiled barn-roof,

and with their straight rows of blue-washed tree-trunks; between fields of waving grain; between pastures where, as the Hollanders say, "you can see the gold lying on the ground," and where dense herds of superb black and white cows lie lazily mourning their incapacity to eat forever. The very air is heavy with the sense of wealth, and one grows envious of the sea, that it should still cover other fields of such boundless fertility.

When we reached the neat little, odd-looking village of Beemster, in the middle of the polder, the rim-dike (with fifty great wind-mills standing sentry upon it) was such a distant horizon that we did not realize its height, and seemed to be standing at the ordinary level of the land, not far below the level of the sea. Indeed, this feeling is usual throughout Holland. We take our standard from our immediate surroundings. One cannot carry "the level of the sea" always in one's mind, and the general impression of the country is that it is *flat*, rather than that it is *hollow*. The waves are beating against the dikes, it is true, and were these to give way we should be overwhelmed with conviction as to the true datum line,—but while they hold the waters back, it is only near the points where the levels change that one has any real sense of the situation. From the railroads one looks down upon canals, which, in their turn, look down upon the land, and this again down on lower canals, but there is generally no such startling contrast as the eloquence of the guide-books implies. The keels of ships hardly float above the chimneys of the houses, nor does the storied frog, croaking among the bulrushes, gaze down upon the swallows on the house-tops.

Midway of our route we climbed up the steep dike, crossed the encircling canal, and rolled on toward Alkmaar, over the smooth klincker road. Klinckers are "stones rejected of the builder"—bricks burned too hard, and often too much warped for use in houses. They are set on edge and firmly imbedded in sand, and make a capital roadway for the light traffic which alone goes over them. The road-bed is always thoroughly drained by the side canals, and grass usually fills the interstices of the pavement with its roots. Capital as these klincker roads are for Holland, they are practicable only because all heavy traffic is by water-carriage. Alkmaar we found not sufficiently different from Leeuwarden to need particular description, nor will space admit of fur-

ther details of town life—interesting though all Dutch towns are.

We paid due attention to the very general cultivation of flowers, and found it worthy of all encomium,—especially the superb mosaic planting at the Zoological Gardens at Amsterdam, which far exceeded in the tasteful massing and contrast of colors, and in the scale on which it is carried out, all that we saw in London and Paris, and all our previous conceptions of the possibilities of flower gardening.

From that most charming of modern towns, S'Gravenhage (The Hague), we went by trekschuit, or passenger boat, along the canal to Scheveningen,—drawn by one horse, moving at a slow trot; the distance is about two miles, and the canal lies mainly through a fine primeval wood. Scheveningen is a very primitive fishing village, behind the dunes of the North Sea coast, and across these is the splendid bathing beach, which makes it an attractive resort for the fashion of a large part of Germany, and for summer travelers from all the world. At the top of the sand-banks is a long row of hotels and restaurants. Passing these, we come at once upon the most modern of scenes,—modern, yet of its own sort. Along the edge of the beach were "bathing machines" by the dozen; a little farther back were ranks of covered chairs, made of basket-work, each with a footstool. These are engaged by parties of friends, who gather them into groups,—and there they sit, shaded from the sun and sheltered from the wind, and knit and sew, and chat, by the hour. Children are digging in the sand; beaux are plying their arts of fascination under the cover of chair-hoods; bath-women are standing expectant beside their baskets of bathing-dresses, leaning on their sign-boards; sight-seers are staring; booth-men are calling for custom; and the whole scene is gay and cheerful, and summery. Red-sailed fishing-boats are moving about near the shore, and (as we saw it) the sea is blue and still against the deep blue sky.

We returned by the horse railway that leads through one of the side allées of the beautiful Scheveningen road, past a continuous succession of attractive country houses, and close to the klincker road, on which equipages fit for Hyde Park dispute the way with fishermen's carts drawn by dogs, and with basket-laden men and women, carrying their shining harvest to the market in town.

The trekschuit is an institution peculiar to Holland, and the tourist should not fail

of its novel experiences. It is a low, narrow, canal-boat, plying for passenger traffic, drawn by a horse whose rider is expert at his work. The tow-line is very long, made of the best hemp, and not larger than an ordinary clothes-line. As the horse trots it vibrates in long waves, and is never drawn taut enough to be strained. The skill with which the line is managed in shooting bridges and in passing other boats is interesting to watch.

Just before sunset we took the trekschuit at The Hague, bound for Delft—an hour's ride. The air was perfectly still, and the water like glass. The leaves glowing in the sunset light, and the rosy evening sky, were reflected in the quiet canal. The long twilight lasted throughout the journey, and made it forever memorable. We passed small villages, little beer-gardens, and many country places of some pretension, where families were drinking tea in the hooded summer-houses, which are seen in all Dutch gardens. A more peaceful, restful, summer-evening scene it would be impossible to conceive—nor one more entirely unlike all other experiences of European travel.

The trip to Delft was, of course, a pilgrimage to the staircase where the Prince of Orange was assassinated. We had fallen on the end of a Kermis, with which the town was still reeking, and at the little café in the arbor of which we took our tea, we had for neighbors an elderly and skinny house-servant, who was having the last of her young hired lover—this industry of attending, for a consideration, a damsel whose natural attractions have waned, being still profitable to seedy youth at Kermis-time. With dexterous slyness she passed him a gulden, with which to order the next relay of Hollands, and after Jan had served them and taken out the amount due, she exacted the furtive return of the change—repeating this fiction with each frequent new supply. Her gold head-dress and her brazen face seemed a heavy charge to the poor stripping, who had evidently been on duty from early morning, and we longed to see him paid off and released; but evidently the "ten-hour system" had no regard from his ill-favored mistress, and he was still smirking and counting back her stuyvers after each payment, when we left for the late train to The Hague.

This fragmentary and ill-connected sketch is not presented as a satisfactory account of what is to be seen in Holland—only as a frame-work in which to set the articles that

are to follow—on the Drainage and Agriculture that I had come to see. The character and customs of a people throw much light on the character of their industries, and are inevitably considered in connection with them. It has been thought proper, therefore, to give some of the impressions which were gathered while these were being more

especially studied, and which formed a running accompaniment to their more serious strains.

The next article of this series will be descriptive of the means by which the fertile lands of the Netherlands have been won from the sea, with a somewhat detailed account of the drainage of Haarlem Lake.

### TRULS, THE NAMELESS.

HE was born in the houseman's lodge; she in the great mansion. He did not know who his father was; she was the daughter of Grim of Skogli, and she was the only daughter he had. They were carried to baptism on the same day, and he was called Truls, because they had to call him something; she received the name of Borghild, because that had been the name of every eldest-born daughter in the family for thirty generations. They both cried when the pastor poured the water on their heads; his mother hushed him, blushed, and looked timidly around her; but the woman who carried Borghild lifted her high up in her arms so that everybody could see her, and the pastor smiled benignly, and the parishioners said that they had never seen so beautiful a child. That was the way in which they began life—he as a child of sin, she as the daughter of a mighty race.

They grew up together. She had round cheeks and merry eyes, and her lips were redder than the red rose. He was of slender growth, his face was thin and pale, and his eyes had a strange, benumbed gaze, as if they were puzzling themselves with some sad, life-long riddle which they never hoped to solve. On the strand where they played the billows came and went, and they murmured faintly with a sound of infinite remoteness. Borghild laughed aloud, clapped her hands and threw stones out into the water, while he sat pale and silent, and saw the great white-winged sea-birds sailing through the blue ocean of the sky.

"How would you like to live down there in the deep green water?" she asked him one day, as they sat watching the eider-ducks which swam and dived, and stood on their heads among the sea-weeds.

"I should like it very well," he answered, "if you would follow me."

"No, I won't follow you," she cried. "It

is cold and wet down in the water. And I should spoil the ribbons on my new bodice. But when I grow up and get big, and can braid my hair, then I shall row with the young lads to the church yonder on the headland, and there the old pastor will marry me, and I shall wear the big silver crown which my mother wore when she was married."

"And may I go with you?" asked he, timidly.

"Yes, you may steer my boat and be my helmsman, or—you may be bridegroom, if you would like that better."

"Yes, I think I should rather be your bridegroom," and he gave her a long, strange look which almost frightened her.

The years slipped by, and before Borghild knew it, she had grown into womanhood. The down on Truls's cheeks became rougher, and he, too, began to suspect that he was no longer a boy. When the sun was late and the breeze murmured in the great, dark-crowned pines, they often met by chance, at the well, on the strand, or on the saeter-green. And the oftener they met the more they found to talk about; to be sure, it was she who did the talking, and he looked at her with his large wondering eyes and listened. She told him of the lamb which had tumbled down over a steep precipice and still was unhurt, of the baby who pulled the pastor's hair last Sunday during the baptismal ceremony, or of the lumberman, Lars, who drank the kerosene his wife gave him for brandy, and never knew the difference. But, when the milk-maids passed by, she would suddenly forget what she had been saying, and then they sat gazing at each other in silence. Once she told him of the lads who danced with her at the party at Houg; and she thought she noticed a deeper color on his face, and that he clinched both his fists and—thrust them into his



pockets. That set her thinking, and the more she thought, the more curious she grew. He played the violin well; suppose she should ask him to come and fiddle at the party her father was to give at the end of the harvest. She resolved to do it, and he, not knowing what moved her, gave his promise eagerly. It struck her, afterward, that she had done a wicked thing, but, like most girls, she had not the heart to wrestle with an uncomfortable thought; she shook it off and began to hum a snatch of an old song:

"O'er the billows the fleet-footed storm-wind rode.  
The billows blue are the merman's abode,  
So strangely that harp was sounding."

The memory of old times came back to her, the memory of the morning, long years ago, when they sat together on the strand, and he said: "I think I should rather be your bridegroom, Borghild." The memory was sweet, but it was bitter too; and the bitterness rose and filled her heart. She threw her head back proudly, and laughed a strange, hollow laugh. "A bastard's bride, ha, ha! A fine tale were that for the parish gossips." A yellow butterfly lighted on her arm, and with a fierce frown on her face she caught it between her fingers. Then she looked pityingly on the dead wings, as they lay in her hand, and murmured between her teeth: "Poor thing! Why did you come in my way, unbidden?"

The harvest was rich, and the harvest party was to keep pace with the harvest. The broad Skogli mansion was festively lighted (for it was already late in September); the tall, straight tallow candles, stuck in many-armed candlesticks, shone dimly through a sort of misty halo, and only suffused the dusk with a faint glimmering of light. And every time a guest entered, the flames of the candles flickered and twisted themselves with the wind, struggling to keep erect. And Borghild's courage, too, rose and fell with the flickering motion of a flame which wrestled with the wind. Whenever the latch clicked she lifted her eyes and looked for Truls, and one moment she wished that she might never see his face again, and in the next she sent an eager glance toward the door. Presently he came, threw his fiddle on a bench, and with a reckless air walked up to her and held out his hand. She hesitated to return his greeting, but when she saw the deep lines of suffering in his face, her heart went forward with a great

tenderness toward him, a tenderness such as one feels for a child who is sick, and suffers without hope of healing. She laid her hand in his, and there it lay for a while listlessly; for neither dared trust the joy which the sight of the other enkindled. But when she tried to draw her hand away, he caught it quickly, and with a sudden fervor of voice he said:

"The sight of you, Borghild, stills the hunger which is raging in my soul. Beware that you do not play with a life, Borghild, even though it be a worthless one."

There was something so hopelessly sad in his words, that they stung her to the quick. They laid bare a hidden deep in her heart, and she shrank back at the sight of her own vileness. How could she repair the injury she had done him? How could she heal the wound she had inflicted? A number of guests came up to greet her and among them Syvert Stein, a bold-looking young man, who, during that summer, had led her frequently in the dance. He had a square face, strong features, and a huge crop of towy hair. His race was far-famed for wit and daring.

"Tardy is your welcome, Borghild of Skogli," quoth he. "But what a faint heart does not give a bold hand can grasp, and what I am not offered I take unbidden."

So saying, he flung his arm about her waist, lifted her from the floor and put her down in the middle of the room. Truls stood and gazed at them with large, bewildered eyes. He tried hard to despise the braggart, but ended with envying him.

"Ha, fiddler, strike up a tune that shall ring through marrow and bone," shouted Syvert Stein, who struck the floor with his heels and moved his body to the measure of a spring-dance.

Truls still followed them with his eyes; suddenly he leaped up, and a wild thought burned in his breast. But with an effort he checked himself, grasped his violin, and struck a wailing chord of lament. Then he laid his ear close to the instrument, as if he were listening to some living voice hidden there within, ran warily with the bow over the strings, and warbled, and caroled, and sang with maddening glee, and still with a shivering undercurrent of woe. And the dusk which slept upon the black rafters was quickened and shook with the weird sound; every pulse in the wide hall beat more rapidly, and every eye was kindled with a bolder fire. Presently a strong male voice sang out to the measure of the violin:

"Come, fairest maid, tread the dance with me;  
O heigh ho!"

And a clear, tremulous treble answered:

"So gladly tread I the dance with thee;  
O heigh ho!"

Truls knew the voices only too well; it was Syvert Stein and Borghild who were singing a *stev*.\*

*Syvert*—Like brier-roses thy red cheeks blush,  
*Borghild*—And thine are rough like the thorny bush;  
*Both*—An' a heigho!

*Syvert*—So fresh and green is the sunny lea;  
O heigh ho!  
*Borghild*—The fiddle twangeth so merrily;  
O heigh ho!

*Syvert*—So lightly goeth the lusty reel,  
*Borghild*—And round we whirl like a spinning-wheel;  
*Both*—An' a heigho!

*Syvert*—Thine eyes are bright like the sunny fjord;  
O heigh ho!  
*Borghild*—And thine do flash like a Viking's sword;  
O heigh ho!

*Syvert*—So lightly trippeth thy foot along,  
*Borghild*—The air is teeming with joyful song;  
*Both*—An' a heigh ho!

*Syvert*—Then, fairest maid, while the woods are green,  
O heigh ho!  
*Borghild*—And thrushes sing the fresh leaves between;  
O heigh ho!

*Syvert*—Come, let us dance in the gladsome day,  
*Borghild*—Dance hate, and sorrow, and care away;  
*Both*—An' a heigh ho!

The *stev* was at an end. The hot and flushed dancers straggled over the floor by twos and threes, and the big beer-horns were passed from hand to hand. Truls sat in his corner, hugging his violin tightly to his bosom, only to do something, for he was vaguely afraid of himself—afraid of the thoughts that might rise—afraid of the deed they might prompt. He ran his fingers over his forehead, but he hardly felt the touch of his own hand. It was as if something was dead within him—as if a string had snapped in his breast, and left it benumbed and voiceless.

\* A *stev* is an improvised responsive song. It is an ancient pastime in Norway, and is kept up until this day, especially among the peasantry. The students, also, at their social gatherings, throw improvised rhymes to each other across the table, and the rest of the company repeat the refrain.

Presently he looked up and saw Borghild standing before him, she held her arms akimbo, her eyes shone with a strange light, and her features wore an air of recklessness mingled with pity.

"Ah, Borghild, is it you?" said he, in a hoarse voice. "What do you want with me? I thought you had done with me now."

"You are a very unwitty fellow," answered she, with a forced laugh. "The branch that does not bend must break."

She turned quickly on her heel and was lost in the crowd. He sat long pondering on her words, but their meaning remained hidden to him. The branch that does not bend must break. Was he the branch, and must he bend or break? By and by he put his hands on his knees, rose with a slow, uncertain motion, and stalked heavily toward the door. The fresh night air would do him good. The thought breathes more briskly in God's free nature, under the broad canopy of heaven. The white mist rose from the fields, and made the valley below appear like a white sea whose nearness you feel, even though you do not see it. And out of the mist the dark pines stretched their warming hands against the sky and the moon was swimming, large and placid, between silvery islands of cloud. Truls began to beat his arms against his sides, and felt the warm blood spreading from his heart and thawing the numbness of his limbs. Not caring whither he went, he struck the path leading upward to the mountains. He took to humming an old air which happened to come into his head, only to try if there was life enough left in him to sing. It was the ballad of Young Kirsten and the Merman:

"The billows fall and the billows swell,  
In the night so lone,  
In the billows blue doth the merman dwell,  
And strangely her harp was sounding."

He walked on briskly for a while, and, looking back upon the pain he had endured but a moment ago, he found it quite foolish and irrational. An absurd merriment took possession of him; but all the while he did not know where his foot stepped; his head swam, and his pulse beat feverishly. About midway between the forest and the mansion, where the field sloped more steeply, grew a clump of birch-trees, whose slender stems glimmered ghostly white in the moonlight. Something drove Truls to leave the beaten road, and, obeying the impulse, he steered toward the birches. A strange sound fell upon his ear, like the moan of one in

distress. It did not startle him; indeed, he was in a mood when nothing could have caused him wonder. If the sky had suddenly tumbled down upon him, with moon and all, he would have taken it as a matter of course. Peering for a moment through the mist, he discerned the outline of a human figure. With three great strides he reached the birch-tree; at his feet sat Borghild rocking herself to and fro and weeping piteously. Without a word he seated himself at her side and tried to catch a glimpse of her face; but she hid it from him and went on sobbing. Still, there could be no doubt that it was Borghild—one hour ago, so merry, reckless, and defiant, now cowering at his feet and weeping like a broken-hearted child.

"Borghild," he said, at last, putting his arm gently about her waist, "you and I, I think, played together when we were children."

"So we did, Truls," answered she, struggling with her tears.

"And as we grew up, we spent many a pleasant hour with each other."

"Many a pleasant hour."

She raised her head, and he drew her more closely to him.

"But since then I have done you a great wrong, Truls," began she, after a while.

"Nothing done that cannot yet be undone," he took heart to answer.

It was long before her thoughts took shape, and, when at length they did, she dared not give them utterance. Nevertheless, she was all the time conscious of one strong desire, from which her conscience shrank as from a crime; and she wrestled ineffectually with her weakness until her weakness prevailed.

"I am glad you came," she faltered. "I knew you would come. There was something I wished to say to you."

"And what was it, Borghild?"

"I wanted to ask you to forgive me—"

"Forgive you—"

He sprang up as if something had stung him.

"And why not?" she pleaded piteously.

"Ah, girl, you know not what you ask," cried he, with a sternness which startled her. "If I had more than one life to waste—but you caress with one hand and stab with the other. Fare thee well, Borghild, for here our paths separate."

And he turned his back upon her and began to descend the slope.

"For God's sake, stay, Truls," implored

she, and stretched her arms appealingly toward him; "tell me, oh, tell me all."

With a leap he was again at her side, stooped down over her, and, in a hoarse, passionate whisper, spoke the secret of his life in her ear. She gazed for a moment steadily into his face, then, in a few hurried words, she pledged him her love, her faith, her all. And in the stillness of that summer night they planned together their flight to a greater and freer land, where no world-old prejudice frowned upon the union of two kindred souls. They would wait in patience and silence until spring; then come the fresh winds from the ocean, and, with them, the birds of passage which awake the longings in the Norsemen's breasts, and the American vessels which give courage to many a sinking spirit, strength to the wearied arm, hope to the hopeless heart.

During that winter Truls and Borghild seldom saw each other. The parish was filled with rumors, and after the Christmas holidays it was told for certain that the proud maiden of Spogli had been promised in marriage to Syvert Stein. It was the general belief that the families had made the match, and that Borghild, at least, had hardly had any voice in the matter. Another report was that she had flatly refused to listen to any proposal from that quarter, and that, when she found that resistance was vain, she had cried three days and three nights, and refused to take any food. When this rumor reached the pastor's ear, he pronounced it an idle tale; "for," said he, "Borghild has always been a proper and well-behaved maiden, and she knows that she must honor father and mother, that it may be well with her, and she live long upon the land."

But Borghild sat alone in her gable window and looked longingly toward the ocean. The glaciers glittered, the rivers swelled, the buds of the forest burst, and great white sails began to glimmer on the far western horizon.

If Truls, the Nameless, as scoffers were wont to call him, had been a greater personage in the valley, it would, no doubt, have shocked the gossips to know that one fine morning he sold his cow, his gun and his dog, and wrapped sixty silver dollars in a leathern bag, which he sewed fast to the girdle he wore about his waist. That same night some one was heard playing wildly up in the birch copse above the Spogli mansion; now it sounded like a wail of distress, then like a fierce, defiant laugh, and now again

the music seemed to hush itself into a heart-broken, sorrowful moan, and the people crossed themselves, and whispered: "Our Father;" but Borghild sat at her gable window and listened long to the weird strain. The midnight came, but she stirred not. With the hour of midnight the music ceased. From the windows of hall and kitchen the light streamed out into the damp air, and the darkness stood like a wall on either side; within, maids and lads were busy brewing, baking, and washing, for in a week there was to be a wedding on the farm.

The week went and the wedding came. Truls had not closed his eyes all that night, and before daybreak he sauntered down along the beach and gazed out upon the calm fjord, where the white-winged seabirds whirled in great airy surges around the bare crags. Far up above the noisy throng an ospray sailed on the blue expanse of the sky, and quick as thought swooped down upon a halibut which had ventured to take a peep at the rising sun. The huge fish struggled for a moment at the water's edge, then, with a powerful stroke of its tail, which sent the spray hissing through the air, dived below the surface. The bird of prey gave a loud scream, flapped fiercely with its broad wings, and for several minutes a thickening cloud of applauding ducks and sea-gulls and showers of spray hid the combat from the observer's eye. When the birds scattered, the ospray had vanished, and the waters again glittered calmly in the morning sun. Truls stood long, vacantly staring out upon the scene of the conflict, and many strange thoughts whirled through his head.

"Halloo, fiddler!" cried a couple of lads who had come to clear the wedding boats, "you are early on foot to-day. Here is a scoop. Come on and help us bail the boats."

Truls took the scoop, and looked at it as if he had never seen such a thing before; he moved about heavily, hardly knowing what he did, but conscious all the while of his own great misery. His limbs seemed half frozen, and a dull pain gathered about his head and in his breast—in fact, everywhere and nowhere.

About ten o'clock the bridal procession descended the slope to the fjord. Syvert Stein, the bridegroom, trod the earth with a firm, springy step, and spoke many a cheery word to the bride, who walked, silent and with downcast eyes, at his side. She wore the ancestral bridal crown on her head, and the little silver disks around its

edge tinkled and shook as she walked. They hailed her with firing of guns and loud hurrahs as she stepped into the boat; still she did not raise her eyes, but remained silent. A small cannon, also an heirloom in the family, was placed amidships, and Truls, with his violin, took his seat in the prow. A large solitary cloud, gold-rimmed but with thunder in its breast, sailed across the sky and threw its shadow over the bridal boat as it was pushed out from the shore, and the shadow fell upon the bride's countenance too; and when she lifted it, the mother of the bridegroom, who sat opposite her, shrank back, and instinctively made the sign of the cross, for the countenance looked hard, as if carved in stone—in the eyes a mute, hopeless appeal; on the lips a frozen prayer. The shadow of thunder upon a life that was opening—it was an ill omen, and its gloom sank into the hearts of the wedding guests. They spoke in undertones and threw pitying glances at the bride. Then at length Syvert Stein lost his patience.

"In sooth," cried he, springing up from his seat, "where is to-day the cheer that is wont to abide in the Norseman's breast? Methinks I see but sullen airs and ill-boding glances. Ha, fiddler, now move your strings lustily! None of your funeral airs, my lad, but a merry tune that shall sing through marrow and bone, and make the heart leap in the bosom."

Truls heard the words, and in a slow, mechanical way he took the violin out of its case and raised it to his chin. Syvert in the meanwhile put a huge silver beer-jug to his mouth, and, pledging his guests, emptied it even to the dregs. But the bride's cheek was pale; and it was so still in the boat that every man could hear his own breathing.

"Ha, to-day is Syvert Stein's wedding day!" shouted the bridegroom, growing hot with wrath. "Let us try if the iron voice of the cannon can wake my guests from their slumber."

He struck a match and put it to the touch-hole of the cannon; a long boom rolled away over the surface of the waters and startled the echoes of the distant glaciers. A faint hurrah sounded from the nearest craft, but there came no response from the bridal boat. Syvert pulled the powder-horn from his pocket, laughed a wild laugh, and poured the whole contents of the horn into the mouth of the cannon.

"Now may the devil care for his own,"

roared he, and sprang up upon the row bench. Then there came a low murmuring strain as of wavelets that ripple against a sandy shore. Borghild lifted her eyes, and they met those of the fiddler.

"Ah, I think I should rather be your bridegroom," whispered she, and a ray of life stole into her stony visage.

And she saw herself as a little rosy-cheeked girl sitting at his side on the beach fifteen years ago. But the music gathered strength from her glance, and onward it rushed through the noisy years of boyhood, shouting with wanton voice in the lonely glen, lowing with the cattle on the mountain pastures, and leaping like the trout at eventide in the brawling rapids; but through it all there ran a warm strain of boyish loyalty and strong devotion, and it thawed her frozen heart; for she knew that it was all for her and for her only. And it seemed such a beautiful thing, this long faithful life, which through sorrow and joy, through sunshine and gloom, for better or worse, had clung so fast to her. The wedding guests raised their heads, and a murmur of applause ran over the waters.

"Bravo!" cried the bridegroom. "Now at last the tongues are loosed."

Truls's gaze dwelt with tender sadness on the bride. Then came from the strings some airy, quivering chords, faintly flushed like the petals of the rose, and fragrant like lilies of the valley; and they swelled with a strong, awakening life, and rose with a stormy fullness until they seemed on the point of bursting, when again they hushed themselves and sank into a low, disconsolate whisper. Once more the tones stretched out their arms imploringly, and again they wrestled despairingly with themselves, fled with a stern voice of warning, returned once more, wept, shuddered, and were silent.

"Beware that thou dost not play with a life!" sighed the bride, "even though it be a worthless one."

The wedding guests clapped their hands and shouted wildly against the sky. The

bride's countenance burned with a strange feverish glow. The fiddler arose in the prow of the boat, his eyes flamed, and he struck the strings madly, and the air trembled with melodious rapture. The voice of that music no living tongue can interpret. But the bride fathomed its meaning; her bosom labored vehemently, her lips quivered for an instant convulsively, and she burst into tears. A dark suspicion shot through the bridegroom's mind. He stared intently upon the weeping Borghild, then turned his gaze to the fiddler, who, still regarding her, stood playing, with a half-frenzied look and motion.

"You cursed wretch!" shrieked Syvert, and made a leap over two benches to where Truls was standing. It came so unexpectedly Truls had no time to prepare for defense, so he merely stretched out the hand in which he held the violin to ward off the blow which he saw was coming; but Syvert tore the instrument from his grasp and dashed it against the cannon, and, as it happened, just against the touch-hole. With a tremendous crash something black darted through the air and a white smoke brooded over the bridal boat. The bridegroom stood pale and stunned. At his feet lay Borghild—lay for a moment still, as if lifeless, then rose on her elbows, and a dark red current broke from her breast. The smoke scattered. No one saw how it was done; but a moment later Truls, the Nameless, lay kneeling at Borghild's side.

"It *was* a worthless life, beloved," whispered he tenderly. "Now the game is at an end."

And he lifted her up in his arms as one lifts a beloved child, pressed a kiss on her pale lips, and leaped into the water. Like lead they fell into the sea. A throng of white bubbles whirled up to the surface. A loud wail rose from the bridal fleet, and before the day was at an end it filled the valley; but the wail did not recall Truls, the Nameless, or Borghild, his bride.

What life denied them, would to God that death may yield them!



## THE PSALM-BOOK IN THE GARRET.

A GARRET grows a human thing  
With lonely oriental eyes,  
To whom confiding fingers bring  
The world in yesterday's disguise.

Ah, richer far than noontide blaze  
The soft grey silence of the air,  
As if long years of ended days  
Had garnered all their twilights there.

The heart can see so clear and far  
In such a place with such a light—  
God counts His heavens star by star,  
And rains them down unclouded night.

Where rafters set their cobwebb'd feet  
Upon the rugged oaken ledge,  
I found a flock of singers sweet,  
Like snow-bound sparrows in a hedge.

In silk of spider's spinning hid,  
A long and narrow Psalm-book lay;  
I wrote a name upon the lid,  
Then brushed the idle dust away.

Ah, dotted tribe with ebon heads  
That climb the slender fence along!  
As black as ink, as thick as weeds,  
Ye little Africans of song!

Who wrote upon this page "Forget  
Me Not?" These cruel leaves of old  
Have crushed to death a violet—  
See here its specter's pallid gold.

A penciled whisper during prayer  
Is that poor dim and girlish word,  
But ah, I linger longest where  
It opens of its own accord.

These spotted leaves! How once they basked  
Beneath the glance of girlhood's eyes,  
And parted to the gaze unasked,  
As spread the wings of butterflies.

The book falls open where it will—  
Broad on the page runs Silver Street!  
That shining way to Zion's Hill  
Where base and treble used to meet.

I shake the leaves. They part at Mear—  
Again they strike the good old tune;  
The village church is builded here;  
The twilight turns to afternoon.

Old house of Puritanic wood,  
Through whose unpainted windows streamed  
On seats as primitive and rude  
As Jacob's pillow when he dreamed,

The white and undiluted day!  
Thy naked aisle no roses grace  
That blossomed at the shuttle's play;  
Nor saints distempered bless the place.

Like feudal castles, front to front,  
In timbered oak of Saxon Thor,  
To brave the siege and bear the brunt  
Of Bunyan's endless Holy War,

The pulpit and the gallery stand—  
Between the twain a peaceful space,  
The prayer and praise on either hand,  
And girls and Gospel face to face.

I hear the reverend Elder say,  
"Hymn fifty-first, long meter, sing!"  
I hear the Psalm-books' fluttered play  
Like flocks of sparrows taking wing.

Armed with a fork to pitch the tune,  
I hear the Deacon call "Dundee!"  
And mount as brisk as Bonny Doon  
His "fa, sol, la," and scent the key.

He "trees" the note for sister Gray;  
The old Scotch warbling strains begin;  
The base of Bashan leads the way,  
And all the girls fall sweetly in.

How swells the hymn of heavenly love,  
As rise the tides in Fundy's Bay!  
Till all the air below, above,  
Is sweet with song and caraway!

A fugue let loose cheers up the place  
With base and tenor, alto, air;  
The parts strike in with measured grace,  
And something sweet is everywhere!

As if some warbling brood should build  
Of bits of tunes a singing nest,  
Each bringing that with which it thrilled  
And weaving it with all the rest!

The congregation rise and stand:  
Old Hundred's rolling thunder comes  
In heavy surges, slow and grand,  
As beats the surf its solemn drums.

Now come the times when China's wail  
Is blended with the faint perfume  
Of whispering crape and cloudy veil,  
That fold within their rustling gloom

Some wounded human mourning-dove,  
And fall around some stricken one  
With nothing left alive to love  
Below the unregarded sun!

And now they sing a star in sight,  
The blessed Star of Bethlehem;  
And now the air is royal bright  
With Coronation's diadem.

They show me spots of dimpled sod,  
They say the girls of old are there—  
Oh, no, they swell the choirs of God;  
The dear old Songs are everywhere!

## THE STATUE OF A LIFE.

WE all felt sure that if Crake had lived he would have become a powerful sculptor—one who could have carried his art not back to the glories of its Greek tutelage, but rather, I will say, forward to snowy eminences hitherto statueless, heights of lofty modern feeling that have not yet been freed from their spell of dumb intensity.

But he was dead. He passed away in the early spring. A noble piece of sculpture he seemed, lying lifeless, about to be imbedded in the moist earth, that warmed toward him now when the fervor of its brown bosom could no longer help him. So had it been with us, his fellow clay: we had not kindled up to thorough, loving appreciation of his work until it was nearly over. But when the ground received him, and our cold hopes of a fuller achievement slipped from our fingers swifter than the snow, then indeed we awoke to a sense of the greatness that had faded from our midst. This consciousness, however, was almost eclipsed in the wonder which soon broke upon the small community where he had thought and wrought, at the discovery of an unfinished marble in Crake's vacant studio. The wonder, though, was not so much at the incompleteness of the statue as at the evidences of a former completion, since revoked—and, as it seemed, irremediably.

The sculptor's most intimate friend, Henry Mardingen, had assumed the task of examining and putting in order his dead comrade's belongings. He knew that Crake had been occupied upon a great test-work, at which he had labored until within a few days of his swift and unexpected end. The subject had, notwithstanding, never been hinted to him; he had not seen the model. No one was admitted to the young artist's confidence, except an old chiseler possessing unusual skill—a gray-whiskered Englishman, named Rivingson, of peculiar characteristics. He had studied in Italy, was said to be himself a disappointed sculptor of high aims, and had drifted at last into the position of assistant to the young American. Mardingen therefore experienced a feeling of awe on invading the privacy of the deserted studio. He felt almost as if in search of some strange, superior being, who, coming out of this mystery of the artist's thought, could bring to him deep news of things he did not understand, and the solution of weary

secrets he had long despaired of hearing answered. This feeling came to him without his bidding; a lingering emanation from Crake's poetic presence and being seemed to float forth from the statue-chamber as he approached it, and to fill him with reverie. How silent the studio was! The thin disks of green lily-leaves in the window seemed leaning out to catch a sound, should any come; the sunlight fell involuntarily into the secluded snare of the room's noiselessness, and then crept cautiously across the floor with an inquiring gleam, as if in search of clews to the riddle of such deep repose. What was their discovery?

A beautiful female figure, wrought in marble, standing alone, nearly in the center of the chamber—perfect she seemed, in form and face, and endowed besides with grace intangible, invisible;—but made forever helpless by the absence of her arms!

"My soul!" exclaimed Mardingen, in reverence and rapture, as his eye, led by the sunlight, rested upon this shape.

He did not clearly know what he had spoken. It was an instinctive answer to the silent radiations of the statue's loveliness—a beauty which drew from him the word of highest individual import, alone and unqualified, yet in itself a sufficient response. The next moment he suffered a pang of disappointment. It struck him that the statue bore too close a resemblance to the Venus of Milo. Examining it more critically, however, he saw that this impression was unfair. The general pose of the figure was like that of the armless Venus of the Louvre, perhaps; yet there were differences. But the face was something wholly new—majestic without undue massiveness, ethereally fair, and having an expression only definable as prophetic. An intense curiosity seized Mardingen as to the fate which had befallen this splendid creature's arms. He was already deep in conjecture, when he became aware of another human presence than his own in the room.

"Excuse me," the intruder was saying from behind him, "for coming on you unawares, sir. I heard you were here, and wanted to get some of my tools."

Mardingen quickly relaxed his attitude of absorption, and, turning in surprise, recognized the speaker as Crake's former assistant, Rivingson.

"Do you know where they are?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Then why in Heaven's name were they broken off?"

"Broken?" repeated Rivingson, perplexed. "Ah! you mean the arms?"

"Her arms; yes. Can you answer my question?"

Rivingson's gray, shrewd face seemed to grow a little grayer and shrewder.

"What do you want them for?" he asked.

"Never mind. Show me at once where they are," replied Mardingen angrily.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the assistant, "but I am under no obligation to *you*. My master is dead. If you can unlock his lips again, well and good."

"I understand you, then, that you know where the arms are, but refuse to make their whereabouts known."

"I decline to enter into the matter any further. My duty is to Mr. Crake, and I have done it."

"Very well; we shall see," muttered the sculptor's friend.

He took no notice of Rivingson after this, and the Englishman, after gathering together his tools, went off. After he had gone, Mardingen prosecuted his examination of Crake's papers, giving little heed to the statue; but he came at last upon a memorandum among the sculptor's mass of notes and drawings, which caused his thoughts to rush back and circle around the marble woman with new intensity. It was this:

"THE PROPHETESS."(?)

"So far I cannot even give her a name without making it half a question. Is she not a silent asking, throughout? After passing the stage in which I thought her only an ignorant echo of the Milo, I now see that, although undoubtedly original in her bent, and sufficient in herself, her artistic destiny is in some way bound up with that of the great Venus. It is as if she were a lineal descendant of that goddess. She herself is no longer a goddess, but perhaps she is something rarer and greater; something that the Venus of Milo does not possess, she—I feel sure—will have. Her face has already told me so. But I have always to go back to the ancient statue, it seems, and to evolve from its pagan placidity and silence the great want that I feel there, tracing this want and its negative intimation down through all the centuries, and trying

at last to embody its spirit in this form that is growing before me. But the arms! the arms! \* \* \* Perhaps it is best that the Milo has none. Perhaps with those invisible arms of hers I shall be the better able to embrace and keep the beautiful, evasive truth I dream of."

This strange record of high and solitary perception, in Crake's handwriting, filled his friend with wonder and excitement. He hastened home to his wife, and told her all that he had experienced in the studio.

"Those arms I must and will find," he declared, with what amounted to agitation. "No one shall see this splendid creature without them."

"Not even I, Henry?"

Her husband did not immediately answer. His mind strayed away in a labyrinth of mournful reminiscence. Evelyn and he had not been altogether happy since their lives had been united. It was not that their sympathies were not close and constant, but Mardingen loved with an exacting passion that sought in her every deed or utterance—even the smallest—fresh corroboration of Evelyn's superiority to all other women. Above all, he wished to be forever looking up, and to find her standing far higher than he himself thought to stand. Therefore, instead of rejoicing in the full and exceptionally fine communion between them, he embittered it all by constantly increasing and even fantastic exactions. At last Evelyn fell into sad disfavor with herself. Her discomfort reacted upon him, and they had passed many a day of sorrow as the result. Now, when she asked to see the statue, he thought of many of these sorrows, and became moody.

"Why should you see it?" he asked in answer.

"Perhaps," said Evelyn, with downcast eyes, "I might help you in searching for the lost arms, or I might give a suggestion if you thought of supplying their place."

Henry looked at her with a grave, wistful tenderness.

"I had not thought of that," he said. "But it was kind of you to think it. I shall be glad if you will come."

So harassed and unnatural had the relations of these two been at times, that to Evelyn this slight movement of confidence was really a boon. The next day they went together to the deserted studio. Who can describe the effect which the statue had upon Evelyn? It can only be said that she was

at once overborne and buoyed up by the light of its white beauty. In either case, she was wholly controlled by the tide of delicious feeling which it set in motion. Her husband could not fully participate in her pleasure; he was too much engrossed by the subject of the lost arms, and more than once broke in ruthlessly upon Evelyn's rapt enjoyment, with rough suggestions as to the probable pose of the missing members, and the ultimate aim of the figure as a whole. He even went so far, at moments, as to express partial dissent to the beauty of the form and face, which had seemed to him, the day before, so incomparable.

"Well," he said, at last, "what are your suggestions?"

He strove to speak with patience, but his tone, in spite of himself, was querulous.

"Oh, Henry," she answered, "what *can* I say? It has taken me so by surprise. I do not dare; I can no more speak about it than the statue itself!"

Mardingen frowned. He turned half away, and seemed about to say something harsh, but the green, listening lily-leaves caught his eye, and checked, if they did not calm him. Perhaps his wife did not observe his mood. At all events, she went on to say more of an enthusiastic tenor:

"It is so beautiful, every one ought to see it, Henry. And why wouldn't it be best for us to exhibit it in the hall, and invite men here from the city who know more about art?"

"I told you," he responded, "that I should never show it without the arms. Besides, the hall is engaged, I believe, for some wax-works."

Evelyn laid her hand on his arm, looking first at him, and then at the noble figure before them.

"Do you know, Henry," she said, "if I dared to say any thing so bold in a matter I am so ignorant of, I should call it more beautiful this way than it *could* be in any other, even with the arms!"

"Pshaw," said he. "You trouble me when you say such a thing, Evelyn. How can you think so of this maimed goddess? She is divine, I admit, but she's a cripple."

"No!" cried his wife, pressing her hand to her face, "you must not call her a cripple!" She drew her fingers away again, smiling. "After all," she said, "she is more a woman than a goddess, and a woman, you know (her smile saddened here), has her limitations. Do you think Crake intended her to be a divinity? Did he call her a goddess in that paper you spoke of?"

"No," said Henry, briefly. The partial coincidence between what Evelyn had said and what Crake had written perplexed him. "Let us go away," he said, soon after, "and leave all this—for to-day, at least."

In the course of a few mornings the task of arranging the sculptor's papers was completed. On the last of these mornings Mardingen came upon another waif relating to the statue.

"NOTE TO MARDINGEN.—If I should die before I have shown the work, do not fail to have it exhibited here and elsewhere."

CRAKE."

This scrap was dated only a few days before the writer's death. It roused Mardingen to greater exertions in recovering the lost arms of the Prophetess. He searched the premises thoroughly, leaving nothing unexplored which could give the slightest clew to the repository of those snowy treasures; but he could not unearth them. He hunted up Rivingson again, and threateningly demanded a disclosure.

"Do you really wish me to tell?" asked the artisan. "It will be a costly thing to you to find them."

"Is that what you're waiting for?" was Mardingen's retort. "How much will you sell your secret for, then?"

"How much are you willing to give?" asked Rivingson.

"A thousand dollars," said the young man, "if that will satisfy your cupidity."

"It's not enough."

"Take care!" said Henry, "you may have the law upon you yet."

"What can the law do?" said Rivingson. "Do you suppose I have been fool enough to mutilate that figure? And if I have, how are you going to prove it? I am only concerned for your comfort, not my safety."

"You make yourself sufficiently incomprehensible, at any rate. My comfort demands the restoration of those arms."

"Well," said the artisan, "I'll offer you a condition. Send the statue to the hall, exhibit it for two weeks, and invite connoisseurs to see it. After that you may have the arms."

Mardingen was extremely chafed by the restraint which this inferior person seemed determined to put upon him.

"The hall is engaged," he said, "for the wax-works."

"I'll arrange all that," said Rivingson.

"But, even supposing," continued Henry, "that I accede to your useless proposal, your price is too high."

"Yes; it is very high."

"How much, man? What are the precise limits?"

"More than all you possess may be worth."

"Are you a fool, Rivingson? You see that I am greatly interested—perhaps too much so; but you go a great deal too far in fancying you can extract more than the amount I have named. You may keep the fragments."

"I see that you won't be satisfied, however," answered the other. "If you wish it, I'll restore the arms for nothing."

Startling as was this sudden change of front, Mardingen was not pleased at the thought of being trifled with by this man, and then suddenly gratified by him, and so placed in his debt.

"Come," he said, "I believe I've done you injustice. I know you are not well off. Let us strike a balance. I'll give you five hundred for your information."

"I don't want money," said Rivingson, coolly. "I shall be well enough paid without it."

"What are you aiming at now?"

"You can't understand, probably. I am a disappointed man, they say. Well, I have my pleasures, though they may be bitter ones."

Mardingen could not decipher this man. Whatever his first object might have been, Crake's assistant had evidently no desire for nefarious profit, now. Could it be that he had first broken off the arms maliciously, with money in view, and that he had now weakly abandoned the scheme? It did not seem probable. But he was especially annoyed that the condition of recovering the arms involved an exhibition without them. He broke off the interview, without committing himself, and going home to Evelyn, told her she was to have her way in regard to the exhibition.

"But I had no thought of making it *my* way," she said, gently. "I don't dare to be responsible for any disturbance it might bring to you."

"I will bear the responsibility, then," he responded, meditatively.

The hall was hired, and the nameless statue was placed there. To those who came to see it, Mardingen disclosed nothing as to the hint of its purport found in Crake's memorandum. All sorts of theories were

formed concerning the figure, few of which tallied in any point; but the admiration it excited was almost without exception. Mardingen, however, awaited the expiration of the appointed two weeks, in an ecstasy of impatience. As soon as the time was up, he summoned Rivingson.

"Give me them," were his first words.

The artisan led him to the house in which he lived—a broken down wooden cottage on the outskirts of the rural town where these events took place. Carefully measuring off two distances on the floor, he lifted, with Henry's assistance, one of the planks; then another was taken off, at some distance; pieces of others between were removed, and the brandrith of an old well was disclosed. In this well, at length, the marble arms were found, intact and beautiful. Mardingen hastened with them, joyfully, to the presence of the Prophetess; but not before Rivingson had shown him a small model of the figure as it would appear with this addition. Something about its appearance—perhaps the diminished size of the model—gave Henry an unfavorable impression. He began to fear that the realization of his desire was going to bring him disappointment. The pose of the arms certainly threw light on the rest of the figure, seeming to explain much that was enigmatical before. One of them was raised—so that the forefinger came about on a level with the eyebrow, the palm being turned outward; while the other, obeying the inclination of that side of the person, was thrown slightly backward, and slightly bent. The attitude, therefore, was that of a listening and eagerly gazing creature, without the conventional leaning forward, oftenest adopted to convey this. It is impossible to convey the wistfulness, the delicate alertness, the far look of insight that were now all hinted in her shape and standing. At least, they appeared in the statue itself, when, with Rivingson's assistance, the arms had been cemented to their places.

"Well, how does it impress you?" queried the Englishman, when all was done.

"It is very great," said Henry; "very—"

He gradually dropped his voice, became silent, and took another position, gazing at the statue all the time.

"You don't seem satisfied," remarked Rivingson, with a singular expression.

Mardingen made no reply; surveyed the figure from different points of view; and walked about restlessly. At last he started for the door.

"I shall leave it, for the present," he said.



"I think I had grown too much accustomed to it without the arms, and I'm not prepared for the complete beauty it has now."

Singularly enough, Mardingen was not the only one to be affected in this way by the restored statue. The opinion speedily became general, that, instead of being enhanced, the effect of the figure was lessened by the restoration. The connoisseurs, re-assembling, found their differences redoubled. Finally, opinion grew loud in the demand for a reduction of the statue to its first aspect. This was now called "restoration," as the proposed addition had before been called. Confused and angry, Mardingen opposed himself doggedly to this demand.

"It shall never be mutilated again," he said, savagely, one day, to Rivingson, who, of late, had lingered about so persistently that Henry suspected him of perceiving and enjoying his own secret discomfiture.

"Well," said the artisan, "do as you like. I have had my reward. This is a fresh proof of what I have known for a long time. It is better not to realize all your hopes. You destroy your illusions and spoil your pleasures, under the pretense of getting at the absolute truth."

Mardingen was terribly incensed. He resolved at once to put his views to the test before a larger audience. That very day, he had the statue packed and boxed, for shipment to the metropolis; and by night-fall it lay secure within the railroad dépôt, ready to be sent off on the following morning.

Before morning came, however, a fire broke out in the building.

Mardingen was called up, and made all haste to the spot. Rivingson had arrived there before him, and had induced some men to venture into the burning dépôt, hoping to rescue the marble beauty that lay imprisoned within. They had been compelled to go through a window, for the flames already intercepted passage by the door.

While Rivingson was imparting this to Crake's friend, the men were seen to issue in fearful haste from the window with empty hands.

"What have they done?" shrieked Henry. "Have they left her there?"

The Englishman clutched one of the men, and interrogated him. Their explanation was brief. The box had been too broad by a few inches to pass the window.

"The arms!" cried Rivingson bitterly,

though with a touch of sardonic exultation. "The arms did it."

"Aye," said the man, "that's so! We ripped the box open like mad, and tried to haul her out. But Sam there, he took holt of her arm and went to raisin' by it. The cursed thing broke when we had got her half way upright; and you'll never see that statue again."

The next day Rivingson came to Henry's house and was met by him solemnly, as by one who mourns the loss of a friend dearly loved.

"I am going away," said the gray artisan, "and I have something here to deliver to you."

"Going away?" said Mardingen.

A fierce and vengeful suspicion attacked him that this man was perhaps an incendiary.

"I have got work which will take me away," continued the Englishman.

"Are you going to become a wandering philosopher, and illuminate your truths with the light of burning houses?"

"No," said Rivingson. Then he looked a shade crestfallen, as he said: "I have been engaged by the proprietor of the wax-work show."

"A noble opening that," sneered Mardingen. "Well, I hope you'll enjoy your illusions. The fire last night was no illusion, eh?"

He looked searchingly at the Englishman, but the latter met his eyes steadily.

"I couldn't foresee the fire," he said, "but, if I *had*, I should have waited, just as I have now done, till this time, before delivering this note to you."

He handed Mardingen an envelope as he said this. It contained a letter from Crake.

"Then you have examined the contents?" asked Henry. But, turning the letter over, he saw Crake's seal on it. The ring with which it had been made had remained in his own possession since the sculptor's death. He was ashamed of his own suspicion.

Rivingson withdrew with only a bow that implied: "You are answered."

Then, for a third time, Mardingen found himself drinking in words that seemed to flow from the hidden fountains of his great friend's buried life.

"Dear Henry," said the letter, "I sometimes think I shall not live long, but if I do not I shall not have labored uselessly—despite the loss of all that I might have done—provided you can read the lesson of what I have left. I have studied closely your life and Evelyn's. Perhaps your lives have

reacted on my art. At any rate, I have discovered, in working over my large figure here, a truth which relates to you and Evelyn. I cannot name it, and shall not define it; but when I fully perceived it I struck off, through an irresistible conviction, the arms of her whom I have sometimes called the Prophetess. Rivington saw me do this. I think he partly understood me. I have determined to intrust this letter to his keeping, and he is to decide when to give it to you, with certain limitations as to time; the rest I leave to Providence and the laws of life. This plan will only be in case of my death, of course; and I cannot tell when or under what circumstances you will get this letter; but when you read it, think of our many talks on art and life. Did I not do right to destroy the arms?"

When Evelyn, looking for her husband, came into the room, she found him with this sheet in his hand, sitting silent and gazing down into some viewless deep of unutterable reflection. He handed it to her and she read it. Then their eyes met in a long look.

"At last, Evelyn!" was all that he could say then; but afterward, when speech flowed more freely: "Poor Rivington!" he mused aloud. "What a dreary moral *he* had drawn from it all! It is not illusion that can make us happy, but the truth that shows us how to love and understand all incompleteness. It seems to me the image of my life that Crake had wrought out, Evelyn, and now that statue, with its broken beauty and its other beauty of disappointing completion, has been burned away to dust. It is mere lime, now—good for purifying."

#### THE SHAKESPEARE-BACON CONTROVERSY.

MEN no less in eminence than a British Prime Minister, and a professor of law in Harvard University, have maintained that the evidence is conclusive that Shakespeare was not the author of the works attributed to him. Under such circumstances the curiosity which inquires a little into the question cannot be considered as altogether idle; and it may be of service to present briefly the history of the discussion and the main arguments upon each side.

The common opinion as to the authorship of these dramas was first publicly called in question in 1856, by Miss Delia Bacon, an American lady of marked culture and ability. However, her book, "The Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays Unfolded," is difficult to read. During the first perusal at least, the reader finds himself compelled to put forth harassing, if not fruitless, efforts to comprehend the enigmatic style and seeming profundity of the author. Some facts in the life of Miss Bacon will account in a measure for this impenetrability of style. An interesting reminiscence of her may be found in Mrs. Farrar's "Recollections of Seventy Years," a book published several years ago.

Miss Bacon began her public career in the city of Boston as a lecturer on history. Being graceful and dignified in bearing, a fine reader and speaker, and lecturing entirely without notes, she produced a marked impres-

sion in Boston and Cambridge. In her historical studies she had become thoroughly convinced that Lord Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare. In time her friends were forced to recognize the painful fact that upon this subject she had become a monomaniac. Shakespeare's works were kept from her sight as much as possible, and all conversation upon them was carefully avoided. However, she discovered in his plays a double meaning, and a whole system of philosophy which the Elizabethan age was not prepared to receive. In consequence of the unfavorable conditions of the time, this philosophy was disguised, and thus left to reach posterity; and Lord Bacon and his friends were the authors of it.

While delivering lectures in New York her heart became set upon a journey to obtain proof of her theory. In vain friends and relatives tried to dissuade her. Some persons in New York, converted to her views, were glad to aid her in making known what they, with her, regarded as a grand discovery. Means were supplied, and she started for England. Lord Bacon was the burden of her thoughts, and her first pilgrimage was to St. Albans, where he had lived when in retirement, and where, as she supposed, he had written his matchless plays. There she remained a year; and then, alone and unknown, she found a home in London. Of

her experience there an extract from one of her letters enables us to judge: "I would have frozen into a Niobe before I would have asked any help for myself, and would sell gingerbread and apples at the corner of a street for the rest of my days, before I would stoop, for myself, to such humiliations as I have borne in behalf of my work, which was the world's work, and I knew I had a right to demand aid for it."

She explained her great discovery to Carlyle, who received her kindly. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson made arrangements for her with the editors of "Putnam's Magazine" to publish her views. After one article had appeared, the contract, for some unexplained reason, was annulled. She believed herself ill-used, and determined that her theory should come forth in a book.

She obtained the valuable aid of Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, then residing in England, who engaged to secure the publication of her work. While writing it she suffered many privations, living on the poorest food, and frequently without fire in her chamber, keeping warm only by sitting in bed while she wrote. She says in a letter: "I have lived here much like a departed spirit, looking back on the joys and sorrows of a world in which I have no longer any place. I have been more than a year in this house, and have had but three visitors in all that time, and paid but one visit myself, and that was to Carlyle, after he had taken the trouble to come all the way from Chelsea to invite me. I have had calls from Mr. Grote and Mr. Monckton Milnes."

Her book being finished and in the hands of Mr. Hawthorne, she hastened to Stratford-on-Avon. By opening the tomb of Shakespeare she expected to find papers that would disclose the real authorship of the plays, and thus verify her hypothesis. She did not secure the object of her visit. From Stratford she writes: "I want you to help me bear this new kind of burden, which I am so little used to. The editor of 'Fraser's Magazine,' Parker, the very best publisher in England, is going to publish my book immediately, in such haste that they cannot stay to send me the proofs. Mr. Bennock writes to me for the title, and says this has been suggested—'The Shakespeare Problem Solved by Delia Bacon;' but I am afraid that, with the name, sounds too boastful."

The publication of her book brought on the crisis of her life. The storm of ridicule and of more or less angry criticism which followed, coming after such prolonged and

intensely exhausting literary labor, was more than her mind, already darkened by disease and suffering, could bear. The latent insanity was developed into frenzy, requiring the restraint and care which could only be found in an asylum. But no treatment, however careful, and not even her removal to her native land and to her friends and kindred, could repair the wreck. Soon after her return to her friends in America, she died. Thus was consumed an interesting and gifted mind, a sacrifice to a futile idea.

Her magazine article appeared in the January number of "Putnam," 1856. It is written with an intensity of vigor and irony quite out of harmony with its subject, but is much more readable and satisfactory than her formidable volume. In about a year her book was issued, with a preface by Mr. Hawthorne, who calls it "the noblest tributary wreath that has ever lain upon the old tombstone at Stratford-on-Avon," being literally the tribute of a life.

In the interval between the publication of the article and of the book appeared a long letter, in a similar strain, from William H. Smith, to the President of the Shakespeare Society. Mr. Hawthorne, in his preface, charged Mr. Smith with taking a mean advantage of Miss Bacon in presenting her theory as his own. In a later edition Mr. Smith denied the accusation, and published a letter from Mr. Hawthorne in frank retraction and apology. But the British critics were not so tender. "The Athenæum" did not hesitate to accuse the author of downright dishonesty in disclaiming all knowledge of Miss Bacon's earlier production, or that she was then engaged in writing a book upon the question. However, Lord Palmerston produced Mr. Smith's brochure in support of his own opinion that Lord Bacon wrote the works attributed to Shakespeare.

Although the matter received not a little attention from the periodicals of the day, it was so far from becoming a fair literary question, that it was generally accepted as a miserable joke, and not worthy of a serious answer.

Here the subject rested until it was revived in 1867 by a book published in Boston, "The Authorship of Shakespeare." This book is not the product of either a charlatan or a fanatic. It displays a patient accumulation of evidence, a power of thorough analysis, a knowledge of the times and works of Bacon and Shakespeare, an acquaintance with the classics, and with ancient and modern philosophy, such that it at once

challenges attention and carries weight. It was written by Nathaniel Holmes, since a Professor of Law at Harvard University, at that time a Judge of the Supreme Court of Missouri, and evidently a scholar. The book is worthy of much more attention than its predecessors, and is quite a readable and valuable work, aside from its special object. But the argument is not systematized and presented with that clearness and force which the evidence seems to admit.

With a few reviews of this production, facetious and superficial, the question was again dropped, and brought forward once more only last August by an article in "Fraser's Magazine."

In securing the object of this paper, little more can be done on the one side than to epitomize in as clear a manner as practicable the exhaustive work of Judge Holmes; and on the other to condense as much as possible the arguments which have been, or which may be, presented, without pretense of originality in thought or expression.

The first and strongest argument that there is some mistake in the reputed authorship of Shakespeare's works is altogether of a negative character. It is based upon the universal conviction of mankind that every effect must be preceded by an adequate cause.

The author of the productions in question is the marvel of literature and philosophy. Books have been written proving and illustrating his vast and varied knowledge. It is claimed that his familiarity with law could have been acquired only by a long and extensive practice. Chief-Justice Campbell says: "I am amazed not only by the number, but by the accuracy and propriety with which Shakespeare's judicial phrases and forensic allusions are uniformly introduced. There is nothing so dangerous as for one not of the craft to tamper with our freemasonry." Again: "While novelists and dramatists are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriage, of wills, of inheritance,—to Shakespeare's law, lavishly as he propounds it, there can be neither demurrer, nor bill of exceptions, nor writ of error."

He was well acquainted with the science of medicine of his time. Dr. Bucknill is astonished at the extent and exactness of the psychological knowledge displayed in the plays, and concludes that abnormal conditions of mind had attracted Shakespeare's diligent observation and had been his favorite study.

The author of these plays was also a classical scholar. In him are found marked traces of all the leading Greek and Roman writers. For instance, it has been found that much of the story of Timon was taken from the untranslated Greek of Lucian; and "The Comedy of Errors," it is said, is clearly based upon the "Menæchmi" of Plautus, which was not translated until nearly a year after the Christmas Revels of 1594, at which The Comedy was first performed.

It is maintained that he also knew French and Italian, as many of his plays are taken from French and Italian stories and histories which at that time were untranslated.

Bishop Wordsworth remarks, that, putting together the best authors in the entire range of English literature, excepting theologians, there is not to be found so much evidence of the Bible having been read and used, as is to be found in Shakespeare alone: a statement which is not in the least extravagant to those who have had the good fortune to hear the eminent reader, Mr. James E. Murdoch, in his lecture upon Shakespeare and the Bible.

This author's metaphors and illustrations could be used only by a mind which grasped things in their scientific form and real nature, rather than in the vague and general way of the common observer. He understood the whole machinery of astrology, alchemy, and witchcraft, not as they stood in the popular notion, but after the manner of the most profound scholars of his time. In fact, he was a philosopher; and this means one who has carried his studies into the highest realms of thought and culture. Such a development cannot be the work of a day, nor often of a whole life; neither can it be the result of intuition merely.

He is perfectly at his ease with the wise man and the clown; with the king and the peasant; with the artist and the mechanic; with the courtier and the husbandman; with the gamester and the statesman; with the purest innocence and the deepest villainy. What phase of life has he not touched with a master hand? Says Pope: "He seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through the world at a glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a new opinion, that the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be born as well as the poet."

Coleridge exclaims: "Merciful, wonder-making Heaven! what a man was this Shakespeare! Myriad-minded, indeed, he was."

Now look at the history of the man, which seems pretty well established so far as we know it at all. He had but a meager education, to start with; probably less than that furnished by any good high school of our time. He was married at the age of eighteen to a woman eight years his senior. To escape the consequences of youthful follies, or driven by poverty, or attracted by the theater, he appeared in London at the age of twenty-three, being employed in a very humble capacity at the theater. No details are certainly known of him until 1593-4, when "Venus and Adonis," and "The Rape of Lucrece," were dedicated over his name. In 1597, he purchased the home in Stratford where his family resided until his death. In 1598, he is mentioned as the author of several plays, two of them being printed with his name, as author, on the title-page. At this time he was an actor on the stage, and loaned money to his neighbors. In 1604, when the finished "Hamlet" had been produced, he was a leading manager and stockholder in the two theaters, Globe and Blackfriars. For a few years after he seems to have grown rapidly in estates; and, as far as any information has reached us, his whole attention until 1613 was devoted to various pursuits and concerns of business. During these years the plays of "Macbeth," "Othello," "King Lear," and "Julius Caesar," appeared. But no trace of his literary occupation can be found. The dates even of nearly all his works have been assigned by careful criticism of the works themselves. He had acquired a brilliant reputation and an ample fortune. He seems to have retired from an active participation in business affairs about the year 1612. After this, he is heard of only at Stratford, attending to the ordinary affairs of life and its social intercourse until his death in 1616. His best biographer, Halliwell, observes that the best evidence we produce exhibits him as paying more regard to his social affairs than to his profession. There seems to be undoubted truth in Pope's lines:

"Shakespeare, whom you and ev'ry playhouse bill  
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will,  
For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,  
And grew immortal in his own despite."

Now put these two Shakespeares side by side: the Shakespeare of history and Shakespeare the author. Can it be possible that one is the counterpart of the other? Will our experience and convictions admit for a moment that such studies, pursuits,

education, and life could have produced those matchless works which we now ascribe to Shakespeare?

The German critic, A. W. Schlegel, declares the received account of his life to be a mere fabulous story—a blind and extravagant error.

Emerson, considering the Shakespeare of history as a good-natured sort of man, a jovial actor, manager, and shareholder, not in any striking manner distinguished from other actors and managers, gives up in despair, thus:

"I cannot marry this fact to his verse. Other admirable men have led lives in some sort of keeping with their thought; but this man, in wide contrast."

"Ask your own hearts," says Coleridge, "ask your own common-sense—to conceive the possibility of this man being \* \* the anomalous, the wild, the irregular, genius of our daily criticism. What! are we to have miracles in sport?—or, I speak reverently, does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?"

Here, then, is a serious dilemma. Either we must take the man and his works as we know them, and accept the miracle of genius which they imply—a course which does violence to our conviction that "nothing can come of nothing;" or, we must conceive for William Shakespeare a life and discipline which, according to our notions, shall seem adequate to produce such grand results; but by this theory all that investigation into his life seems to confirm would have to be rejected; or, lastly, we must believe that these works are the product of another brain, and only published under the name of Shakespeare.

Into this difficulty we are led by indisputable facts; but such facts do not so plainly indicate the way out of it. Whichever horn of the dilemma is accepted, either uncommon credulity must be exhibited, or a conclusion must be based upon evidence which is almost wholly circumstantial and cumulative rather than positive.

There are numerous other circumstances which give support to this negative proposition, that Shakespeare was not the author of the works ascribed to him.

1. There stands the great fact that Shakespeare never claimed the plays as his own. He never expressed any anxiety about them, and died without seeing this most remarkable series of intellectual works placed in the custody of type. How utterly impossible to conceive such a thing of the creator of



Hamlet and Falstaff, if that creator were of flesh and blood!

2. No manuscript of any kind whatever in the handwriting of Shakespeare has been found. In fact, only two autographs exist which are claimed as his beyond a doubt, and they are upon separate sheets of his will. There is no direct proof that the original manuscript of any one of the plays or poems was ever seen in his own time under circumstances which furnish conclusive evidence that he was the original author.

3. He bequeaths no trace of a library in his will, and makes no mention of his manuscripts; nor is there any evidence that they ever came into the possession of his family or his executors. If he had contemplated a revision of his works for publication during his own life, it is hardly credible that he should not have left some instructions to that end.

4. Can it be possible that an author of such culture and refinement as to produce these remarkable plays could drop the theater as if it had been to him a mere pastime, or an irksome trade by which he had amassed a fortune, and could quietly sit down for the rest of his days to the totally unproductive and stupid life of a common villager? to attend to his stock, his garden, and his family? to chat with his neighbors or his wife? to eat, and sleep, and no more? and with complete indifference, rather with complete stolidity, commit his works to the hands of chance and careless printers? How could the author who gave birth to Lear and Prospero be so regardless of his reputation, so heedless of the world about him, so blind to the ages to come, as to permit his manuscripts to perish and himself "to steal in silence to the grave," as if not conscious that he had written anything worthy of preservation?

5. There is no testimony on record that he was given to profound study or much reading. It is evident that no man in his circumstances and daily occupation could find means, not only for supplying the known deficiencies of previous education, but to make extensive and thorough acquisitions in all departments of knowledge, and at the same time to carry on the invention of these extraordinary compositions. The proof is not positive that he enjoyed the intimacy of literary associates, excepting Ben Jonson, beyond the stage and certain small writers. It is only a tradition that makes him a member of Raleigh's Club, and reports his combats at "the Mermaid."

6. Contemporary literature is not without hints at the incongruity between Shakespeare and his supposed work. In 1592, Greene published a satiric poem, "A Groatworth of Witte bought with a Million of Repentance." In it he warns his friends who spend their wits in play-making to seek other employment, "for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his Tyger's heart, wrapt in a player's hyde, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum is, in his own conceyt, the only Shakescene in a Countrey." This passage directly insinuates that Shakespeare, a mere actor, was undertaking to shine in borrowed feathers, or, at least, that, being an upstart player, he dared to usurp the writer's calling.

7. Bacon was fond of speaking of his contemporaries, of quoting their wit, and recording their sayings. He was the intimate friend of Ben Jonson, and a firm admirer of George Herbert and other poets of the time. In his "Apophthegms" is found nearly all that is known about Raleigh's power of repartee. But in all Bacon's writings there is not a single allusion to Shakespeare. How came such a gatherer of wit, humor, and character, to ignore the greatest man living? It were idle to assume that Bacon failed to appreciate the greatness of "Lear" and "Macbeth." He must have had a reason for this silence. What was it?

8. Another difficulty lies in the description of foreign scenes, particularly Italian scenes, and of sea-life, which occur in the plays; descriptions so numerous, and so marvelously accurate, that it is almost impossible to believe they were written by a man who spent his life in London and Stratford, who never left his island, and who saw the world only as represented by wandering foreigners. It is not easy to conceive of "The Merchant of Venice" as coming from the brain of one who had never strolled upon the Rialto. So great is this difficulty, that some of his best biographers have thought it necessary to suppose for him journeys and voyages, of which they find not the slightest record.

9. These plays, according to the custom of the time, and somewhat after the manner of a copyright of our day, were recorded in Stationers' Hall, but not one of them in the name of William Shakespeare.

10. Ben Jonson records the anecdote that the players often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, "that in writing whatever he penned, he never blotted out a

line." This anecdote bears upon its face an absurdity, and clearly suggests some device or hoax practiced upon the players. Any man must know the utter impossibility of such works as these being dashed off in a first draft, finished and complete, and not a line blotted. Bacon transcribed his "Novum Organum" twelve times; Burke, his "Revolution in France" six times; and Gibbon, a portion of his "Decline and Fall" several times, before they were satisfied with their work. Virgil, after many years of toil, is said to have commended the *Æneid* to the flames as not finished to his liking. Evidently there was a delusion somewhere in regard to these dramas.

Such is only a part of the negative evidence on this side of the question. Next will be presented as briefly the chief evidence in favor of the authorship of the only man of that age to whom, according to the advocates of this view, circumstances point as the real author. This man was Lord Bacon.

1. All the circumstances of Bacon's life—and in regard to them there is no want of fullness or certainty—are as conclusive in favor of his authorship as all the circumstances of Shakespeare's life are conclusive against his claims as the author of these works. Francis Bacon lived from 1561 to 1626, having been born three years before his contemporary, and surviving him by ten years. He was endowed by nature with the richest powers, as we know by the clearest testimony, and he had the will and opportunity to develop them to the utmost. His mother was a woman of rare classical attainments. His father, besides being Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, was an eminent scholar and patron of art and learning. The Lord Keeper's palace and country seat were well furnished with libraries, and adorned with everything that could please the taste of a scholar and a gentleman. No wonder that Queen Elizabeth's young Lord Keeper, as she called the boy Francis, became the foremost man in all Europe in philosophy, natural science, law, medicine, indeed in the whole circle of human knowledge. He entered Cambridge at twelve; criticised Aristotle, and outstripped his tutors before he was sixteen. Before he was nineteen he was an attaché of the court of Paris, had learned French and Italian, had traveled upon the continent with the French court, was intrusted with a mission to his Queen, and at twenty-five was elected to Parliament. Upon the death of his father, in

1579, he located himself at Gray's Inn for a more thorough study of law, and, at the same time, dipped farther into the Greek poets, and the philosophy and culture of the ancients. He possessed a self-conscious power which did not fear to grapple with Plato and Aristotle, nor to undertake the renovation of all philosophy. In the meantime he pushed his interests at court, but his talents were by no means properly recognized. His wonderful learning and brilliant oratory soon acquired for him an ascendancy in Parliament. He received some tokens of the Queen's favor, but she looked upon him as "rather a man of study than of practice and experience." But his time of preferment came at last. He was successively Queen's and King's Counselor, Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Lord Keeper, Lord Chancellor, etc. In him were combined all those powers and attainments which the writer of these plays possessed, but in which the real William Shakespeare was certainly deficient, if the evidence of his life only is admitted. There is no need of citing the evidence of Bacon's wonderful legal skill and learning. As to his medical knowledge, his "Physiological and Medical Remains," and the passages in the "Advancement of Learning," and elsewhere, treating of medicine, and of the mind and body, and their reactions, give abundant assurance. As to his profound classical scholarship, the evidence is upon every page of his works. He very frequently quotes Lucian and Plautus, the two authors from whom the "Timon of Athens" and "The Comedy of Errors" are taken. It is known that he studied French, Italian, and Spanish, while upon the Continent, and also had an opportunity of acquiring that knowledge of foreign life and scenes which Shakespeare did not have. His translation of the Psalms, his essays, his published prayers, and abundant allusions and precepts throughout his works, prove his intimate familiarity with the Scriptures and his insight into the Christian life, which these dramas assert for their author, but which there is not the least extraneous evidence that Shakespeare ever possessed. Bacon's "Interpretation of Nature" and "Wisdom of the Ancients," omitting his other works and innumerable shrewd remarks scattered everywhere, show him to have been a most scientific as well as a speculative observer of men and things. He has held his title of philosopher for centuries without dispute. He enjoyed the highest prosperity and suffered the deepest disgrace. As traveler, student,

attorney, and judge, he must have met all phases of life, and had a rare opportunity to analyze every type of character. The evidence is abundant that he was accepted by his contemporaries as a poet of more than ordinary rank. Spedding, his best biographer, expresses the opinion that Bacon was not without the fine frenzy of the poet which might have carried him to a place among the great poets. Macaulay recognizes the imagination and poetic faculty in Bacon as highly developed. Judging from his acknowledged works only, and excluding from these his verses, which are few and of no great merit, he possessed every element of creative genius, not excepting a certain amount of poetic form and imagery, even in his prose; and we cannot refuse him Coleridge's expressive epithet of "myriad-minded."

2. According to the accepted dates, the plays and poems appeared at a time when Bacon could best have written them; between his admission to the bar in 1582, and his elevation to the principal law office of the crown in 1613; from the time he was twenty-one until he was fifty-two. During most of this time he was looking in vain for advancement, holding places of honor rather than of profit. He was a close student at Gray's Inn, with much leisure for writing and study. He was a constant attendant at court, an intimate associate of Essex, Southampton, Rutland, and other young lords, themselves patrons of learning and art, amateurs in poetry, and regular visitors at the theater.

3. It is well known that Bacon was no novice in poetic and dramatic composition. In 1587, when Shakespeare is said to have come to London as a mere servant at the Blackfriars, and not suspected of being the author of anything, Bacon had become an important member of Gray's Inn, and, at the Christmas Revels of that year, he assisted the gentlemen of his Inn in getting up the tragedy of the "Misfortunes of Arthur," and certain dumb shows and masques, for which he wrote some speeches to be delivered before the Queen.

In 1592, upon a visit to him from her Majesty, she presented her with a sonnet in compliment to his friend Essex. In after years he addressed numerous sonnets to her, and took parts in other masques, although he professed "not to be a poet."

4. Seven years after Shakespeare's death the products of a most transcendent genius bearing his name were gathered together

and published in the folio of 1623, as the preface says, from "the true original copies." In this folio appear for the first time some perfected plays of which first draughts and surreptitious copies had been published before. Other plays of the folio had been printed before in nearly a perfect state. Nineteen of them had never been published before. Of those which had previously appeared, nearly all had received such critical correction and emendation as is possible by the hand of the master only. "The Merry Wives of Windsor," for example, in the folio, contains nearly double the number of lines of the previous play, whole scenes are rewritten, and speeches elaborated, and characters greatly heightened. This is the most authentic edition of the plays in existence, and it seems generally agreed that the changes and corrections in this edition are the work of the author. Now, if Shakespeare was the author of this revision, he must have furnished to the theaters the new and amended manuscript copies, which, seven years or more afterward, became "the true and original" copies in the hands of Heminge and Condell, the editors of the folio. Having no regard for his reputation or fame as an author, why should he take all this trouble for the benefit of the theaters merely, from which he had withdrawn some time before? If he had such regard, why did he neglect to collect and publish his dramas himself? If prevented by death, how did it come that he failed to make any provision for their preservation and subsequent publication? But if the real author were still living to make these revisions himself, the whole mystery would be solved. All the circumstances attending the folio of 1623 seem to support the hypothesis that it was published under the secret revision of the author of the plays. Lord Bacon is the only man who can be thought of for a moment as competent to the task.

5. It is remarkable that these editors, who took the pains to publish these works, should not have preserved a single manuscript, even as a memorial of their departed Shakespeare, and that not a single paper of his writing should have been preserved by any means. On the other hand, taking Bacon as the author, the original manuscripts would certainly have been kept in his own desk, and only transcripts in Shakespeare's handwriting would be furnished the players. This would well account for the fact, as the players understood it, that Shakespeare never blotted out a line. After Shakespeare's death it

would have been necessary for the real author to find some other cover for his publications. Shakespeare's brother-actors, Heminge and Condell, might have been selected to fill his place as ostensible editors. They would have found no special interest in the manuscripts. These, of course, Bacon would have taken care to destroy, if he had really determined that the secret should die with him.

6. In 1607-8 Bacon was engaged upon the characters of Julius and Augustus Cæsar, and soon afterward the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar" came from the hand of Shakespeare. Similar coincidences, although not so strong, might be mentioned.

7. Writing to his friend, Mr. Toby Matthew, about that time, Bacon remarks: "I showed you some model, though at that time methought you were as willing to hear Julius Cæsar, as Queen Elizabeth commended."

8. While Bacon is striving to gain a foothold with the new sovereign, James I., he writes to Master Davis, then going to meet the King, committing his interests at court to Master Davis's faithful care and discretion, and closing the letter thus: "So desiring you to be good to concealed poets, I continue." A significant remark, that.

9. To Mr. Toby Matthew, Bacon was in the habit of sending his books as they came out. In a neat letter, "To the Lord Viscount St. Alban's," without date, Matthew acknowledges the "receipt of your great and noble token of favor of the 9th of April," and appends the following P. S.: "The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is of your Lordship's name, though he be known by another." Who could be the man of such prodigious wit, and whose real name was Bacon, but Sir Francis Bacon? And who but Shakespeare could have been considered by the writer as a cover for this remarkable wag?

10. There are passages in the plays which imply that the author was familiar with Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood; for example:

"That swift as quicksilver, it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body."

—"Hamlet."

—"Make thick my blood:

"Stop up the access and passage to remorse,"

—"Macbeth."

"The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopped; the very source of it is 'stopped.'"

—"Macbeth."

But Harvey's discovery was not announced until 1619; and the best authorities assert

that the Shakespearean author follows the theory of Hippocrates, that the veins, the only blood-vessels, come from the liver; the arteries, from the heart. Rabelais is quoted as expressing the same idea. Now there is not the slightest external evidence to confirm the supposition that Shakespeare ever read these authors; but Bacon made "apophthegms" out of Rabelais, and had studied Hippocrates, Galen, Paracelsus, and the others who are alluded to in the plays.

11. On an occasion Bacon enclosed a "recreation," as he termed his lighter literary productions, to Toby Matthew. Matthew, in a reply, without date or address, uses these suggestive words: "I will not promise to return you weight for weight, but measure for measure." An easy, though not a certain, inference can be made.

12. It does not appear that Shakespeare ever wrote any verses upon his contemporaries, either in praise of the living or in honor of the dead. This is a suspicious circumstance. If really the author of the compliment to Queen Elizabeth in "Midsummer Night's Dream," and the noble tribute to her in "Henry VIII.," why did not Shakespeare "drop from his muse one sable tear" upon the death of his Queen? Such was the custom of those who professed themselves poets. Assuming Bacon to be the real author, the explanation is obvious. Such efforts were not in his acknowledged line of literary work. Nor did he neglect on the one great occasion to record his praises "In Felicem Memoriam Elizabethæ," which needs no poetic supplement.

13. In 1610, or near there, Shakespeare retired from London and took up his permanent residence in Stratford. But in 1611 appeared for the first time "The Winter's Tale," "The Tempest," and "Othello," and in 1613, "Henry VIII." Soon after this last play came out, Bacon became a laborious Attorney-General, and the plays ceased to appear.

14. The parallelisms of thought and expression, it is claimed, are abundant, far beyond what can be found, or at least what has been found, in any other two authors. A few of the more noticeable examples are given:

From "The Advancement of Learning:"

"I set down the character and reputation, the rather because they have certain tides and seasons, which, if they be not taken in due time, are difficult to be recovered, it being extremely hard to restore a falling reputation."

From "Julius Cæsar:" Act iv., Sc. 4.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries."

From "The Interpretation of Nature:"

"Yet evermore it must be remembered that the least part of knowledge passed to man by this so large a charter from God, must be subject to that use for which God hath granted it; which is the benefit and relief of the state and society of man."

From "Measure for Measure:" Act i., Sc. 1.

"Nature never lends  
The smallest scruple of her excellence,  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor,—  
Both thanks and use."

From "Sylvæ Sylvarum," Experiment 940:

"There was an Egyptian soothsayer, that made Antonius believe that his genius (which otherwise was brave and confident) was, in the presence of Octavianus Cæsar, poor and cowardly: and therefore he advised him to absent himself as much as he could, and remove far from him. The soothsayer was thought to be suborned by Cleopatra, to make him live in Egypt, and other remote places from Rome: howsoever, the conceit of a predominant or mastering spirit of one man over another, is ancient, and received still, even in vulgar opinion."

From "Macbeth:" Act iii., Sc. 1.

"Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd; 'tis much he  
dares;  
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear; and, under him,  
My Genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,  
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar's."

In the "Advancement of Learning,"  
Bacon quotes Aristotle as saying "that young men are not fit auditors of moral philosophy," because "they are not settled from the boiling heat of their affections."

In "Troilus and Cressida," Act ii., Sc. ii.,  
come these lines:

"Not much  
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy."

Mr. Spedding says that Aristotle speaks only of "political philosophy," and he observes that Bacon's error in making him speak of "moral philosophy" has been followed by Shakespeare. It is barely possible that Shakespeare had seen the "Advancement of Learning," as it was published about two years before the play was first acted; but it is not likely. Besides, the whole tenor

of the argument in the play is so exactly similar to Bacon's mode of dealing with the subject, that it is hard to believe a mere plagiarist would have followed so closely.

Enough has been given, though by no means all, to furnish some idea of the support there is for this trifling idea, as some are pleased to call it. However, it is important to propose some satisfactory reason for Bacon's concealment of his connection with the plays.

During the times of Elizabeth and James, authors could not express with impunity any and all sentiments. It may be easily conceived that one who made it ever a chief aim to profit his fellow-men, would wish to secure for himself the largest liberty of thought and speech, and perfect safety for himself and fortune.

The reputation of play-writers and of poor poets was low. Bacon was always aspiring and looking to the things which might lead him to higher service. What more natural than that he should wish to conceal the fact that he was attempting verse, and to quicken the latent activities of the masses? Especially would this be the case when he first began, and was yet in doubt as to the estimate the world would put upon his efforts. Later in life, beginning to receive honor as a prose writer, lawyer, and philosopher, he might prefer that his name with posterity should rest upon the works which he considered of more worth and dignity, and better becoming his rank in life, than upon these "models," these recreations of sterner efforts.

The dramas being before the world, and passing under the name of Shakespeare, it would be hard for the self-respect and reserve of a noble manhood and exalted position to produce a vulgar sensation by asserting his authorship and claiming his own after such a long and voluntary dispossession. When he foresaw the end of life, and began to prepare for final publication his numerous works, how much easier it would have been for him to devote quietly what little attention he could to the proper dressing of these waifs of his prolific intellect, and thus to leave to the world the progeny of a giant, although "going after about in the name of another!" Some such reasons as these may explain why he left his plays "fathered and yet fatherless."

No rejoinder to Judge Holmes has appeared. Here and there, in periodical literature mainly, a few points in answer are found. The substance of what has been



said in response, or may be said, is about as follows:

1. The process by which Shakespeare is reduced to nothing is certainly startling. Take away all the evidence of his supreme intellect, refuse him the witness of his works, and then affirm that the poor player was unequal to the mighty task! His sublime indifference to the fate of his intellectual products, and his readiness to drop his profession at the advice of good-sense and business tact, have been held as evidence of his remarkable qualities. One of the elements of his divinity has been his perfect contempt for reputation and glory. The great evidence of his inspiration has been found in his want of the education of schools, of profound study, and of the stimulus of associates who could attend him in sympathetic flight. But by this process the great genius vanishes. Deny to Julius Cæsar his campaign in Gaul, his commentaries, his agrarian laws, the reform of the calendar, his magnificent works and projects, and then call for evidence of his greatness. On such principles the historic doubts in regard to Napoleon are no longer doubts, but established facts.
2. Many of the assertions in the foregoing argument are simply assumptions, being yet matters of dispute. For instance, the superior value of the folio of 1623; the evidence of its careful revision, etc.
3. Shakespeare's manuscripts, being in the possession of the actors, may have been destroyed in the fires which are known to have taken place at the two theaters with which he was connected.
4. To the allusions in contemporary literature, only possible interpretations have been given. There is no means by which conjecture can be converted into certainty.
5. Bacon is no more silent in regard to Shakespeare than in regard to Ben Jonson, Edmund Spenser, and Christopher Marlowe, all distinguished contemporaries. That he does not speak of them as he does of Raleigh, must be due to the fact that circumstances did not suggest or require any mention of them.
6. It would be by no means an impossible task to point out as many analogies of thought and expression between other authors of the time, writing upon a great variety of subjects, as between Shakespeare and Bacon.
7. The feudal law of real property was then flourishing, and its forms must have been familiar to the great mass of citizens.
8. No one ever preserved his scraps with greater care than Bacon. He was as careful of what he wrote as Shakespeare was negligent; and yet it is not shown that Bacon ever laid claim to the authorship of any works except those now published with his name. There is no evidence that Shakespeare ever hinted that he was not lawfully entitled to whatever fame might be brought to him by the plays acted under his name.
9. Not a single contemporary of the two authors ever plainly doubted that Shakespeare wrote what we call Shakespeare, and that Bacon wrote only what we know as the works of Bacon. Where were the jealous and sharp-witted men of the times, who bore no friendship to deceit and pretension?
10. The familiarity with low and vulgar life displayed by Shakespeare, would be quite impossible for Bacon, as he was never thrown into fellowship with it.
11. Cases are not wanting in which rare genius has supplied the place of every external advantage; but no instance can be found in history of the same man belonging to the highest rank of philosophers, and to the highest rank of poets.
12. No instance can be named of an author writing with such grace and perfection in two styles so entirely different as the styles of Bacon and Shakespeare.
13. In our ideal of the author of these plays, we must not imagine an Emerson or a Carlyle sitting by his study window, in dressing-gown and slippers, and surrounded by the best thoughts of centuries. We must not grace our ideal with the culture reflected from a polished society and literature. It must not have about it the atmosphere of the philosopher or the man of letters. What rebuke we suffer if we permit the thought even to flash through our minds. "Dr. Shakespeare!" He was not the man from whom in our day we should expect such characters and sentiments. He did not live in the conditions of modern life, and we must not judge him by our standards. His was an age of vigor, that spoke because it felt, and not because it thought and studied. Genius was his gift, and why deny him its exaltation? The gods do not wonder at their own productions; nor do we put a great value upon what we can produce without effort and in ordinary moments. Such admiration is for those only who confess their own weakness. How unnatural, then, that this divinity should have betrayed the mortal weakness of guarding his own fame!

14. How weak is all this circumstantial evidence, and as much more as can be found, by the side of the clear and positive testimony of contemporaries! Numerous extracts are given to show how clear and conclusive is this evidence.

The earliest mention of Shakespeare by a contemporary is by Edmund Spenser, in 1591, in "The Teares of the Muses." Complaint by Thalia, lines 205-210.

"And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made  
To mock herselfe, and Truth to imitate,  
With kindly counter under mimic shade,  
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:  
With whom all ioy and iolly meriment  
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent."

The best authorities make it clear beyond all doubt that these lines were intended to refer to Shakespeare. [See Charles Knight's "Life of Shakespeare," ed. 1843, pp. 342-348.]

In 1592 appeared "Kinde Hart's Dreame," a poem of considerable interest and merit, by Henrie Chettle. From Chettle's address to his readers, we learn that he was the editor of Greene's posthumous work, "A Groatsworth of Witte," before referred to. The quotation which has been made from this work, together with other allusions in it, seem to have given offense, at least to two authors of the time. In Chettle's "Address," the following passage occurs, referring to Shakespeare, as all critics agree:

"With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I neuer be; the other, whome at that time I did not so much spare, as since I wish I had, for that as I haue moderated the heat of liuing writers, and might haue vsed my owne discretion (especially in such a case) the author being dead, that I did not, I am as sorry, as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because myselfe haue seene his demeanor no lesse ciuill than he exclent in the qualitie he professes; besides, diuers of worship haue reported his vprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting that aprooues his art."—[Percy Society Publications, vol. v.]

John Webster, in his preface to his play, "The White Devil," 1612, speaks thus:

"Detraction is the sworne friend to ignorance; for mine owne part, I haue euer truly cherisht my good opinion of other men's worthy labours, especially of that full and haightned stile of maister Chapman, \* \* \* and lastly (without wrong last to be named), the right happy and copious industry of m. Shake-speare, m. Decker, and m. Heywood."

—[John Webster's Works. London: 1857, vol. ii.]

Ben Jonson's eulogy upon Shakespeare, first published in the folio of 1623, is well known. In his prose, the same author makes a long and affectionate reference to the friend of his youth. The following is a part: \* \* \* "For I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped.—["Discoveries." Probably written in 1636.]

A few more quotations, without doubt correct, are added as given in Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors," *Art.* Shakespeare.

"As the soule of *Euphorbus* was thought to liue in *Pythagoras*; so the sweete wittie soule of *Ouid* luies in mellifluous hony-tongued *Shakespeare*, witnes his *Venus* and *Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred Sonnets among his priuate friends." \* \* \*

"As *Epius Stolo* said, the Muses would speak with *Plautus* tonge, if they would speak Latin: so I say the Muses would speak with *Shakespeare's* fine filed phrase, if they would speak English."—[Francis Meres; "Wits Treasury," 1598.]

"And Shakespeare, thou whose hony-flowing vaine (Pleasing the world) thy praises doth obtaine,  
Whose *Venus* and whose *Lucrece* (sweete and chaste)  
Thy name in fame's immortal booke have plac't,  
Live ever yod; at least, in fame live ever!  
Well may the bodye die, but fame dies never."

—[Richard Barnefeld, "Poems in Divers Humors," 1598.]

TO OUR ENGLISH TERENCE, MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

"Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing,  
Hadst thou not plaid some *Kingly* parts in sport,  
Thou hadst been a companion for a King,  
And beene King among the meaner sort."

—[Sir John Davies, in his "Scourge of Folly" (1611-14).]

More might be given, but these must suffice.

What explanation can be made of these allusions? Were these men and their fellows all so completely deceived by the cunning of a Lord Chancellor and the Prince of Philosophers? Or are we to suppose that they were combined in an effort to make

posterity believe a lie? What an absurdity! But one of these must be admitted, if this theory is to be accepted.

15. Besides believing that Bacon, in all his numerous acknowledged works, took pains to repress his "excellent phantasy" and wonderful "facility of expression," and to use them only in his dramas, this theory requires us to believe that he affected an ignorance about things with which he must have been perfectly acquainted; as, for example, in "Julius Cæsar" chimneys of the Roman houses are referred to, and the "eternal devil" is spoken of, evidently in its modern sense; both of which were unknown to the Romans. In "The Tempest," Bohemia is represented as a maritime kingdom, etc. How absurd to think of Bacon as stooping to such paltry tricks to escape the responsibilities of authorship!

16. If the new theory is accepted, the miracle is not lessened. No similar case is on record in which such magnificent genius succeeded in deceiving its own and following generations, or, in fact, that it ever made the attempt; and it is no more incredible that Shakespeare really wrote the works attributed to him, than that so many and such worthy contemporaries should be deluded so completely, or that they should assist in a stupendous deception for no conceivable reason.

It is unnecessary to multiply arguments further on either side, or to notice the answers which will suggest themselves to many, if not all, of the arguments which have been presented. Nor is it necessary to show that this discussion does not lessen our reverence for those inspired words called Shakespeare; but rather helps to realize the impersonality of truth, and to disassociate it with an oracle of clay. Too much of our heat is produced by mere wonder that any mortal should be able thus to open the Lord's anointed temple and steal thence the eternal truth. The higher appreciation thinks not so much of the artist or the art, as of the sentiment: it follows Jonson's significant advice on the page of the folio opposite Shakespeare's picture:

"Reader, looke,  
Not on his Picture, but his Booke."

So far as this discussion attempts an explanation of the origin or existence of genius, it is certainly quite futile; and quite as unworthy is the attempt to adjust the mere honor of authorship as between two individuals simply. But the question is by no means an unimportant one, whether genius has worked in this instance, by the use of means necessary to ordinary mortals, or whether its inspiration has been immediate and complete.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Our Newspapers.

THE cordial praise and the gentle criticisms which we receive from month to month from the newspaper press have placed us under many obligations, which, we are bound in honor to confess, have received little practical acknowledgment. We have endeavored, it is true, to profit by all wise suggestions, and tried to show our gratitude by making our monthly offering more and more valuable to its great host of readers; but we have had too much the feeling of a junior, or a protégé, to presume to make any return in kind. Shall we be pardoned if, for once, we break out of this very pleasant position of a recipient, and try to realize to ourselves how much more blessed it is to give than to receive?

As newspapers, simply, those of America are the best in the world. The entire globe is raked, and raked clean, every day, of incident, movement, and event, to be blazoned upon their teeming pages. Science, religion, politics, society, commerce, agriculture, mechanics, all things of human concern find place for every fact and phase in their columns. The lightnings are their messengers, winnowing

the midnight world with their wings, and bearing in their beaks from the harvest-fields of thought and action every precious seed that has ripened and dropped during the day. No cost of toil or gold dismays them. Their servants are on every battlefield, in the thick of every mob, in the forests and the deserts, on the mountains and on the seas, watching kings, watching parliaments, sitting by the side of the astronomer in his vigils, recording the message of the preacher, counting the steps of scientific progress, and bearing the product of all this enormous enterprise and industry, morning by morning, to the homes of the nation. The outcome of this world-wide inquisition and exposition rises almost into the realm of miracle. We have no words to express our admiration of it—no phrases by which we can measure the height and depth and length and breadth of the largess it contains and the influence it exerts.

Thus much we can say with entire truthfulness; thus much we do say with thorough heartiness. To preside over a great American newspaper is to hold and exercise one of the most dignified offices of the world. Now, let us open the newspaper,

and see how it looks. Freightened with the world's great affairs, loaded down with the hopes, struggles, misfortunes, crimes, triumphs and achievements of humanity, we expect to find it earnest, dignified and catholic. The first thing we see is half a column of sensational headings, addressed, perhaps, to the prurient curiosity of the basest men. We open a Western paper, and find over an item of intelligence, or of falsehood, concerning a grievous scandal the word "HELL!" in as large letters as can be squeezed into a column. This is followed by minor heads, every one of which is intended to produce a sensation. We go on through the paper, and it is all sensation. Oftentimes the headings mislead as to the real character of the intelligence to which they are the preface. All the news chronicled is wrought up into its most startling forms. To pique curiosity, to raise feeling, to attract attention, to appeal to the sense of the marvelous, to be stunning rather than simple and true, are the apparent motives of the conductor.

Is this an extreme case? We can furnish papers by the hundred that steadily pursue this course as a matter of policy. It is not enough that we have party presses in religion and politics that give a party shape to everything that comes to them. It is not enough that we have presses that rejoice in scandal and crime, and take greater delight in them, and greater pains with their details, than are excited by those affairs which mark the advance of the world in goodness and wisdom. It is not enough that there are papers which mold all things that they touch to the personal purposes and prejudices of their conductors. If a thing is tame it must be whipped into a startling appearance. If it is sad—inexpressibly sad from its badness—its badness must yield the requisite sensation. Great and good names are jested with. Topics which involve the most precious interests of the human race are tossed flippantly about, like the balls of a juggler, to attract the eyes of the gaping multitude. Subjects of which children can never know too little are laid before the family eye as familiarly as if they were not steeped in shame. To receive the world's news, in the spirit and shape in which it is presented to millions of readers every day, is to suppose that all the world's momentous events are conceived in fever and brought forth in hysterics.

If anything were really gained by this course there might be a poor apology for it, but nothing ever was gained by it. The papers which indulge in it most are least trusted. The moment an editor becomes thoroughly conscientious, and recognizes the importance and dignity of his position, he drops his sensational headings with disgust. If he has news from Zanzibar, the heading of his item states the fact; and if the reader is interested in Zanzibar he reads the item. If he has important news from Zanzibar his heading states that fact, and if very important news from Zanzibar, that fact; and the reader finds the facts as represented, and judges of the facts and their relations without having been misled by sensational headings. It is a good newspaper rule to hit every subordinate, sensational head wherever the editor sees it. All news with more than one head is guilty of a crime against editor and reader alike, and deserves decapitation.

Shall we mention another sin? Have we to-day, any such thing in America as private life? Is a private man, or even a man's family, safe from public mention? Alas! that the press has an apology for its familiar handling of private names and private affairs! Alas! that there are so many in private life who rejoice in the public airing of their

personalities and their personal movements! Alas that the details of private life are devoured so greedily by so many who do not seem to know that the love of notoriety is vulgar, and that their desire to pry into the life of others compromises their dignity and their neighborly good-will! After all, is it a dignified business for the press to minister to this low and unhealthy greed? Is the world so barren of great topics that the press, *perforce*, must transform itself into a neighborhood tattler and a public gossip? Are valuable opinions and valuable intelligence so scarce that it must send its prying interviewers out among the ranks of private men, to worm out their secrets, on pain of misrepresentation and abuse, and spread them before a curious public? The American press of the future will not do it, unless civilization shall retrograde, and our nation remain a nation of children.

#### The Overcrowded Cities.

THERE is hardly a city in the United States which does not contain more people than can get a fair, honest living, by labor or trade, in the best times. When times of business depression come, like those through which we have passed, and are passing, there is a large class that must be helped, to keep them from cruel suffering. Still the cities grow, while whole regions of the country,—especially its older portions,—are depopulated year by year. Yet the fact is patent to-day that the only prosperous class is the agricultural. We have now the anomaly of thrifty farmers and starving tradesmen. The agricultural classes of the West are prosperous. They had a good crop last year, and have received good prices for all their products; and while the cities are in trouble, and manufactures are running on half time, or not running at all, the Western farmer has money in his pocket, and a ready market for everything he has to sell. The country must be fed, and he feeds it. The city family may do without new clothes, and a thousand luxurious appliances, but it must have bread and meat. There is nothing that can prevent the steady prosperity of the American farmer but the combinations and "corners" of middle-men, that force unnatural conditions upon the finances and markets of the country.

\* This is not the first occasion we have had for allusion to this subject, and it is not likely to be the last. The forsaking of the farm for city life is one of the great evils of the time, and, so far, it has received no appreciable check. Every young man, apparently, who thinks he can get a living in the city, or at the minor centers of population, quits his lonely home upon the farm and joins the multitude. Once in the city, he never returns. Notwithstanding the confinement and the straitened conditions of his new life, he clings to it until he dies, adding his family to the permanent population of his new home. Mr. Greeley, in his days of active philanthropy, used to urge men to leave the city—to go West—to join the agricultural population, and thus make themselves sure of a competent livelihood. He might as well have talked to the wind. A city population can neither be coaxed nor driven into agricultural pursuits. It is not that they are afraid of work. The average worker of the city toils more hours than the average farmer in any quarter of the country. He is neither fed nor lodged as well as the farmer. He is less independent than the farmer. He is a bond-slave to his employers and his conditions; yet the agricultural life has no charms for him.

Whatever the reason for this may be, it is not based in the nature of the work, or in its material rewards. The farmer is demonstrably better off than the worker of the city. He is more independent, has more command of his own time, fares better at table, lodges better, and gets a better return for his labor. What is the reason, then, that the farmer's boy runs to the city the first chance he can get, and remains, if he can possibly find there the means of life?

It can only be found, we believe, in the social leanness, or social starvation, of American agricultural life. The American farmer, in all his planning, and all his building, has never made provision for life. He has only considered the means of getting a living. Everything outside of this—everything relating to society and culture—has been steadily ignored. He gives his children the advantages of schools, not recognizing the fact that these very advantages call into life a new set of social wants. A bright, well-educated family, in a lonely farm-house, is very different material from a family brought up in ignorance. An American farmer's children, who have had a few terms at a neighboring academy, resemble in no degree the children of the European peasant. They come home with new ideas and new wants, and if there is no provision made for these new wants, and they find no opportunities for their satisfaction, they will be ready, on reaching their majority, to fly the farm and seek the city.

If the American farmer wishes to keep his children near him, he must learn the difference between living and getting a living; and we mistake him and his grade of culture altogether if he does not stop over this statement and wonder what we mean by it. To get a living, to make money, to become "forehanded"—this is the whole of life to agricultural multitudes, discouraging in their numbers to contemplate. To them there is no difference between living and getting a living. Their whole life consists in getting a living; and when their families come back to them from their schooling, and find that, really, this is the only pursuit that has any recognition under the paternal roof, they must go away. The boys push to the centers or the cities, and the girls follow them if they can. A young man or a young woman, raised to the point where they apprehend the difference between living and getting a living, can never be satisfied with the latter alone. Either the farmer's children must be kept ignorant, or provision must be made for their social wants. Brains and hearts need food and clothing as well as bodies; and those who have learned to recognize brains and hearts as the best and most important part of their personal possessions, will go where they can find the ministry they need.

What is the remedy? How shall farmers manage to keep their children near them? How can we discourage the influx of unnecessary—nay, burdensome—populations into the cities? We answer: By making agricultural society attractive. Fill the farm-houses with periodicals and books. Establish central reading-rooms, or neighborhood clubs. Encourage the social meetings of the young. Have concerts, lectures, amateur dramatic associations. Establish a bright, active, social life, that shall give some significance to labor. Above all, build, as far as possible, in villages. It is better to go a mile to one's daily labor than to place one's self a mile away from a neighbor. The isolation of American farm-life is the great curse of that life, and it falls upon the women with a hardship that the men cannot appreciate, and drives the educated young away.

#### By their Fruits.

Was it Thackeray who said that the difference between genius and talent was the difference between the length of two maggots? It was worthy of him, at least, and like him. When a man gets large enough to know that he is almost infinitely small, he is tolerably ripe. When he becomes wise enough to realize that his wisdom is folly, his profoundest learning ignorance, and his opinions, drawn from partial views of truth and its relations, of little value, he has risen into a realm where he drops his robe of pride, and drapes himself in the garment of docility. The simplicity and the teachableness of great men have been the wonder of the vulgar through all time. At the beginning of our late civil war, a capitalist from the country came to New York for the purpose of acquiring a stock of financial information. What was to be the effect of this war upon the finances of the country? How should he manage to save his wealth? How should he manage to increase it? These were the questions he put to the wisest financier he knew. The old man pointed to an apple-woman across the street. "Go and ask her," he said; "she knows just as much about it as I do." Yet opinions were as plenty as blackberries, in Wall street, while the results of the war, as they accumulated, proved that they were beyond human sagacity to foresee, and that the man most competent to foresee them had no more financial prescience than the ignorant apple-woman.

There is a realm of inquiry—indeed, there are many realms of inquiry—where the opinions and speculations of one man are just as valuable as those of another man—no more so, no less—for those of both are valueless. The speculations of such a man as Mr. Tyndall on the origin of life attract a great deal of attention; yet Mr. Tyndall knows just as much about the origin of life as the apple-woman on the corner, and no more. The speculations about development and atoms, and molecules, form, perhaps, an elevated amusement. They are better than the Hippodrome and the Negro Minstrels, without being more instructive. It is better to speculate on the atomic theory than to play battledoor and shuttlecock. It is better to speculate a personal God out of the universe than to go on a spree—better to ignore His work than to mar it. But the whole thing rises no higher than elevated amusement. It does not give even the smallest basis for sound opinion. All these speculators, wrapped around with scientific reputations, battering vainly against the limits of thought and scientific knowledge, and coming back with their reports of having seen something more than their fellows, are pretenders—to be praised, perhaps, for their enterprise, but laughed at for their conclusions.

Mr. Tyndall finds in matter the promise and the potency of all forms and qualities of life. Who put the promise and the potency there? Ah! that is the question, and Mr. Tyndall has not solved it. He goes no farther, perhaps, than to say that he finds them there. Has he found them there? In what form have they presented themselves to his scientific investigation? Can he show what he has found? Alas! he has found nothing new—seen nothing that others have not seen. He has only come to a personal conclusion and indulged in a personal speculation, and that conclusion and that speculation are not only unscientific, but they are valueless.

Is there not some way—some scientific way—in which a just conclusion may be arrived at concerning this great subject? If we should stand at the beginning of the world, and know the want of bread,



would it not be very unscientific for us to get together a bundle of seeds or germs and speculate as to which would be the most likely to give us bread? Would it not be better to plant every seed, label its bed, watch its growth, and examine its fruits? Would not that be the scientific way of ascertaining the nature and characteristics of the great power that was to feed us? Certainly that seed which would yield the best results, and address itself most directly and beneficently to our wants, would be the one to which we should give our faith. To do anything else would be to rebel against the law of our nature. To do anything else would be irrational and unscientific.

Well, certain seeds have been planted in the world of mind. They have borne, in various times, and in many countries, their legitimate fruits. Can we not find, in the adaptation of those fruits to human want, a scientific conclusion concerning the tree or plant that bears them? Is it not strictly scientific to conclude that the better the fruit, and the better its results, the more thoroughly is the seed vitalized by everlasting and essential truth? If certain ideas of the nature and character of God, and of the immortality of the soul—if certain ideas of human responsibility—have dignified humanity more, elevated it more, civilized it more, purified its morals, sweetened its society, stimulated its hopes, assuaged its sorrows, developed its benevolence, and repressed its selfishness, more than any other ideas, are not those ideas scientifically ascertained to be nearer the truth than any others? If they are not, then we misunderstand the nature and the processes of science.

There has been abroad in the world, for many centuries, an idea, advanced and maintained by

more religions than one, that there is at the head of the universe an Almighty God,—a Spirit who has created all material things, and informed them with law,—a Spirit that is in itself the source of all life. There has been the further idea that this God is a person, who, though His mode of being is beyond human ken, recognizes the persons He has created, loves them, regards them as His family, and holds them personally responsible to His moral law. There has been the further idea that mankind, in consequence of their common parentage, are a band of brothers and sisters, who owe to one another good-will and unselfish service. There has been the further idea that this personal God is a being to be worshiped as the sum and source of all perfection—to be thanked, praised, prayed to, in the full recognition of filial relationship, and a full faith in His providential and paternal care. Out of this group of ideas has come the world's best civilization. Out of it have come churches and schools, and colleges, and hospitals, and benign governments and missions, and a thousand institutions of brotherly benevolence. From it have sprung untold heroisms. It has recognized human rights. It has had no smaller aim than that of human perfection. It has armed millions of men and women with fortitude to bear the ills of life. It has made society safe wherever it has been dominant; it has transformed death into a gate that opens upon immortality. Associated with a thousand dogmas invented by mistaken men, it has still done all that has been done to redeem the world to peace and goodness; and if this group of ideas has not scientifically demonstrated itself to be nearer the truth than are all the negations and speculations of scientific dreamers, then there is no such thing as science.

## THE OLD CABINET.

THE literary critic of one of our daily newspapers, in noticing a recent novel, calls attention to the fact that certain current books at once take their places by right in the true literature, and that others, although making the same claim, do not rank in the same catalogue. Literature, in the narrow and true sense, he says, includes only those writers whom a peculiar and individual constitution of mind entitles to tell the world what the world has told them. A writer of this kind holds up to nature a mirror of which there is not a duplicate to be found. He has a gift for seeing and conceiving, which is all his own. There are a few such writers, and they write a few books. These properly constitute the literature of the time and country in which they appear.

This critic shows the difference between the literature which includes pretty much all books except works of science, any poem, romance, history, biography, or essay, and the true literature, as above described. But perhaps the phrase has still more delicate shades of meaning. May there not be a sense in which the inferior poem or romance is part of the "literature of the time and country?" On the other hand, what is the test of the true literature?

Given a certain amount of good taste in any piece of writing, it would seem that the quantity of "lasting power" which it contains may have most to

do with its classification as literature. Obviously this is a test which cannot be fully brought to bear upon contemporary works. No one person has, nor has any set of persons, the discernment to make up from the list of publications of the past year a select list of the books which have sufficient lasting power to entitle them to a place in literature. One perplexing question with the judges would be, what amount of this power is necessary to bring a book within the rule. Is a book a part of literature if it can hold its life for five years, for ten years, for fifty years, for a hundred years, for a thousand years? Suppose that one of our judges has a sort of intellectual weighing apparatus, with a patent spring coil and a dial on which the days and years are marked from one up to infinity—the latter for the new Shakespeare that every imaginative young person is expecting to behold before he dies, either on the other side of the world or in his own looking-glass. A new book, either in print or manuscript, is placed upon the scales. In say ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the hand does not budge. But suppose this is the one hundredth case, and the hand marks thirty days, or sixty days, or one genial summer, or one dazed decade, or twenty-five cold and scholarly winters—is the book a part of true literature if it lasts so little time as the longest of these terms?

Then there is another point, to which allusion has already been made. May not a book which our judge's sensitive true-literature patent weighing apparatus utterly refuses to recognize as having any ponderosity whatever,—may not a poor enough book which commands a vogue, represents a current phase of thought or feeling, is the outgrowth of a certain immature grade of public culture,—may not an unliterary book be, in a sense, a part of the literature of the time, though of no other use to a future generation than as a historico-literary curiosity? Our critic's definitions do, indeed, imply this.

But, further, may not a piece of writing, which fails to become a part of the genuine literature, be still genuinely literary? Cannot the literary expert detect the quality in a piece of writing, or a part of a piece of writing, almost as promptly as the skilled merchant can detect the quality of the cloth he snaps between his fingers? Can he not tell whether it is literary, even if he cannot tell whether it belongs to literature?

Taking for granted that a given piece of work is written in the literary spirit, is it possible to say what element is the most important in its conservation? Surely sincerity is the salt of literature, as it is of the other arts. The law is inexorable. Without this crowning grace the most entrancing raconteur, the poet most splendid, intimate, and heart-compelling, lives but his little day—passes, like the rainbow from the summer sky.

In our estimate of a work of contemporaneous literary art it is precisely here that we are most at fault. How much of this sincere element any work of art possesses only time can tell. After all, we take our friend and neighbor upon appearances. It is just as well, perhaps, that we should not sit in subtle judgment upon his professed sympathy with our sorrow, his friendly greeting and laughter. After all, the sigh and the smile have their sincerity. So we are charmed with the poet's song—it is a song of the green fields we know so well; if not about them, still sung under the potent influence of their familiar beauty. We give ourselves up to the intoxication. After all, it is not mere sham and show. The song has a heartiness of its own; it savors of the soil, even if it does not spring from the depths. A poet, therefore, may be to his generation a true poet, and the generation that follows may find in him a suspicion of self-consciousness, a taint of affectation—a thought about something vain and transient and all too meanly personal, instead of the thing eternal. That is enough. He goes no farther.

WHENEVER a painter, or actor, or singer of reputation takes upon himself to represent in his own way some one of the great thoughts which have become a part of the life of the world—thoughts of birth obscure and distant, or of conspicuous parentage—then there are always many who say that now at last we have given to us an adequate contemporaneous presentation of the immortal thought of Homer, or Dante, or Shakespeare, or Goethe. But is it not time to stop this kind of criticism? At least is it not time to cease expecting more than we are likely to get from the artist of present acceptance? The qualities that give an artist eminence in his own times are not necessarily the qualities which will make him permanently eminent, or that make him able to comprehend and sympathize with the greatest ideas of the greatest minds. According to the critics, we have every season one or two opera-

singers, as many actors, and as many painters, who give us a new and adequate Hamlet, or Margaret, or Francesca; when, in fact, the great interpreter is almost as rare as the great creator. He is, in fact, a creator, and his interpretation is a new creation, a parallel work of art suggested by the great original, and not to be accepted, even at its best, as a full interpretation of the original thought. Perhaps there has been one painting suggested by the "Inferno" which may be not unworthily compared with the original passage; but how many more there are, worthy to be so compared, out of all the thousands that have been made, who shall say! We should be reasonably content that the artist in search of subjects is willing to take a high and pure theme; then, whatever chastity and individual force are infused into the performance will acquire additional grace and effect from their noble association.

ACCORDING to the editors of Bacon's Works (Messrs. Spedding, Ellis, and Heath), "the only verses of Bacon's making that have come down to us, and probably, with one or two slight exceptions, the only verses he ever attempted," were "the translation of certain Psalms into English verse." He wrote also a sonnet, meant, say the editors, "in some way or other to assist in sweetening the Queen's temper toward the Earl of Essex; and it has either not been preserved at all, or not so as to be identified." Two other poems have been ascribed to him, although it is not absolutely certain that he wrote them. Really, then, the seven versified Psalms constitute all of Bacon's poetry which may be said to be in evidence on the point of his poetic ability. On the whole, we find Bacon's "translations" more agreeable reading than Milton's, which is accounted for in the fact that Milton aimed at a more literal version than did Sir Francis in most of the latter's "translations." Though, if any one should strangely doubt Milton's ability to surpass Bacon at the work of recasting, had he cared to do so, no better evidence of his power would be needed than his fifteen-years-old paraphrase on Psalm cxiv. For the curiosity of the thing, we transcribe the opening stanzas of Bacon's translation of Psalm cxxxvii:

"When as we sat all sad and desolate,  
By Babylon upon the river's side,  
Eas'd from the tasks which in our captive state  
We were enforced daily to abide,  
Our harps we had brought with us to the field,  
Some solace to our heavy souls to yield.

"But soon we found we fail'd of our account,  
For when our minds some freedom did obtain,  
Straightways the memory of Sion Mount  
Did cause afresh our wounds to bleed again;  
So that with present grief, and future fears,  
Our eyes burst forth into a stream of tears.

"As for our harps, since sorrow struck them dumb,  
We hang'd them on the willow-trees were near;  
Yet did our cruel masters to us come,  
Asking of us some Hebrew songs to hear:  
Taunting us rather in our misery,  
Than much delighting in our melody."

There is pathos here, and sufficient mastery of rhythm. A little farther on comes a line, so well managed in its rough and rapid irregularity, as to suggest the careful manner of our modern versifiers:

"Remember thou, O Lord, the cruel cry  
Of Edom's children, which did ring and sound,  
Inciting the Chaldean's cruelty,  
'Down with it, down with it, even unto the ground.'"

In Psalm xc., we find a stanza with a touch not altogether un-Shakespearean :

"Thou carriest man away as with a tide;  
Then down swim all his thoughts that mounted high:  
Much like a mocking dream, that will not bide,  
But flies before the sight of waking eye;  
Or as the grass, that cannot term obtain,  
To see the summer come about again."

Psalm civ. affords an example of the heroic couplet. We quote the first lines :

"Father and King of pow'rs, both high and low,  
Whose sounding fame all creatures serve to blow,  
My soul shall with the rest strike up thy praise,  
And carol of thy works and wondrous ways.  
But who can blaze thy beauties, Lord, aright?  
They turn the brittle beams of mortal sight.  
Upon thy head thou wear'st a glorious crown,  
All set with virtues, polish'd with renown:  
Thence round about a silver veil doth fall  
Of crystal light, mother of colours all.  
The compass heaven, smooth without grain or fold,  
All set with spangs of glitt'ring stars untold,  
And strip'd with golden beams of power unpent,  
Is raised up for a removing tent.  
Vaulted and arched are his chamber beams  
Upon the seas, the waters, and the streams:  
The clouds as chariots swift do scour the sky:  
And stormy winds upon their wings do fly."

Certainly there is, in Bacon's verse, no such strong proof against the Baconian authorship of the Shakespeare Plays, as is generally imagined. One has the feeling, however, that this is work that Shakespeare would not be about; although in discussing this whole question, there is such a perplexing interplay of identities that mere feelings are hardly to be considered. Either that, or else they are the only things to be considered, in which case the world will forever go on feeling and believing that Bacon is not Shakespeare. The poets, at least, will never be brought to believe that Shakespeare "could not do it."

By the way, why should not Milton's witness to Shakespeare have more force than is generally given

it, as the testimony, if not of an acquaintance, at least of a contemporary. Contemporaries they were for eight years; there was no better informed literary man in England than Milton; certainly none better qualified to judge of a question involving his own art. If there had been any suspicion of incongruity between the man Shakespeare and the poet Shakespeare, would not some shadow of it have come over Milton's mind? But no—the author of "Hamlet" had been dead only fourteen years when Milton calls him :

"Dear son of memory, great heir of fame."

And how well he understood the peculiar quality of Shakespeare's genius :

" \* \* \* to the shame of slow-endavouring art,  
Thy easy numbers flow ;"

"Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild."

THAT the Psalms can be put into magnificent English verse was proved by Sir Philip Sidney and his sister. Macdonald, in his "England's Antiphon," well styles their version of Psalm xciii. a "thunderous organ-blast of praise :

"Clothed with state, and girt with might,  
Monarch-like Jehovah reigns;  
He who earth's foundation plight—  
Fight at first, and yet sustains; (*pitched.*)  
He whose stable throne disdains  
Motion's shock and age's flight;  
He who endless one remains  
One, the same, in changeless plight.

Rivers—yea, though rivers roar,  
Roaring though sea-billows rise  
Vex the deep, and break the shore—  
Stronger art Thou, Lord of skies!  
Firm and true thy promise lies  
Now and still as heretofore;  
Holy worship never dies  
In thy house where we adore."

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### To the Unmusical.

THERE is no greater delusion than that of supposing that the best music can be enjoyed only by the "musical." Ordinary people can derive keen pleasure from a sympathetic listening to great music if they will but believe that they can, and so attend to it accordingly. There is no need of being baffled by a want of knowledge concerning keys, nor by an ignorance of modulation. Your next neighbor may know that the air began in *G major*, and then passed into *B minor*, but you can still get your own simpler pleasure out of it. What is it to me what Titian's secret of color might have been? He had it, and that is enough for one who cannot even draw.

The first rule in listening to music is—to listen. We do not want to arouse ourselves to a frenzy of delight, but we do want to hear what the music is like. A very simple and very good rule for those who are perplexed by an orchestra, and who fancy they are puzzled to know where the tune comes in,

is to listen to one instrument, the violins, for instance, alone for a time. These will probably take up the melody and sing it plainly enough, then the movement may become more complicated and the air seem to have grown more florid, to be broken perhaps into brilliant fragments, but hearken!—the violoncelli have taken it up, and over it floats this new and lovely strain of the violins, then the flutes catch the melody, the cornets and the bassoon swell the harmony, the drum makes its rhythmic beats, the whole orchestra is alive with the theme, and before you know it you are in the very center of the music, and what was before involved and intricate now becomes plain and beautiful.

### Spring Colors.

DESPITE the snow and the ice, the slush and the mud, the hints for Spring modes are coming. It is hard to believe we shall ever need the light and delicate fabrics that the shops are already half full of. Nor could we ever guess the season by gazing

at the tints. In the front rank are found the grays and browns. There are dozens of them, and they constitute the greater portion of all the new shades. Therefore, we infer that, like Jenny Wren, we must dress in plain brown gowns and never go too fine. The freshest grays begin with a dull, mixed one, called Tempest. Then a stone color, called Sphinx; after this is the Suédoise, with bluish lights; Oxford, a pure blue-gray; Russian gray, which would be mistaken for ashes of roses, were the latter not wholly out of fashion; dove-colored French gray; silver gray; Chinchilla gray, like the tips of the fur; Ashantee and Coomassie grays, that have nothing to recommend them, unless it be the rare fitness of their names; Acier or steel-gray; and a few others not important.

The indications are that brown will be the popular color for the next half-year. The new shades of this are: Seal (a trifle lighter than the winter shade); Hazel; Concha and Trabucos. The two latter belong to what is known as beige or natural (undyed) wool colors. These natural tints are very soft and pretty, and vary from deep nut-brown to deep cream color. They are the newest of the season's importations, and have neither red nor yellow shades, but are pure browns. Tunisienne is one of the choicest hues, and brier-color (ronce) makes up prettily either with a darker or lighter shade. A reddish brown is aptly named Cratère (crater mouth), but will only be attractive from its oddity.

Penelope, Cep, and Noe are not characteristic, consequently the hues bearing these names have no particular character. On the other hand, Câpre, or caper green, is the shade of the flower-bud of that plant. Véronique is a dark, almost invisible green. Jujube—suggestive of juvenile bliss—is a dark red, like the paste, and will be mingled with other shades for demi-toilettes.

For party dresses there is little new in tints. Almond color differs but slightly from cream color, and the latter is hardly distinguishable from unbleached white. There is just that difference, however, which renders one shade becoming when the others are not. Italic is a pure straw color; Myosotis is forget-me-not blue; and the loveliest shade of all is a pink which our sentimental French brethren have christened Sourire (a smile).

Blacks have changed from the blue and purplish shades that wear so well, to the coal or jet shades which, even in their prime, contrive to look rusty.

#### New Goods.

It is hard to tell at a glance what is new and what is old; therefore we have to trust what we are told, instead of depending solely on ourselves.

The woolen stuffs for suits, of course, begin the list. Almost without exception, they are rough-surfaced, loose-threaded, and are sold under the name of camel's hair, though often differing widely from the Winter goods so termed. These fabrics are woven in stripes, diagonal, vertical, and horizontal; in plaids of color on color, and in plaids with a bright thread or two. They are woven also in blocks, diamonds, dots, and squares; indeed, in almost every form except with a plain surface. Plain-surfaced goods are to be found abundantly,—for conservative people will have them; but they are not strictly fashionable, and are therefore cheap.

The general width of the new stuffs is from twenty-four to thirty inches, and they range in price from forty cents to one dollar a yard. The very wide goods that were so much sought a year or two

since, have disappeared in great measure, probably because of the gentle but prolonged decease of the polonaise.

Solid colors and unbroken surfaces seem almost to be a dream. Everything that isn't striped is plaided. Consequently, every costume presents, of necessity, a good deal the appearance of an animated rag-bag; since the plaids and the stripes must be associated with at least one plain color. Even time-honored pongees, for ages the synonym of quietness and good taste, have succumbed to the influences of the time, and are found gayly plaided. Sometimes they have lavender or gray grounds, barred with maroon or cardinal red; or buff or brown with threads of blue, or purple, or white. Several fresh fabrics of crude silk, closely allied to Chinese silks in texture, appear in the inevitable plaids, beige browns and cream color, with lines of red and blue.

These crude silks are also woven in excellent imitation of Matelassé, and have the raised designs of star, cross, compass, diamond, leaf, etc., usually seen in the thicker fabric. They will be made up with plain goods of the same, or contrasting colors.

Silks that go by the name of Spring or Summer silks appear in great variety of stripe and plaid. The plaids are generally irregular, and are either very dark shades with white, or several shades of brown. Three shades, such as gray, lavender, and white; écar, brown, and white; green, gray, and cream color, form another style of plaid. The most peculiar of the new silks are in what are known as Persian colorings, which is a ground of gray or brown, with stripes of two shades of the same color, and threads of red, blue, green, violet, or maize. These silks are often pretty to look at in shop windows; but they would be very tiresome to wear, and will never, therefore, be a wise purchase. Their day will be short, too; and, once out of fashion, nobody will ever want to put one on. Cameo stripes, meaning several shades of a color, are much prettier, and will undoubtedly remain in vogue much longer.

Matelassé in small figures, light qualities and dark tints, is likely to carry its popularity far into warm weather. Black silks are finer repped and more lustrous than formerly, and on those accounts better adapted to spring usage. With these, the list of early season materials is complete. But a word more on buying.

Goods of all sorts are very cheap, cheaper than they have been for years, and cheaper than they are likely to be for years to come. Silks are especially low, and it would be wise to purchase for future use, if the means can be afforded. Plain silks are the only ones that are safe to buy for keeping; since they look well when not in the height of the mode, and are elegant under any circumstances.

#### Matting.

As the summer is approaching, and the time of matting draws near, it may be well to call the attention of housekeepers to the fact, that, as there is a right way of doing everything, there is decidedly a right way to put down Canton matting. It is the almost universal practice to put it down wrong. Most persons cut the lengths, and then, laying the breadths in their proper places on the floor, proceed to drive a vast number of tacks up and down the edges. This method serves the purpose of keeping the covering very tightly on the floor, but it injures the boards, and ruins the matting. Every tack breaks one straw, and perhaps more.

These Canton mattings are made on boats, where

they are woven in short pieces about two yards long. These short pieces are afterwards joined together on the shore in lengths of about forty yards. It is easy to see where these two-yard pieces are joined, and the first thing to be done, after the matting is cut into the proper lengths, is to sew these places across and across on the wrong side to keep the joints from opening. Then sew the breadths together, and tack it to the floor in the same way that you treat a carpet. Mattings made in this way will last fully twice as long as where they are tacked in every breadth.

A good matting should last six or seven years.

#### Loss of Meat in Cooking.

THE exact loss of different meats in cooking may not be generally known to housekeepers.

Beef in boiling loses twenty-six pounds in one hundred pounds, or rather more than a quarter; in roasting it loses one-third; and in baking very nearly the same. Legs of mutton lose one-fifth in boiling, and one-third in roasting; and a loin of mutton in roasting loses rather more than one-third. It is more profitable, then, to boil than to roast meat; and, whether we roast or boil it, it loses by being cooked from one-fifth to one-third of its whole weight.

#### The New Hanging-Basket.

BROKEN goblets have always been nuisances about a house, and the proper place for them has been the ash-box. A broken tumbler could be utilized, with a little cement, for jelly, or egg-shells; and cooks, it is well known, much prefer them for soap to either a saucer or a soap-cup. A goblet, however, rarely cracks or breaks at the top, where it could be mended, but instead, fractures its stem, or

slices a piece from its base, and so falls about in a miserably helpless manner. But the goblet has found its day at last, and can be converted into a thing of beauty without much trouble. To do this, you must have, first, some pretty zephyrs, secondly, a crochet needle, and finally, a plant, or grasses and autumn-leaves. If your goblet is not broken off close to the stem—and it never is if you want it to be—you can have it sawed off, or with a steady hand you can take a little hatchet and with a quick blow strike it off. A good deal of the success of this operation, however, depends upon the value of your glass—if it is very pretty, it may break off at the wrong place, but if you do not care for it particularly, or have more just like it, it will probably come off just where it

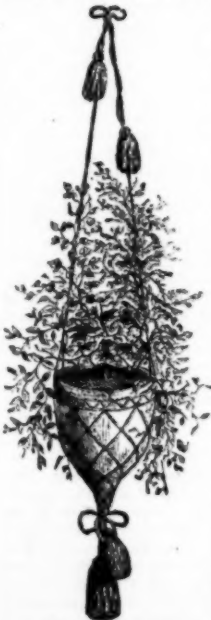
ought, close to the base. If the edge is a little rough you need not care, as it will be covered, and the weight does not come on the point. So,



having cut your glass, you then make a light and pretty crocheted bag for it,—and the less work you put on it the prettier it will be; then follows a handsome cord and tassel to hang it by, a smaller one to finish it at the bottom, and you have a new and tasteful little hanging-basket. You can then plant Ivy, Brazilian grass, Smilax, Lycopodium, or even a sweet potato in it; hang it by a window, and there is a green and flourishing plant for the house. Or, you can fill it with grasses and leaves, and when the sunlight shines through, it will make a gorgeous effect of color. It can be hung against the wall and filled in the same manner.

If you choose to work bands of gold or silver perforated card-board and crochet your bags upon them, they will be still more pretty.

Wine-glasses can be used to hang on the gas-fixature for waste matches, or hair-pins, or swung on a bracket for violets; but, of course, they must be made of single or split zephyr, while a good Persian or Germantown wool does for the goblet.





## The Sacrificial Parlor.

WE call it thus, wittingly, because it is the high altar upon which we offer to the gods of custom and tradition all that is best and choicest of our earthly possessions—including comfort and convenience. We generally choose for it the largest, highest, airiest, sunniest room our abode contains. We buy for it the best carpet we can afford, the handsomest furniture, the nicest draperies. We hang in it our few really good pictures; lock up in a glass-fronted case our most elegantly bound books; arrange our pet bits of bric-à-brac in a carefully careless manner; leave a stiff bouquet, now and again, in a vase on the center table. And then, do we go there, and enjoy it all, after the day's occupations are complete, and the scattered family can meet on common ground?

Not a bit of it. We pull down the shades, or drop the heavy curtains till there is just light enough to stumble over the furniture in, and then depart, leaving the door ajar with what we try to believe is an attractively easy air. Now, of what possible use is the apartment to us? We have done the best we can to make it pretty and pleasant. We have used our taste and judgment, and very probably more money than we ought to have spared from the rest of the house, to render this room the most beautiful under the roof. Yet, when it is at last finished to our mind, we avoid it, like a pitfall. It isn't because we have done the thing entirely for show. We invade its sacred precincts to receive calls (then we pull up one shade after the caller comes and lower it the moment he or she is gone); we entertain formal visitors there,—not to mention evening companies. But whatever the occasion, we and it partake of the stiffness of unfamiliarity. Our foot is not on our native heath, though we may have been for years owner of the brilliant (carpet) flowers we tread upon. We are not at home in our own house, and we are heartily glad to escape from the walls of our own parlor.

We go there on Sundays and holidays, sitting in unwelcome state on springs that have never grown easy with use; but we are always privately cheered when bed-time relieves us of the necessity of patronizing our own best furniture. We occupy our parlor from a sense of duty to society, and not because we really like, or enjoy it. And when we do go there, we are rarely all together. "The boys" won't visit it, if they can help it. They always stick to the pleasantest, cheerfulest, coziest place in the house. The place where the family *live* is the place for them. It may be the library, the dining-room, or "mother's room;" but, wherever it is, there will "the boys" stay; and it may generally be believed that where "the boys"—unless they are boors—won't go, must be a very un-

comfortable place. "The girls," being more conventional by birth and training, accept the parlor and its depressing atmosphere as matters of social necessity; besides, if there be any compensation in it, it is much more vital to them than to "the boys."

Of course, there must be something wrong about all this, and the causes would seem to be these. Custom and tradition have imposed upon us the notion, first, that the best of all we have should be reserved for "company"—to be enjoyed by ourselves only incidentally through them; second, that we should have at least one apartment in our houses too good for daily occupancy.

From the days when the "best room"—that apotheosis of all refined discomfort—used to be hermetically sealed to common wants, to the present, when we are less rigid in arrangement, but none the less scrupulous in treatment, the parlor, in the majority of American homes, has ever been the corner where nobody has wanted to stay. It contains the choicest that our house affords, except the living home presence which pervades every other square inch, but refuses to enter here. We have literally made it too good for ourselves; therefore, too good for our friends; for what is too good for ourselves, ought, of necessity, to be too good for our associates. We feel that we cannot afford to subject our fine furniture to every-day wear and tear. We know that it would be difficult to replace the rich carpet for years. We express contempt for Mrs. Jones, who frankly declares she cannot afford to let the light fade her Axminster or Moquette; and laugh at Mrs. Brown who keeps her chairs and lounges dressed in linen dusters, as if they were always about to start on some penitential pilgrimage. But we are, nevertheless, very careful that our parlor hangings are shielded from that most guileless of enemies, the sun. We take no satisfaction in our parlor because we have adapted it only to our occasional, not to our constant, demands.

The parlor should be the rallying point in daily family life. It should be the room from which we separate to our regular occupations in the morning, and in which we gather again in the evening with our favorite books, our bits of fancy work, our fire-side games. It should be furnished in the finest, the most elegant way that is within—truly within—our means, because here, and here alone, probably, can we enjoy with those nearest and dearest the æsthetic part of domestic routine. It may be given over, in a measure, to ornament, because it is not, like the nursery, a romping ground for the children; or, like the kitchen, the sewing-room, the school-room, or the office—the place for toil. But above and beyond all, it should be the room in which centers the soul, and throbs the heart of home life.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

## Eighth Exhibition of the Water-Color Society.

THE annual exhibition of water-colors at the Academy of Design this year is strong in point of numbers; but, also, one cannot walk through the rooms of the Academy without feeling that there is more or less strength of attraction as well as of quality in the collection. The attraction itself in individual cases is not always powerful, but it is frequently

graceful; and though the display does not carry with it the weight and variety of skill that we are accustomed to associate with similar efforts in one or two European capitals, there are certainly unique traits discoverable in the native work comprised in it which refresh one and give one a feeling of buoyancy, favorably contrasting with the bated breath most of us drew over the first plucky but meager exhibitions of the Society a few years ago. As if to

contradict what we have just said about foreign weight and skill, it happens that many of the contributions from foreign hands in the present instance, and in particular those of the Roman school, are singularly monotonous in character, while others are excessively feeble. We are thinking of various figures in dresses sometimes picturesque, sometimes only supposably so, by painters like Faustini, Vibert, Vaini, and Pagliano. They are doled out to us for the most part singly, but also in pairs; in the former case, their elaborate little persons being projected on a small surface covered with a wash of some suitable neutral color, generally only extending a half-inch or so from the outline, merely to show that more could be given if required; but in all cases their systematic cleverness results in imparting a feeling of indignation at their preposterous complacency. Of landscape, it is true there are to be found some genuinely conceived and instructive pieces. Among these, several by Octave Saunier are especially pleasing in tone, texture, and quick—almost witty—drawing. Eugene Ciceri also contributes a very clever little "After Sunset." Tignotti, of Milan, has exported for us the dreamy charm of certain Italian flowers that seem, in their exquisite softness, to have just fallen upon the paper and to have felt the breath of art in their fall. These, by the way, it is well to examine in contrast with a much more ambitious floral painting by François Rivoire—an attempt in the same direction of subdued sweetness, but only resulting in what might be called a "Second Empire" insipidity and fallacious perfection. But aside from the few good productions just mentioned, and a few of their kind not mentioned, the foreign contingent in the Exhibition not only cannot wholly command respect, but must even excite a curious pity for the element of corruption which it here and there betrays.

To this statement we shall make special exceptions in favor of Mrs. Marie Spartali Stillman's three figure-pieces, and of a number of etchings by Millet, Seymour Haden, Whistler, and others, in the North-west Room. Mrs. Stillman's "Launcelot and Elaine," and "Tristan and Isolde," are not well constructed dramatic compositions; indeed, there is very little that is dramatic in them at all, each figure being treated simply for itself. As pictures, they do not hold well together, and they cannot lay claim to very satisfactory tone, though full of rich coloring. And yet there is a simplicity and absorbed earnestness about them which fully justifies their presence. In the "Launcelot" there is a queer *naïveté* about the abundant decoration of the high hedge-rows with huge blossoms; except for its fresh quaintness, it is like the obviousness of such a rhyme as "bower" and "flower" in youthful poetry. A similar vein of almost childlike candor is traceable in her "Tristan." But her portrait-piece, "On a Balcony," being better drawn, and single in its interest, comes much nearer to technical success, and conveys a strangely pure, arduous sense, in colors at once solemn and glowing. To some extent this picture suffers by its surroundings, being "put out" by the offensively self-asserting color of some ostentatious neighbors. But it also receives in this juxtaposition a tribute to its severe integrity. One cannot look at the "Moorish Bazaar" of Villegas, hanging just below, without being referred by its ghastly superficiality back to the quiet sincerity of Mrs. Stillman. Villegas is rioting in color, in the deep nerve-dissolving purple of the rug his figures are sitting on, and its splendid decoration; in the arcade wall strangely compounded of rusty lake, of gold, yellow, blue,

and what not. The articles exposed for sale, and the two figures, are caught up in this coloring, and the whole is polished to the point of dazzling the eye. But, for all this, the feeling is so unhealthy, that you turn from it as from the hideous whiteness of bleached specimens put up in alcohol. Moreover, Villegas has but one way of painting, which he applies to all parts alike: plaster, flesh, wool, and steel, all succumb to the same iridescent glare. It is true that Mrs. Stillman also treats different things in a single way; but with her the manner is only a means; with Villegas it is the aim. His monotony is like that of a dandy's devices in society, or, paralleled in literature, recalls a style in which some special structure of phrase, highly elaborated, is made the mold for thoughts of the most variant *tempo*.

Somewhat in harmony with Mrs. Stillman's painting is that of Mr. Francis Lathrop, represented by a very modest "Sketch for a Portrait," which, by searching, may be found on the east wall of the corridor. The harmony is not so much of method as of feeling—a certain delicate sensibility and seriousness. We wish we might have seen here more of Mr. Lathrop's work, which has in it not only a peculiar charm of refinement and gentleness, but the still rarer quality of thought.

For the etchings, they offer several suggestive antitheses of manner. In Whistler's two plates, we have the work of a man in the most rigidly etching mood; he sees little besides the leading lines his aquafortis is to follow. Fortuny's portrait of Zamacois, on the other hand, testifies to an eye that sees all, alert and rejoicing at everything; the sketch is spirited and full, yet not too full. Meissonier appears in etching as a man who is learning to speak a new tongue, and curiously undermines the Meissonier whose sagacity and finished glibness in oil has done so much for him. Seymour Haden's "Sunset on the Thames," and his view in Surrey, have a tone of their own again. With him, the natural object passes through some subtle modifying process, and comes out steeped in reposeful reverie or strangely entangled in elastic lines. Most impressive of all, however, are the etchings of Millet. They illustrate what seem the most hopelessly prosaic episodes of French peasant-life: two men digging in a barren field, women sowing seed, a man trundling a heaped barrow into a barn, a woman churning. Of set purpose, he rejects even the legitimate picturesqueness of these scenes, and will have nothing but the naked fact, throwing away all helps, to make the victory of imagination more glorious. They are full of poetic feeling. The achievement recalls Dürer and Holbein; and the more, in that a certain grimness characterizes it. Having wrought up this dull material into artistic substance, producing thus a certain exaltation in the beholder, the etcher, by his very perfectness of representing, forces us back again upon the pathos of the toilsome life he is depicting. In the room with the etchings are found a number of black and white drawings. Among them, two by Marshal Oliver are noticeable; the "Head in Sunlight," being more successful than "The Enchantress," which fails for want of depth and certainty of feeling. Miss Oakey's studies have more force than most of the contributions in this line. Her "Good Sister," though unskillful in anatomy, is perhaps foremost for easy charm; but, "Hark, the Lark at Heaven's Gate Sings" is the most remarkable. At first sight, it does not attract; beauty does not break forth from it irresistibly, and we fear that the title is needed to fix the eye upon its really

fine suggestion. The group reminds one of the traditional Mother and Child; but, it is executed with boldness and self-reliance. Besides its technical merits, however, there is hinted here a subtle appreciation of the situation—the mother's feeling in singing, the child's rapt and emulous impulse and look of listening for the lark—which deserves notice.

Winslow Homer gives us a comic free statement, in black and white, of some little children, most American of American, climbing and leaning on a fence. The same artist dodges us all through the other rooms with sketches in color—over thirty in number, and all nearly of one size—sometimes coming boldly upon us with a real trophy in his hands, at others, almost disappearing for want of patience in making himself seen. Mr. Homer's work is very uneven. His search for artistic material seems to be typified in his sketch of "A Farm Wagon" laboring up a hill behind two struggling horses, for it is just at such instants as this that he seizes the brush—instantly when the commonplace passes under some chance gleam of pictorial possibility, and when it does not seem certain whether Mr. Homer will triumphantly get up-hill with it, before it has time to become merely commonplace again, or ignominiously slide down to the bottom. "Why Don't the Suckers Bite?" and "Fly-Fishing" illustrate this uncertainty; the former being a good effect quite vulgarized by insufficient labor, and the latter a splendid bit of painting, which falls little short of becoming idyllic. Many others among his sketches achieve a considerable success, and his "What is it?" is a brilliant decorative result. In some cases, nothing but a hint of fun carries off his technical failure, and, in others, there is not even plausibility; but we are made constantly and admirably aware, in examining his work, of an honest, impetuous artistic temper, and of a retina that openly delights in the most *outré* effects of our landscape, and commands many of its opportunities. Mr. Eakins enters the lists with Mr. Homer, in his "Ball Players," with its vigorous contrasts of bright green grass, and the illuminated white and blue of the players' costumes against a well-devised back-ground—and in his "Negroes Whistling Plover." The latter is remarkably unconventional, and promises well; but the clouds in its sky are very bad. Of landscapes, pure and simple, and marine views, we may mention Mr. Bricher's "Off Halifax Harbor," which is both accurate and spirited,—though when it is looked at off and on with Mrs. S. T. Darrat's informal and sympathetic "Low Tide," it is clear that Mr. Bricher only shows the sea on dress parade; Mr. William T. Richards's "Old Cedars;" Thos. Moran's "Near Hastings;" Gignoux's "Swiss Landscape;" and H. Farrer's "Sandy Hook Light"—an example of refinement and faith worthy of much praise. J. M. Falconer waylays Snake Hill, N. J., in its February and October phases; and sends us, besides some white phlox on a dull red background, a misty sunset from Contentment Island. It is quiet and good work. Mr. Bellows sends a good many landscapes with a good deal of green color and ripe conventionality in them; and only in one case, returning from England and sitting down near Newburyport, does he succeed in dismounting from his artistic stilts. Numerous small scraps of scenes by other painters, and more or less promising or accomplished, must be passed without mention here. As usual, the Exhibition embraces a large class of flower-pieces. Some of them are strikingly correct records, and others are fragrant with the tender feeling lavished by the

painters of them. One is grateful to these simple searchers of the woods—for the most part women—who bring us every year so many gentle thoughts of mosses, ghost-flowers and arbutus, violets and ferns, honestly content to do that service and accept the narrow fame it leads to. Miss F. Bridges, whose peculiar vein gives her a distinction, has sent several careful decorative pieces this year, rising gracefully with her favorite sea-birds into a region of more extended effort than usual. There is an interesting air of retired youth and vernal speculation upon the outer world about some of these. A few figure-pieces and studies of heads, by Kappes, Symington, Sheppard, and others, deserve attention. Some of these profess humor, as those by Donaghy and Sheppard; but to our mind Miss N. S. Jacobs's "Our New Waitress" is easily superior to them for genuine humor, though defective in execution. Some little nondescript things by Mr. F. S. Church, which we can only describe as camel's hair jokes, also assume to be funny, and the public apparently admits the validity of their claim. Of figures, again, Mr. Julian Scott has two single ones and a group—"New England Turkey Shoot." They are very faithful, but essentially prosaic. And Mr. E. Wood Perry, Jr., gives us two solidly wrought female figures, also somewhat humdrum. The most high-flying efforts in this direction are Mr. Fredericks's "Romeo and Juliet," and Matt Morgan's "The Old Home Fading Away." The first is a signal failure, being vulgar and affected, without any compensating feature that we can discover. The second, carefully—too carefully—painted, is almost dissolved in sentimentality.

Mr. Fredericks's production, and some others, including Mr. Satterlee's figure-subjects, announce a distinctly mistaken tendency to imitate the conscienceless skill of certain styles originating in France and Rome. The Roman school, of which we have complained, has the insincerity of certain inferior Frenchmen, with a rank graft thereon that is all its own. Mr. Satterlee began as an American Frenchman, and we now behold him giving in his allegiance to the Romans. Mr. Morgan, indeed, effects just what he sets out to do, but it is in a style of old English "homely pathetic" that does not need to be planted afresh in this country; but, as a general thing, our figure-painters, as represented in this collection, betray a serious want of discipline. We discover the most encouraging intentions both in them and in the landscapists; but at present it is clear that the paths to eminence and mastery are seriously clogged by impatience, inexperience, and flexible standards of self-criticism.

#### Torrey and Scott on the Fine Arts.

A THIRD edition of William B. Scott's "Half-Hour Lectures," while attesting the need of such a book and the acceptance it has met with, revives also the feeling of some of its shortcomings. We doubt whether any work so brief in extent contains so many facts so suggestively grouped as this little volume; yet the field it attempts to cover is so large, that the author is obliged to make a fresh start repeatedly, bringing up from antiquity in turn the facts relating to the several sections of art-history it is within his plan to traverse, until one array of facts jostles on the heels of another. A further disadvantage is the crowding of his discussion of principles into comparatively few pages at the close. Having assembled a great deal of useful and attractive information, therefore, he finds him-

self without the time to place it all in order under a comprehensive theory.

But at this point Prof. Torrey comes to the rescue with his "Theory of the Fine Arts." Taken in itself, this would seem to the beginner, perhaps, rather dry reading; but to any one who had just been stirred into agreeable intellectual activity respecting the arts by Mr. Scott's tidbit method, we should say it must prove very acceptable; and to all who have loved any one art enough to pass into speculation upon the principles of art in general, there is satisfaction in seeing so systematic and concise a review of the chief among received speculations of this sort. This small posthumous treatise gives the results of many years' reading in the form of a well-connected eclectic theory. "The beautiful is truth—the truth of eternal as distinguished from merely accidental relations." "Beauty everywhere is a felt conformity to law," seen in the charm of expressive form. For the perception of these relations and this beauty, the faculty to be developed, both in him who would represent and him who would judge of the representation, is the "regal faculty" of imagination. The culture of the imagination, therefore, is discussed, the standard of taste, and the relation of art to nature. The author then proceeds to a division of the arts, on the basis of the degree in which the idea makes itself felt in form. The earliest art and the crudest is that in which the material preponderates over expression, that is, the *symbol* is more impressive than the idea. Of this, architecture is the exponent; not ranking lowest in utility, magnificence, nor harmony of outward proportions, but because its masses tend to smother the *idea*, which it is the aim of all art to convey—that of beauty, truth. In sculpture, the balance of material expression with idea is more nearly exact. In painting, poetry, and music, the idea obtains the mastery, and completely sways its light material of sound or pigment. Accordingly, we distinguish three kinds of art—symbolic, classic, and romantic. Architecture belongs to the first, and characterizes the earliest periods of man's activity in art; sculpture is of the second, and distinguishes the Greek culture; finally, music, painting, and poetry are of the third kind, and represent the modern epoch. Under this distinction, borrowed from Hegel,—which will be seen to require a construction of the term "symbolic" different from that by which it commonly is made to distinguish what *most* expresses the idea,—Prof. Torrey proceeds to a careful consideration of each of the fine arts, historically and aesthetically; and succeeds in conveying the essence of his subject in remarkably short space, and with a happy mixture of illustration. Having thus pursued the first suggestion of deep internal meaning in art to its most detailed conclusions, with Prof. Torrey, we go back to a book like Scott's with a new and invaluable light upon its pages; for the American writer has brought to a focus speculations that, distributed over a large body of literature, would inevitably escape all but a few close students of art-criticism, were it not for his kindly intervention.—Mr. Scott's book is published by Scribner, Welford & Armstrong; and Prof. Torrey's by Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

#### Stoddard's Biography of Poe.\*

SOME five years since, the publisher of the volume recently edited by Mr. Stoddard issued Poe's Poems

with a short biographical notice prefixed, which took an exceedingly gloomy and unfavorable view of its subject, giving Dr. Griswold credit for great complaisance in undertaking to edit his works at all, much more for being willing to write a prefatory memoir of him. Whoever the writer may have been, this sketch bore evidence to a melancholy want of sympathy, and a hopeless crudity in the quality of his apprehensions. The publisher, Widdleton, was the same who had originally printed Griswold's complete edition, with memoir, and in bringing out this separate volume of the poems in 1869, it must be said that he was hardly more fortunate as to the biography, than in the first publication of the completed edition.

After another interval, however, he has tried it again, and this time with much better success, having secured the services of a poet in discussing the events of the dead poet's life. Mr. Stoddard comes to his task fully aware of its difficulty. "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe," he says, "has been related many times, and always incorrectly," and largely for the reason that his biographers have relied upon Griswold's facts, which were not trustworthy. It is said here of Griswold: "He misused Poe's papers, by using them to his disadvantage solely. He neglected to inform himself thoroughly in regard to Poe's life. The fact is, he took no pains with his work, which abounds with blunders." The worst of these, Mr. Stoddard has endeavored to correct in his memoir, which is an amplified form of one published by him in "Harper's Magazine," in 1872.

By a coincidence, Mr. William F. Gill has come into this perilous part of the field of literary biography at the same time, and attacks Dr. Griswold with much vigor and scorn in a paper published in "Lotos Leaves." Mr. Gill's attitude is one of indignant defense and enthusiastic admiration, while Mr. Stoddard's is becomingly impartial. But their two contributions—the one hasty and somewhat breathless vindication, the other a measured, methodical, sad-sounding recital of such facts as are known—are very interesting and suggestive, and call up before us once more the question, whether the hitherto generally accepted judgment of Poe be a just one.

Mr. Gill proves distinctly, by documentary evidence, the untruthfulness and great injustice of Griswold's assertion that Poe, in order to break up a marriage engagement, deliberately intoxicated himself, and then behaved so outrageously in the presence of the lady he was engaged to, as to necessitate the calling in of the police to eject him. Furthermore, he convicts Poe's biographer of an amazing act of duplicity and treachery toward Mr. Peterson, his collaborator upon "Graham's Magazine," upon whom, while daily exchanging courtesies with him, he made a scurrilous attack anonymously, in a New York newspaper. The discovery of this rascality cost him his position as editor of "Graham's." And Mr. Gill shows also that the manner of Poe's retirement from the magazine was by no means such as his hostile historian has presented it, but that, on the contrary, Poe withdrew of his own accord, piqued at finding, on his return, after a short absence, "from illness or other causes," that Griswold had been engaged to perform his duties in the interim. These points Mr. Gill gets from Mr. Graham himself, who, it will be remembered, protested in print against Griswold's Memoir, on its first appearance; and, although the latter attempted to cast a slur on the "poor fusion" of this protest, there can be no reason what-

\* Poems. By Edgar Allen Poe. Complete. With an Original Memoir by R. H. Stoddard, and illustrations. New York: W. J. Widdleton.



ever to suppose Mr. Graham's aim to have been disingenuous. Other evidence is brought against Griswold's character; and this, with the upsetting of the most in his Memoir that is discreditable to Poe, seems to establish the fact that he was utterly unfit for his task, and that he has done the poet's memory great wrong. On the other hand, it has been urged that Poe knew the man, and, though he had found him uncongenial, and had even been on hostile terms with him, made him his literary executor. Because to place the materials of one's life in another man's hands is a serious thing, it does not follow that one is going to be absolutely wise about the choice of that man. Without criticising the wisdom of Dickens's choice, we may point to the simple facts, as corresponding somewhat with those in Poe's case, that Dickens and Forster once had a misunderstanding, and that many people have been dissatisfied with Forster's "Life." It seems likely that Coleridge would not have been afraid to have De Quincey talk about him after death, and yet, for our part, we know of nothing more disagreeable in their way than De Quincey's reminiscences of his illustrious friend. If Poe chose Griswold, it might easily have been because he knew that he possessed influence; as, after their quarrel, he had been careful to conciliate him while living, so in death he was anxious to have his influence. With faith in Griswold's respect for decency and fairness, he sought to disarm him by giving him this opportunity to be just. But Mr. Gill suggests, and it seems likely, that Poe never meant a memoir to be written by any one but Willis. The wording of the preface, signed by Mrs. Clemm (and probably carefully composed by Griswold), will be found to evade this point, but so skillfully as to make it seem to the hasty reader that Griswold is indicated as the memoir-writer. To prove Griswold deceitful, however, does not, in itself, settle the question of Poe's character. But evidence has been adduced to show that some, at least—indeed, most—of the damaging stories about him are false or distorted.

None of this evidence seems to do away with the supposition that he was wayward, passionate, addicted to drinking, and apt to reprint old poems as new. With these faults he is apparently clearly chargeable.

On the other hand, there are strong points in his favor. One is his love for his wife, Virginia Clemm, and the remarkable devotion of his mother-in-law to him. Another is this: It was claimed by Griswold, and is now held by some, that in the "Memoir" a sparing and charitable use was made of the means of damning; that, if he had chosen, the biographer could have utterly destroyed the character of his subject, but generously refrained. When Mr. Pabodie, of Providence, refuted in "The Tribune" the scandal about Poe's scheme above alluded to for breaking off his own engagement to a lady, Griswold blustered and threatened to adduce proof, but he never did. He has now been dead nearly twenty years. Where are those abundant damaging papers so kindly withheld? No one has produced them; and, on the contrary, whenever investigation has honestly been made into the facts of his life, the information elicited from authentic sources seems all to have been favorable to Poe, rather than the reverse. Poe had many foibles, much vanity; his adoptive father cultivated the haughty spirit in him, left the prospect of inherited wealth to work balefully upon his idle and impetuous temperament, and apparently did not succeed in balancing the natural activity of the boy's intellect by the development of sound principles of conduct. A being with a better

inherited disposition would not have been so ungrateful nor so reckless as Poe was in some particulars, even with his training; but, with the unhappy organization which birth started him with, he went disastrously through life—was hot-headed, unjust, ungently at times, at times a victim to the passion he early acquired for drinking; and pursued by poverty. He had weak points enough, and his biographer took advantage of them all.

For ourselves, we find it wise to preserve a careful attitude in passing judgment on him. The man, though eager for admiration and good opinions, was unmerciful to himself; we stand aghast at the inevitable visitations upon him for his own wrong doings. The fine enamel of his genius is all corroded by the deadly acid of his own passions. The imperfections of his temperament have pierced his poetry and prose, shattered their structure and blurred their beauty. The same with his character—he lies before us like a fair shell in fragments, broken by its own fall; and we hold the fragments tenderly. We are disposed to discuss the scientific conditions of this singular phenomenon of loss and ruin, rather than the moral wrong of it.

Is not this Poe's worst punishment, after all, that, cleared from his scandalous biographer, he is yet not saved? The unequal conflict of good and evil in his life is continued, will continue always in our thoughts of him. Mr. Stoddard's attitude is honest, his tone slightly cynical. The sketch is probably the best yet existing. But some of the points made by Mr. Gill incline us to hope that at some future time a more thorough showing of the case may be made. It were to be desired, however, that this should be done with not less literary finish than that which marks Mr. Stoddard's work. Why, indeed, should not the finish be identical? In other words, it might be well for the two writers to co-operate, the one supplying new documents, the other his style.

#### "A Passionate Pilgrim." \*

THIS volume offers us the unusual phenomenon of a set of stories, the scene of which, with one exception, is laid in Europe, and which, in every case, embrace characters of more than one nationality; though the American is the only one that remains a constant factor. But the book is unusual, also, in this respect, that all the tales are good, and all nearly equally well written. Mr. James has certainly not lost anything, as Irving probably did, by going abroad to get the material for his brief fictions. But, as we re-read them in the fixed light of a collection, more favorable to the drawing of conclusions than the passing glimpse allowed by their appearance at intervals in magazine form, we find ourselves inquiring also whether he has gained by his foreign surroundings so much as would seem to be implied by the exclusively European cast of these selected specimens. We have seen one or two of his compositions that did not carry the reader out of this country, but which were not inferior either in interest or in technical quality to those now under our eye; and while, of course, the author secures by his foreign excursions a charm of strangeness and of a coloring occasionally more rich and varied than that of this climate, he as inevitably resigns his claims on the popular heart in this country. But it is evident that he is writing consciously for

\* *A Passionate Pilgrim and Other Tales.* By Henry James, Jr. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.



a small audience,—for people fond of Europe, to whose sympathies in the particular sort of situations he chooses to treat, he can appeal with confidence. These situations involve, in four out of the five longer stories, the perplexities or misfortunes of Americans who, through unsatisfied longings of one sort or another, have got drawn into European society. Rather curiously, too, these persons are all weak characters, except Madame De Mauves, who gives her name to the strongest story of the group. Searle, Eugene Pickering, and Theobald, though presented in different surroundings, resemble each other too closely in feebleness of purpose and capacity for illusion, for the likeness to pass unnoticed.

Thus, it will be seen that Mr. James sets somewhat narrow limits to the field of his imaginative activity. "The Last of the Valerii," is a good study in another direction, and "The Romance of Certain Old Clothes," is an exquisite medallion of the eighteenth century in New England. But, on the whole, it is fair to let the other contributions characterize the book, and to point out as an inference from them that their author has—perhaps, not consciously, but none the less—made his first appearance in volume form as a specialist in fiction of a fixed scope. In this fact we may be allowed to point out a danger—that of his falling into the position of certain painters like Frère or Meissonier, who know of no scene fit for them that has not Niles and palm-trees in it, or little old gentlemen with vinous complexions and cocked-hats. Mr. James's style, fastidious in its polish, gives us the delicate and soothing touch of the miniaturist along with the bold outline and broad effects of a good figure-painter. The expression is singularly adequate to the thought; and, indeed, we could almost wish at times to see more evidence of some secret struggle underlying its finished calm. It reminds us of some of the cleverest French fiction,—the repose of Alfred De Musset and of George Sand's more lucid manner. The study of French novelists is, we think, attested both in subject, form, and expression, throughout; and we fancy that it is in striving for their particular excellences that Mr. James has insensibly come to feel a sort of necessity for getting on to their own ground. If he is satisfied that these excellences are the highest, and also that they cannot be emulated except by placing his fictitious people in Europe, he will of course obey this conviction. But in his passion for "composition," in the sometimes improbable readiness of particular characters to appear at just the right time and place, and the facility for "stating their cases" or describing their emotions, that enables his imaginary persons to address finished literary essays to each other on the shortest notice, we detect—if we do not mistake—a threat of confirmed mannerism. We are not advancing the idea that he is imitative; we only observe a strong influence in active operation; and we wish to be understood as recognizing clearly Mr. James's sturdy imagination and compact realistic drawing.

A distinguishing trait of his art, it should be further said, is his resolute integrity of literary purpose. The direction and style of story-telling which he has adopted are not calculated to lead to a wide popularity, and having chosen them he abstains from all side-excursions in search thereof. He maintains an admirable singleness of adherence to an æsthetic ideal. Yet this involves a disadvantage, possibly. For with all the perfection of his skill, which never fails to bring the most distinct and the completest pictures before the reader, he somehow

fails in the main to move us strongly. He suggests pathetic emotions, but does not bear them in upon us irresistibly. We imagine a kind of lurking skepticism of their value, on his part. Perhaps we are wrong; but, judging from these tales, is there not some ground for attributing to the author himself the character he gives to his Longmore, that of "a disappointed observer?" A greater fervor of belief or earnestness of interest somewhere would seem to be needful in this case. In fact, we experience a persuasion that Mr. James is not yet thoroughly convinced even of the value of his Transatlantic element—though we might find it hard to say why. His partiality for people vacillating between Europe and America may be considered, in this connection.

But in one instance surely, in "Madame De Mauves," Mr. James plows deep, and sows a harvest of most living passion. This story is a masterpiece; and its theme of repressed temptation and triumphant, star-like purity, is led through some extremely powerful modulations. Here he has put his finished form to the test, and we should say that the indications are that he ought henceforth to ply it with still greater proportionate weight of feeling: resistance to the strain will develop its best capacities.

#### MacDonald's "Malcolm."

MR. GEORGE MACDONALD'S latest story is in his very best vein, and deserves to be put side by side with "Robert Falconer" and "Alec Forbes." Between the characters in the new book, indeed, and those in the earlier ones, there is, in some instances, a strong family likeness. The same almost perfect appreciation of the Scotch nature, the same minute familiarity with Scotch life and its conditions, which gave to the earlier books their extraordinary charm, are here no less discernible. In the same way the earnest and pure Christian spirit of the author, whether expressing itself in indignation at the caricatures of truth which have so long passed current unrebuked, or in beautiful and loving sympathy with "whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report," pervades the story from beginning to end. Whatever it is that MacDonald undertakes, whether it be poem, or criticism, or story, or lecture, or sermon, he is always, in a grand way, a preacher of righteousness, and a witness for the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. His lectures on "Macbeth" and "Hamlet," for example, were not coldly critical nor merely literary studies, but were such as made men better for the hearing of them, leaving an impression of moral earnestness and of religious power upon his audiences. So with these stories of Scotch life—of which "Malcolm" is the latest, and in some ways not the least admirable—they are the very best of preaching, without being any the less excellent as stories.

Comparing "Malcolm" with "Wilfrid Cumbermede," which came not long before it, the advantage is wholly with "Malcolm." There are no indications of weariness and exhaustion, such as appeared in the earlier work. The author is on his chosen field. The scene of the story never passes out of Scotland, never passes away from one small strip of the sea coast of Scotland. The *dramatis personæ* are few and picturesque, and skillfully

\* Malcolm: A Novel. By George MacDonald, LL. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

and strongly drawn. The plot is simple, with an underlying mystery, to be sure, but never exciting by its dramatic complexity. The conclusion is possibly disappointing, in that it concludes only one phase of the story; but pleasantly disappointing, in that it requires and promises a sequel to it. The *Scotchness* of the conversations will perhaps hinder the popularity of the book among those to whom this dialect is hard to understand; but MacDonald's Scotch is easier than that of any prose writer whom we know, just for the reason that it is better. The peculiar theological tendencies of the author are as undisguised as they are in all his other books. He is an honest and Christian thinker, and cannot play the hypocrite either by speech or by silence. And if any one dreads that these books may be mischievous because, on some important points, they are not what must be called orthodox; or fancies that the Christ-like spirit of this pure-hearted man is not likely to do far more good than any peculiarities of his doctrinal opinion can do harm,—we can only marvel, and decline to argue against such objectors.

It is pleasant to imagine that we can trace, in the freshness and vigor of this latest work of Mr. MacDonald, some good result of his visit to America, and to hope that what renewed his strength for him once may, at some time, when he needs another recreation, do as much for him again. Meantime we shall wait with eagerness the rest of Malcolm's story.

#### The Good Admiral.

THE splendid fame of Farragut, which was so nobly won at New Orleans and Mobile, and which made him, when he died, the foremost man of his time in naval matters, has partially and temporarily eclipsed the hardly less deserving name of the hero of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson and Island No. 10. Up to the time when Foote, disabled by his wounds and worn down almost to death by the labors and anxieties of his great work upon the Western rivers, retired for a while to recover and prepare himself for other services, his place in the confidence and gratitude of his countrymen was in no way second to that of Farragut. And when, on the eve of his departure for the proposed operations in Charleston harbor, he was stricken by mortal disease and fell, as really a martyr to his own patriotic devotion (as was well said at the time) "as if he had perished on the battle-field" or on the deck of one of his own gun-boats, the expectation of those who knew him best was that he would be equal to an opportunity not inferior to that of New Orleans and Mobile, and would achieve success where even so illustrious an officer as Dupont had failed. In all the qualities which go to the making of a great Admiral he excelled. In seamanship, in inventive skill and readiness, in patient caution, in indomitable bravery, in readiness to assume responsibility, in absolute determination to succeed, in power of eliciting the enthusiasm of his men and of sustaining their devotion and self-sacrifice, the history of naval warfare, rich as it is in splendid names and grand examples, can hardly show a man more admirably furnished than was Foote. And to these qualities, which made him great as an Admiral, should be added the moral qualities which gave him such personal dignity, and won for him such genuine love and admiration as a man. The man who, as his old friend Commodore Gregory once said of him, could "pray like a saint and fight like a devil," and who could do both at once if the occasion required (as sometimes it did); the man who, while

extemporizing out of nothing his fleet of gun-boats and equipping them and manning them, and fighting them, in spite of the hindrances thrown in his way by disbelieving army officers jealous of intrusion upon their own branch of the service, found time to preach and to exhort when the opportunity offered, and preached and exhorted, too, to good effect; the man whose cruises always were eventful, because his restless energy could make events when lesser men would have been passive—this man had precisely the stuff in him out of which to make a popular hero—in the best sense of that much-abused and often misused word.

This is the man, the story of whose life has recently been written by Prof. Hoppin of Yale College, and published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. In one respect the work of the biographer was an easy one, in that the life of such a man speaks for itself. But not every biographer would have had the tact and modesty to recognize the fact, and to repress a natural tendency to eulogy and to demonstrative excess in style. Those who were familiar with Prof. Hoppin's qualities as a writer might have been sure beforehand that his work would be marked in this respect, as in others, by good taste and skill. With clear discrimination and analysis of character, with deep and generous sympathy with the religious spirit of the Admiral, with patriotic appreciation of the great services of Foote's busy and illustrious career, Prof. Hoppin has yet preferred, when he could properly do so, to let others tell the story or to let the Admiral's own letters tell it, contenting himself largely with the arrangement and ordering of such material.

With regard to the earlier years of the Admiral's life, concerning which such material was largely wanting, Prof. Hoppin's own narrative is simple, animated, and in every way effective; and the book, as a whole, is one of the choicest in the literature of the war for the Union. There is no boy that can read at all that ought not to be profited by reading such a book as this; and it will do much to perpetuate and intensify the grateful affection which the American people owe, and which they will more and more delight to pay, to the honored memory of "The Good Admiral."

#### Col. Higginson's "History"\*

It may be said, without reserve, that this history for young people is all that one would expect from the hand of a writer of recognized ability like Colonel Higginson, and that it shows in the van of the new movement, whose object it is to put the best minds, and not the poorest, to the work of instructing children. Quiet and fair in tone; condensed to the last point, and still perfectly clear; written in such pure English that the youngest reader can understand, yet free from an affectation of baby-talk, which is often considered indispensable in children's books,—the "Young Folks' History of the United States" makes a refreshing contrast to the kind of school-book with which Abbott and Loomis, and men of their stamp, have inundated the country. Not that these latter, in spite of bombast and dryness, may not have served a purpose in their day and generation, no better men having come forward heretofore, but that a more thoughtful and scientific age demands better work.

The history opens with the mound-builders, and that still earlier race, certainly extinct, which killed

\*Young Folks' History of the United States. By T. W. Higginson. Boston: Lee & Sheppard.

mastodons. (Mr. Higginson makes "mammoth" and "mastodon" interchangeable words; but, as we understand it, mammoth is a name confined to the variety discovered in Siberia.) It is certainly a fair question, whether a serious history should deal with non-historical topics, and while the line between historical and non-historical cannot be drawn with rigidity, these races are so far across the line, that they cannot be forced into connection with the real history of the United States. But it must be remembered that the present work is intended for young persons, who require to be assailed, somewhat more than adults, through the imagination, and, also, that the chapters on pre-historic ages are neither dogmatic nor assuming, being merely a sufficient stimulus to a healthy imagination. Col. Higginson does not champion any theory, although he does say, on the first page, with some fearlessness, "we know" that the glacier belt, extending down into the southern part of the United States, advanced and receded several times. When he gets into the historical times, he leaves the impression, without fully stating the fact, that the Norsemen did see New England and the Indians. But as these Norsemen knew the Esquimaux very well, and called them *Skrælings*, it is not likely that they would call so radically different a race as the Indians by the same name. As far, therefore, as that word would go, the evidence points to the American mainland opposite Greenland, once the populous home of *Skrælings*, as the Vinland of the Norsemen. But the old mill at Newport is bravely sacrificed, and with great candor is acknowledged to have no strong probability of Norse origin.

Considering the birth-place of the author, it is natural that New England should come in for a large share of attention; but, on the other hand, New England is the most important part of the United States if we look to the actual work done, more particularly if we remember that the data are more abundant in New England than elsewhere; for its inhabitants were, and are, a people who have a talent for leaving records of all their doings. Thus the hand, perhaps the jealous Southerner may say the cloven foot, of the New Englander is apparent here and there in the Revolutionary and later history, but it must be a very bitter advocate of the lost cause who will not acknowledge the liberality and breadth with which such delicate subjects are handled by Mr. Higginson. He has forsworn the flesh and the devil to the extent of almost entire suppression of the pet theories through which he is widely known. Thus woman suffrage, that physiological folly, is only hinted at on page 239, and spoken of at the close of the book as one of several reforms still under consideration in the United States. No undue prominence is given to the black troops, of which the author was one of the commanders, although, in view of the facts, vanity on that score might be called pardonable. Altogether, no child's history of the United States so good as this has been published, and it is difficult to see how it could be much improved.

#### Communism in America.\*

MR. NORDHOFF has one disqualification for such work as that which he has undertaken in his latest volume, which, though no way discreditable to him, is somewhat serious. It is not easy for a man to tell the truth without prejudice, or more or less of

involuntary coloring of his recital, concerning people whose guest he has been, and at whose hands he has requested and received the information which he proceeds to use.

Just as it is true that the ordinary traveler in California finds things somewhat more unsatisfactory than they seem to an author whose way is smoothed before him by the courtesy of railway companies and of all affable and hospitable entertainers, who take pains that he shall see what it is best, in their opinion, that he should see,—so it is easy to imagine that a stranger going uninitiated to Lebanon or Oneida, and coming to his conclusions in no way bound by courtesies received or hospitalities enjoyed, might find that his conclusions differed seriously from those of an author known to be an author, treated as an author, and receiving authorized and authoritative facts and statistics fitted to his understood intention. It is no disparagement of Mr. Nordhoff's integrity, to say that Elder Evans, at Lebanon, for example, or Mr. Noyes, at Oneida, evidently—from Mr. Nordhoff's own account—must have known who he was and must have guessed his object when he came to see them. And if they were familiar with some of his previous works, we can even fancy something like a grim satisfaction manifesting itself on their countenances at the thought that, if they were to be put into a book at all, it was into one of Mr. Nordhoff's books that they were to be put. A "man of sin," in their place, might even have put his tongue in his cheek as he bade the stranger welcome.

It is true that Mr. Nordhoff has undertaken his study of "The Communistic Societies in the United States," from the stand-point of the student of political economy, and that his tone is throughout one of dispassionate calmness and fairness. It is true that his book is very readable and full of information, the accuracy of which, so far as it goes, it would be difficult to challenge. And yet one has a feeling, after all, that the truest paragraphs in the book are those in which, forgetting himself for a moment, he breaks out in expressions of horror and disgust at the Oneida beastliness, and lets his honest indignation have its way.

As to the value of such researches as those which Mr. Nordhoff has pursued, and the results of which he gives us in this volume, it is easy to overestimate them. It is, no doubt, useful to see, in the light of some examples, how co-operative industry can achieve a certain degree of material prosperity under conditions where, to the average man, the same degree of material prosperity would have been less certain and less speedy. But material prosperity is not the chief end of man; and there is danger that, without knowing it, we may begin to think it is. These examples of Communism show, no doubt, a somewhat surprising result in the way of material prosperity; but they show an equally surprising result in the lack of culture and effective moral and mental force.

Moreover, it is time that the impression was repudiated, with some earnestness of disavowal and resentment, that such experiments as these which Mr. Nordhoff describes are, in any proper sense of the word, American. There is an impression, specially among our cousins in Great Britain, that abnormal phases of social life are characteristic of American civilization. The truth is, that we only furnish the field into which the fanatics and enthusiasts and crack-brained ignoramuses of other lands enter with their various schemes, and find the opportunity to put their theories in practice. Of the various communities which Mr. Nordhoff de-

\* The Communistic Societies of the United States. By Charles Nordhoff. New York: Harper & Brothers.

scribes, only one may fairly be called American, except in the one fact, that they find on American soil their local habitation. The one American experiment is that of the Oneida Community, and it is safe to say, that this hideous enormity will not long survive its extraordinary founder, if, indeed, the moral sense of the people among whom it has planted itself does not find a way to extinguish it without waiting for its natural end. The Shakers, whom Mr. Nordhoff describes as also American, in the full sense of the word, trace back their origin to Mother Ann Lee, who began to have her revelations and had gathered the nucleus of her sect about her, before she left England for America. We dread to think that Mr. Nordhoff's book may do something to revive the belief among intelligent people beyond the sea, that America is largely inhabited by people with queer notions and queer practices in regard to marriage and all social relationships. Nothing would be more unfair than to charge that this volume could rightly convey such an impression. Mr. Nordhoff has said nothing that could justify it. Any one who will read beyond the title of his book, will see that he is dealing with abnormal and exceptional phenomena.

"David, King of Israel." \*

THE REV. DR. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, of the Broadway Tabernacle Church in this city, is well known as among the most useful and, in the good sense of the word, popular of our preachers. It is not so well known that he is pre-eminently happy and useful in expository preaching of the higher and freer sort. There is a style of expository preaching which is of little interest either to preacher or hearer, and which is a mere dry and servile commentary on the text, halting along from word to word with more or less of pedantic exegesis or doctrinal enforcement. And there is a style of expository preaching (of which Frederick Robertson, in his lectures on the Epistles to the Corinthians, furnishes an example that may well be a model) which recasts the thought of the text, digests it, reproduces it, vivid, practical, present, clothed with the beauty, and instinct with the fervor, of a new and original creation.

Dr. Taylor's latest volume is evidently made up out of expository sermons of this better sort. It tells the story of the great King of Israel with simplicity, but with scholarly and learned ability, and in a spirit which is at once devout and broad.

Christianity and Science, again.

THE treatises and discussions called forth by Professor Tyndall's famous Belfast inaugural have been so numerous that both the church and the world begin to be a little weary of them, and to wish that if these twain are one they would hold their peace, and, if they are not one, would let one another alone, and mind each one its more especial business, letting its wisdom be justified of its children, its truth and value be vindicated by its works. It is a comfort, therefore, taking up the handsome volume just issued by Messrs. Carter, under the ominous title "Christianity and Science," to discover that it is not a work antagonistic to the Belfast address,

having indeed been prepared before that address was spoken; but that it consists of the admirable lectures given, on the Ely foundation, before the Union Theological Seminary, in New York, by the Reverend Doctor A. P. Peabody, of Harvard University. The name of the lecturer is in itself sufficient to indicate a book of scholarly ability, of graceful and persuasive style, and of genuine Christian spirit. And Dr. Peabody, though called a Unitarian, has so long been welcome in so-called orthodox pulpits, and by readers of every denominational sort, that no surprise is felt in finding him chosen as the lecturer before a sound Presbyterian Theological school. The lectures really contain nothing that is strikingly new in thought, but they present the defense of Christianity against modern skepticism by a fair and forcible statement of the threefold argument from testimony, from experiment, and from intuition. In a department of literature already well and amply filled, there yet was room for another volume so fresh, so fair, so good-tempered, and so readable as this. It is a book for intelligent laymen not less than for the professional students to whom the lectures were at first addressed.

"Mischiefs's Thanksgiving." \*

IT is a pleasure to find Susan Coolidge again in her own field, writing for children young enough to believe in elves and sprites, and writing of them in that charming and inimitable way, that mixture of the realistic and the highly imaginative, which very few story-tellers possess. Why people who can do one rare sort of thing well, will persist in doing a commoner sort of thing less well, is among the painful mysteries of life. There are dozens of women who can write very clever and bright stories of clever, bright, little girls who make good resolutions, and keep or break them,—who go to boarding-school, where they keep or break the rules, get Christmas presents, and hate the teachers and the pudding; but there is no other woman in this country who could have given us the peculiar flavor of the "New Year's Bargain," or "How the Umbrella Ran Away with Ellie."

"Railroad Reading." †

IT is something to be able to say of reading so ephemeral in its purpose as are these sketches by Mr. Taylor, that a respectable publisher is justified in giving it permanent form in a substantial volume. We do not doubt, however, that in this instance, the Chicago firm with whose imprint the book comes to us will find their justification in more ways than one. The sketches are really clever and very entertaining. The lightest of light reading, certainly, requiring no thought on the part of the reader—nothing but a quick sense of humor and an open eye—they are never coarse and never silly. Moreover, they have a certain value as pictures—not without a touch of caricature—of some phases of life which have passed away, and of others which may soon follow. Chiefly they deal with varieties of railway travel, and they are especially suitable to be read on a railway journey, as an antidote for dullness.

\* David, King of Israel: His Life and its Lessons. By the Rev. William M. Taylor, D. D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. New York: Harper & Brothers.

\* Mischiefs's Thanksgiving, and Other Stories. By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

† The World on Wheels, and Other Sketches. By Benj. F. Taylor. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.



## NATURE AND SCIENCE.

## Is the Pursuit of Science Hereditary?

In a work recently published by Mr. Galton the author devotes himself to an examination of the descent and nurture of scientific men. The method adopted for the selection of the individuals to be examined, was to take the list of Fellows elected to the Royal Society, and from this select those who had earned a medal for scientific work, and also those who had presided over a society or section of the British Association, or had acted as professors in some important college or university. The list thus framed contained one hundred and eighty names, and to each individual a series of printed questions was addressed. On examining the answers received it was found that out of 100 scientific men 28 had scientific fathers; 36, brothers; 20, grandfathers, and 40, uncles, the numbers being very nearly the same as those obtained in a recent investigation regarding the parentage and relations of eminent clergymen. The influence of the paternal and maternal lines was found to be nearly equal, 100 scientific men reporting 34 distinguished relatives on the paternal, and 37 on the maternal side.

In regard to the mental and bodily strength of the persons examined, Mr. Galton finds that "great power of work is a general characteristic of successful scientific men," forty-two instances being given of energy above the average, and only two of energy below the medium.

In answer to the questions regarding early training, 32 complain of a narrow education. Some complain of too much classics; some think that the too exclusively mathematical training at Cambridge was injurious to them. In the discussion of the relative merits of the linguistic and mathematical methods of training to which these results have given rise, we find the following opinions: "Conspicuous ability in one direction is not unfrequently conjoined with inaptitude for other studies." The wisdom of using the means best adapted to the individual case is self-evident. Another and most important observation deserves especial attention. "We can never too strongly and frequently protest against the tendency to interpret *science* as meaning *physical science*, for in the immediate future, if not in the present day, there are wider and more important fields for the application of scientific method in human than in external nature."

In conclusion, Mr. Galton thinks that, according to the opinions of his correspondents, the proper method of education is, "to teach a few *congenial* and *useful* things very thoroughly, to encourage curiosity concerning as wide a range of subjects as possible, and not to overteach."

## Bee Poison.

MR. G. WALKER gives an interesting account in the "British Bee Journal" of a series of experiments on inoculation by bee poison. The method of procedure was to permit a bee to sting him on the wrist, care being taken to obtain the largest amount of poison. On the first day, this operation was performed twice. The effect was a severe superficial erysipelas, with the ordinary symptoms of inflammation. After a few days, these symptoms having disappeared, he caused the insects to sting him three times in quick succession. Though the

erysipelatos inflammation was not so severe, a stinging sensation extended up to the shoulder, and an enlargement of the lymphatic glands in the neck showed that the poison had been absorbed into the system. A few days afterwards he again received three stings, which were attended by symptoms of less intensity. After the twentieth sting there was only a slight itching sensation for a short time in the immediate vicinity of the wound, and the effects of the inoculation appeared to be perfectly satisfactory.

## Cosmic Iron in the Air.

EXAMINATIONS of atmospheric air have shown the presence therein of a minute quantity of iron. Though every care was taken to exclude the remotest chance of the introduction of the metal in question, by drawing the air from altitudes to which winds could not have drifted any dust containing it, it nevertheless continued to appear in about the same proportion. On these results an argument has been based, by which the attempt is made to prove, that since the iron was not derived from terrestrial dust, it must have reached the atmosphere from sources external to our earth, and that it is nothing more nor less than a minute form of cosmic matter drifting through space and falling on the earth whenever it happens within the range of her attraction, and in obedience to the same laws that bring meteors of iron and stone to her surface.

In the discussion of the subject, calculations have been made to determine the quantity of this extraneous matter that would accumulate on our planet in the course of a century, and from this the amount has been estimated for geological ages, and a result of millions of millions of tons arrived at. Satisfactory as these experiments appear to be, we cannot yet accept them as final, at least as regards the possible cosmic origin of the iron, for though this metal may not have come from terrestrial dust, it is possible it may have gained access to the air in the state of vapor; and, in support of this opinion, the recent investigations of Professor Langley show that five thousand tons of iron per annum are thrown into the air in the form of vapor or gas by the furnaces of the city of Pittsburgh alone.

## The Mud Banks of Coromandel.

A CURIOUS phenomenon frequently met with in the Indian Ocean, the real cause of which has not yet been ascertained, is the existence off Malabar, and in certain spots along the Coromandel coast, of vast mud banks, and of tracts of mud suspended in the sea, wherein many kinds of fish find abundance of food, immunity from much disturbance in the surrounding element, and a locality in which to breed. The exact cause of the existence of these large tracts of sea wherein mud remains in solution is still a mystery; but, at any rate, the ocean is so smooth that, even during the height of the southwest monsoon, vessels can run for shelter into their midst, and once there, are as safe as when inside of a breakwater. If the surface is so still, of course so is the water below, and such spots seem to be well suited to the silurid fishes. These curious patches of sea, and the sea-bottom in the locality, would probably repay careful scientific observation. —["Nature."]



## Action of Colored Light on the Eye.

M. KUNKE gives in a recent number of "Pflüger's Archives," an account of experiments made to determine the time required for various colors to produce their maximum effect on the eye. The results are as follows: 1st. The different parts of the spectrum require different lengths of time to produce their maximum of effect. In all cases, the red took the least amount of time, then followed the blue and green in the order maintained. 2d. For the same color the greater brightness produces the maximum of effect in a shorter time. 3d. With the brightness, the color, tone and saturation also vary, the tendency being toward an impression of white, which, in the case of the blue, passes directly into white, while, in the case of the green and red, the passage to the white is through a yellow.

## Gossamer Spiders.

In describing the work of these insects, Dr. G. Lincecum says: I once observed one of these spiders work on the upper corner of an open, outside door-shutter. She was spinning gossamer, of which she was forming a balloon; and clinging to her thorax was a little cluster of minute young spiders. She finished up the body of the balloon, threw out the long bow lines, which were flapping and fluttering on the now gently increasing breeze, several minutes before she got all ready for the ascension. She seemed to be fixing the bottom and widening her hammock-shaped balloon, and now, the breeze being suitable, she moved to the cable in the stern, severed it, and her craft bounded upward, and, soaring away northward, was soon beyond the scope of my observation.

## Animal Heat.

In an article which deals with this matter, Professor Garrod argues that it is very important for a proper understanding of the subject under consideration, that we should have some idea regarding the mechanism of the living locomotive system. Are the muscles of the body heat-engines, or do they convert the energy of chemical affinity directly into work? All facts and arguments at our disposal are totally opposed to the assumption that muscular fiber works on the principle of a heat-engine. Many cold-blooded animals possess a very effective muscular mechanism, as the grasshopper and frog. In them locomotion is prompt and powerful; yet they are scarcely warmer than the atmosphere. There can be little doubt, as remarked by the illustrious Joule, that an animal more closely resembles an electro-magnetic machine than a heat-engine; and such being the case, it is not to the direct action of the muscles that we must look for the source of animal heat.

A valuable simile, suggested by Fick and Wislicenus, will assist in making this somewhat difficult subject clearer. According to them a bundle of muscular fiber is a kind of machine, consisting of albuminous material, just as an electro-magnetic engine is made of iron, brass, etc. Now, in the battery of this engine zinc is consumed in order to produce force; so in the muscular machine fats are consumed for the same purpose. And in the same manner as the constructive material of the engine is worn away and oxidized by wear and tear, so the constructive material of the muscle is worn away by the exercise of its function.

## Origin of Clay Deposits.

THE reports of the "Challenger Expedition" prove that whenever the depth of the ocean increases from 2,200 to 2,600 fathoms, the modern chalk formation is replaced by one of clay. At first sight this would appear to be the result of a very gradual and slow subsidence of the most minute particles brought down to the sea by all rivers, but the opinion is now gaining ground that "red clay is essentially the insoluble residue, the *ash*, as it were, of calcareous organisms that lived in the sea," from which the carbonate of lime has been removed. In support of this, it has been found that when an ordinary mixture of calcareous foraminifera with shells of petropods, forming the globigerina ooze near St. Thomas, was subjected to the action of dilute acid, and the carbonate of lime thereby removed, there remained a reddish mud, consisting of silica, alumina, and the red oxide of iron. It possessed, therefore, not only the appearance, but also the chemical composition of clay.

In explanation of the removal of the carbonate of lime from the cretaceous deposits, Mr. Buchanan says, that though all sea water contains carbonic acid, it is in excess in the water taken from great depths. The bottom water in these deep troughs, being derived to a considerable extent from circumpolar ice, is fully charged with carbonic acid, but is comparatively free from carbonate of lime; its solvent power on the minute calcareous shells is consequently very considerable, and amply sufficient to remove all soluble material during their slow subsidence through half-a-mile or so of the gas-charged water of the deep sea.

If, from these observations, the conclusion should be generally accepted, that clay deposits are of organic origin, geologists must be prepared to believe that in past ages there has been a far greater amount of life on our globe than is generally supposed.

## Spontaneous Combustion.

AT the *séance* of the Société de Chirurgie de Paris (October 21st, 1874), a paper by M. Chassaingol, of Brest, was read on this subject. The question of spontaneous combustion was broached for the first time in 1692, and various French authors have accepted it as a possibility. The Germans, however, have denied it. M. de Chassaingol has attempted a careful revision of all the cases recorded, and finds that no medical man, nor any one whose statements are worthy of credit, has ever observed the phenomenon at first hand. Many authors declare that the human body burns with a blue flame and the production of an empyreumatic odor, and it has been imagined that the alcohol with which the tissues of drunkards are saturated might catch fire; but facts are stubborn things. The flesh of drunkards does not appear to be more inflammable than that of other people, after death, and even when it has been soaked for several days in alcohol it burns with difficulty. Again, after injection made into the veins of animals, as of dogs, it was found impossible to effect their combustion. Others have suggested that inflammable gases might be generated, but this also is unproved, and on the whole M. de Chassaingol decides against the possibility of its occurrence.—["The Academy."]

## Bruised Meat.

In discussing the character of sprains, a writer in the "Medico-Chirurgical Review" says: "Some

years ago I had an opportunity of seeing the changes in muscular tissue which result from sprains near joints in the lower animals. A wholesale butcher showed me a few carcasses of beasts in which some of the more expensive cuts had to be sacrificed on account of injuries which the animals had received from sudden sprains whilst being driven along the then rough pavement of the crowded streets of our city. If we consider how such animals as sheep and oxen are accustomed to soft pastures with impenetrable soil, it will be seen how the unyielding surfaces and stones of our roads must interfere with their ordinary habits of locomotion. Hence it is that in traversing our streets they are apt to suffer sundry sprains and injuries, and so in these cases there had been invariably a distinct laceration of many fibers, or bundles of fibers, of fleshy tissue near the hip-joints, as if every now and then, in trotting along, the animal had suddenly straddled or separated its legs over the slippery pavement, and thus torn the fleshy tissue of certain muscles. In these places I always found an effusion of clotted blood, and was told by the butcher that this quickly putrefied when the beast was cut up, and the meat in these parts soon became so bad that it could not be offered for sale."

#### Meteorology and Sun Spots.

In a report by a committee of the British Association we find the following: "Recent investigations have increased the probability of a physical connection between the condition of the sun's surface and the meteorology and magnetism of our globe.

"In the first place, we have the observations of Sir E. Sabine, which seem to indicate a connection between sun-spots and magnetic disturbances, inasmuch as both phenomena are periodical, and have their maxima and minima at the same times.

"On the other hand, the researches of Messrs. Baxendell and Meldrum appear to indicate a relation between the wind-currents of the earth and its magnetism, and also between the earth's wind-currents and the state of the sun's surface.

"In the last place, the researches of Messrs. De la Rue, Stewart, and Loewy, appear to indicate a connection between the behavior of sun-spots and the positions of the more prominent planets of our system. Whatever be the probability of the conclusions derived from these various researches, they at least show the wisdom of studying together in the future these various branches of science."

#### Musical Notes of Waterfalls.

MESSRS A. AND E. HEIM, having investigated the tones of waterfalls, state that a mass of falling water gives the chord of C sharp, and also the non-accordant F. When C and D sound louder than the middle note, F is heard very fully, as a deep dull humming, far-resounding tone, with a strength proportionate to the mass of the falling water. It easily penetrates to a distance at which the other notes are inaudible. The notes C, E, G, F, belong to all rushing water, and in great falls are sometimes in different octaves. Small falls give the same notes one or two octaves higher. In the stronger falls, F is heard most easily; in the weak ones, C. At the first attempt, C is most readily detected. Persons with musical cultivation, on attempting to sing near rapidly moving water, naturally use the key of C sharp, or of F sharp, if near a great fall.

#### Memoranda.

MR. CLEVELAND ABBE has made a series of careful measurements of the tail of Coggia's comet. The size of sections at different distances from the head are given, as well as the length. From these, important facts, such as the direction of the tail, its curvatures, and the changes it has undergone in these respects, will be readily deduced.

Professor Landois states that ants produce vocal sounds, but their pitch is so high as to be inaudible to man. The sound apparatus is, he says, similar to that in the genus *mutilla*.

In a communication to the Church Congress in England, Professor Pritchard says: "It would be a good thing if in the study of every manse throughout England there were found a well-used microscope, and on the lawn a tolerable telescope; and best of all if those who possess influence in our national universities could see their way to the enforcement of a small modicum of the practical knowledge of common things on the minds of those who are to go forth and do battle with the ignorance and failings of our population, and to spread light throughout the land. Depend upon it, whatever may be our suspicions or our fears, the pursuit of the knowledge of the works of nature will increase with an accelerated velocity; and if our clergy decline to keep pace with it, and to direct it into wholesome channels, they and their flocks will be overtaken, though from opposite directions, by the inevitable Nemesis of disproportion."

A writer for the Indian "Medical Gazette" asserts that he has examined the bodies of eighteen persons who committed suicide by hanging, and in every instance intestinal worms were found. He thereupon expresses the opinion that the suicide was caused by the mental depression produced by the worms.

Dr. Lohse recommends the return to the use of chloride of silver in making photographs of the sun.

Professor Leidy has found that a thread-like worm infests the common house-fly. It is about a tenth of a line in length, and lives in the proboscis of the fly. As many as five were found in one insect. The singular position occupied by this parasite shows how numerous are the means by which parasites may be transplanted to the human body.

Vogel has continued his experiments on photographing the red rays, by the introduction of corallin into the collodion. He finds that by a proper adjustment of the quantity of this substance the collodion may be made equally sensitive to all the rays. Too great an addition of corallin is injurious.

From an examination of the observations of the minute star around which Sirius is revolving, Mr. Wilson, of Rugby, concludes that its period of revolution is two hundred years, in an orbit fifty times that of the earth. He also shows that while the sum of the masses of Sirius and its companion is about three times that of the sun, its light, according to the old method of calculation, is more than two hundred times that of the sun.

Fourteen thousand adult pupils are attending the evening lectures established by the Municipal Council of Paris.

Inhalation of carbonic oxide gas is said to produce diabetes.

As the result of experiments on frogs, Herr Harbach finds that when various salts are injected into the blood-vessels of frogs, in small doses, the excitability of the nervous system is exalted. When large doses are injected, it is first exalted, then diminished. Very large doses quickly affect the respiration and the action of the heart, death supervening, not by direct poisoning of the heart, but rather by a paralysis of the muscles connected with respiration.

Large deposits of a magnetic iron sand, similar to that formerly obtained from New Zealand, have been found on the coasts of Labrador.

Thirty-inch lenses are in process of manufacture for the observatories at Paris and Vienna. A silver glass mirror, four feet in diameter, is also to be added to the instruments at the latter observatory.

Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, states that the loss of sound from fog-bells and sirens is not produced, as Tyndall thinks, by reflection, but is the result of refraction, the sound passing over the observer's head.

F. Zollner, in an important paper on sun-spots, arrives at the conclusion that they are cooled scorific products.

Mr. Buckland has proved, in England, that salmon and trout will keep in good condition in enclosed places, with a good supply of food and running water.

It is stated that many of the German brewers substitute prussic acid for hops in the beer they manufacture.

To make an ounce of otto of roses about 130,000 roses weighing 57 pounds are required. The flowers are gathered in May, the harvest lasting for three weeks. To prevent any loss of the perfume the flowers are distilled in water as

quickly as they are collected. The water being distilled, the oil is skimmed from the surface.

Under the authority of M. Leverrier recent determinations of the velocity of the transmission of light have been made by Fizeau and Cornu. The light was sent from the observatory to Moulhéry and back, the total distance being 22,000 yards.

The presence of a dog, it has long been stated, will cause an exaggeration of the symptoms in a person suffering from hydrophobia. It is now asserted that in instances in which the patient was bitten by a rabid sheep or horse, while the presence of a dog caused no increase in the violence of the symptoms, the appearance of an animal similar to that by which the person was bitten was immediately followed by fearful spasms.

To regenerate oil paintings, Dr. Weigelt recommends that air should be blown through a bottle containing warm alcohol, and the vapors directed upon the painting. The varnish is thus softened, and the original beauty restored.

To secure the results of the "Transit" observations made at each French station, the chief was directed to make four complete copies. One was to be buried under a tree or cairn, and a description of the site sent to the Institute at Paris. One was to be given to the captain of the first French vessel that was met, with directions to deliver it himself at the Institute. One was to be handed to the nearest French consul, and the fourth was to be kept by the chief himself.

Ranvier states that when a rapidly intermitting induction current is applied to a red muscle in the rabbit, the muscle shows a single continuous contraction; but when the same current is applied to a white muscle in the same animal, the muscle contracts for every interruption in the current.

## ETCHINGS.

### Carnivorous Plants.

WHAT's this I hear,  
My Molly dear,  
About the new carnivora?  
Can little plants  
Eat bugs and ants,  
And gnats and flies?  
Why,—bless my eyes!  
Who is the great diskiverer?

Not Darwin, love,  
For that would prove  
A sort of retrograding;  
Surely the fare  
Of flowers is air,  
Or sunshine sweet.  
They shouldn't eat  
Or do aught so degrading!

Alas 'twould be  
Sad news to me,  
To hear your own dear Fido, pet,

Had lost his breath  
In cruel death,  
Because, one day  
In thoughtless play,  
He went too near a violet!

Or, horror! what  
If, heeding not,  
Some cruel plant carnivorous  
We ventured near—  
Yes we, my dear—  
And swallowed were,  
With no one there  
To succor or deliver us!

And yet to die  
By blossoms, I  
Would call a doom chromatic;  
For one might wait  
A harder fate  
Than have a rose  
End all his woes  
In pain called aromatic.

Ah, science knows  
Each flower that blows  
And all its wicked habits.  
'Tis not for us  
To make a fuss;  
For aught we know,  
The lilies grow  
From dining on Welsh rabbits!

But this I'll say:  
If you one day  
Should have some fierce thing growing,  
For my sake, dear,  
Let placards near  
Say, by your bower,  
"BEWARE THE FLOWER!"  
Lest I should come unknowing.

While Weston was walking his five hundred miles within six days at Newark, New Jersey, nearly the entire population came out to applaud him. The Mayor of the city made a speech on the occasion, and managed to keep up with the quick-stepping little figure for a turn or two around the rink. A parson volunteered among the judges. When Weston stopped for a moment to kiss his children, the men cheered, and the women wept. The Sunday after he had accomplished his plucky feat he went to church. The choir sang, by Weston's special request, the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," which they had practiced specially the afternoon before, and the minister preached from the text: "And Enoch walked with God."

Which reminds us: that when Parson Smith's daughter, Mary, was to marry young Mr. Cranch, the father permitted the saintly maiden to decide on her own text for the sermon, and she meekly selected, "Mary hath chosen the better part, which shall not be taken away from her," and the discourse was duly pronounced. But when her wild young sister, Abby, was bent on marrying a certain Squire Adams, called John, whom her father disliked, and would not even invite to dinner, she boldly suggested for her text, "John came, neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil." But, says Col. Higginson, whose version of the story we give, no sermon stands recorded under this prefix, though Abby lived to be the wife of one President of the United States, and mother of another.

Every one remembers Lorenzo Dow's "top-not come down;" and many will remember the preacher who took for his text, "I feared thee because thou art an oysterman," Luke, xix., 21. Having himself been an oysterman, he was able to illustrate and enforce the text with wonderful power.

Another favorite text of his was "The double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." This, of course, refers to a horse without a stable. He is exposed to the elements, and goes ungroomed, unfed, and without water. Whereas the stabled horse is amply provided for. The one is lean and weak, the other is in full flesh and good condition. Perhaps it was the same divine who found so much instruction and admonition in the text, "Thou makest my feet like hen's feet." It was a beautiful picture he drew of the motherly creature deftly and industriously scratching the ground for the benefit of her offspring.

In the new "Bric-à-Brac" book (Reminiscences of Moore and Jerdan), we find mention by Moore of the following strange texts: "Take it by the tail,"

from Exodus ("Put forth thine hand and take it by the tail"); the argument founded upon it being that we must judge of God's providence by the event; "Old shoes and clouted" (Joshua, ix.); but he forgets what the preacher made of the latter. Moore mentions also the celebrated "Top-not" text.

Moore tells the story of the lady who wrote to Talleyrand informing him, in high-flown terms of grief, of the death of her husband, and expecting an eloquent letter of condolence in return; his answer was only, "Hélas, Madame. Votre affectionné, etc., Talleyrand." In less than a year, another letter from the same lady informed him of her having married again; to which he returned an answer in the same laconic style: "Oh, oh, Madame! Votre affectionné, etc., Talleyrand."

Sheridan had a way of not opening letters which were sent to him. We quote from Moore: "Smythe, one day, while looking over his table, while waiting to catch him coming out of his bedroom, saw several unopened letters, one with a coronet, and said to Wesley [not the preacher]: 'We are all treated alike.' Upon which Wesley told him that he had once found amongst the unopened heap a letter of his own to Sheridan, which he knew contained a ten pound, sent by him to release S. from some inn where he was 'money bound,' and that he opened it, and took out the money. Wesley said, also, that the butler had assured him he found once the window-frames stuffed with papers to prevent them from rattling, and, on taking them out, saw they were bank notes, which S. had used for this purpose some stormy night and never missed them."

From the same source we learn that Shaw, having lent Sheridan near £500, used to dun him very considerably for it; and one day, when he had been rating S. about the debt, and insisting that he must be paid, the latter, having played off some of his plausible wheedling upon him, ended by saying that he was very much in want of £25 to pay the expenses of a journey he was about to take, and he knew Shaw would be good-natured enough to lend it to him. "Pon my word," says Shaw, "this is too bad; after keeping me out of my money in so shameful a manner, you now have the face to ask me for more; but it won't do; I must be paid my money, and it is most disgraceful," etc., etc. "My dear fellow," says Sheridan, "hear reason; the sum you ask me for is a very considerable one; whereas I only ask you for five and twenty pounds."

When Lord Lauderdale said he would repeat some good thing S. had mentioned to him, "Pray don't, my dear Lauderdale," exclaimed Sheridan, "a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter."

From the Jerdan half of the new "Bric-à-Brac" volume we take the following anecdotes of Turner: "On one occasion Turner, our prince of landscape painters, of whom Lord de Tabley had been a most liberal patron, spent a day or two at Tabley when I was there. In the drawing-room stood a landscape on an easel, on which his Lordship was at work as the fancy mood struck him. Of course, when assembled for the tedious half-hour before dinner, we all gave our opinions on its progress, its beauties, and its defects. I stuck a blue wafer on to show where I thought a bit of bright color or a light would be advantageous; and Turner took a brush and gave a touch here and there to mark some improvements. He returned to town, and, can it be credited! the next morning at breakfast a letter

from him was delivered to his Lordship, containing a regular bill of charges for "Instructions in painting." His Lordship tossed it across the table indignantly to me, and asked if I could have imagined such a thing; and as indignantly, against my remonstrances, immediately sent a check for the sum demanded by the 'drawing-master!' \* \* \* Yet sometimes he was lavish in the midst of his general penuriousness. On a Continental trip an intimate friend of mine, Mr. Thomas Hunt, author of several valuable volumes on Tudor architecture, accidentally encountered him on a Continental excursion. Turner took a fancy to so excellent a boon companion, invited him to travel together, and treated him in a princely style, without costing him a shilling through the whole of their tour."

"There is in some persons, as we well know," says Prof. Whitney, "an exquisite etymologic sensibility which can feel and relish a historical reminiscence wholly imperceptible to men of common mould; to which, for instance, the *u* of *honour* is a precious and never-to-be-relinquished token that the word is derived from the Latin *honor* not directly, but through the medium of the French *honneur*. and we look upon it with a kind of wondering awe, as we do upon the superhuman delicacy of organization of the 'true princess' in Andersen's story, who felt the pea so painfully through twenty mattresses and twenty elder-down beds; but it is so far beyond us that we cannot pretend to sympathize with it, or even to covet its possession. If we are to use a suggestive historic orthography, we should like to have our words remodeled a little in its favor: if we must retain and value the *o* of *doubt* (Latin *dubitare*), as sign of its descent, we crave also a *p* in *count* (French *compter*, Latin *computare*), and at least a *o*, if not an *r* also, in *priest* (Greek *presbiteros*); we are not content with but one silent letter in *almos*, as relic of the stately Greek word *eleemosine*; we contemplate with only partial satisfaction the *l* of *calm* and *walk*, while we miss it in *suck* and *which* (derivatives from *so-like* and *who-like*). Why, too, should we limit the suggestiveness of our terms to the latest stages of their history? Now that the modern school of linguistic science, with the aid of the Sanskrit and other distant and barbarous tongues, claims to have penetrated back to the very earliest roots out of which our language has grown, let us take due account of its results, and cunningly convert our English spelling into a complete course of philological training."

Jules Verne, says "The Springfield Republican," isn't a new-comer in literature, though only so recently known to us, and even to his countrymen. For he has been working for over twenty years, and only just become popular. He had Alexander Dumas, père, for his friend, and this was the way of his introduction. D'Arpentigny, an old army officer, who considered himself a master of palmistry by some new plan of his own, one day dropped in upon Dumas. "One of my friends," said he, "has shipped to me from Nantes"—"Some fresh sardines!" interrupted Dumas. "No; a young man who wants to enter the literary profession." "Le malheureux!" exclaimed Dumas. "Why in the world could he not have made himself a grocer?" "It appears," said D'Arpentigny, "that he was not qualified. He did not have the necessary aptitudes. I have examined his hands— which, I must tell you, are full of manuscripts." "He is a lost man! What shall we do?" "He wants to make your acquaintance." "Bring him to dinner." The young man who sat at Dumas' table

the next day, was Jules Verne. The next day he sent a comedy to Dumas, which that author sent to the Théâtre Historique, where it was played with great success.

The world will thank Mr. Gerard for having given, in his sketch of "The Old Streets of New York" (published by F. B. Patterson), a genuine human interest to that hereditary, litigious, perplexing, hackneyed, and dreadful name—Anneke Jans! This lady, widow of Roeloff Jansen, or Jans, took for her second husband Domine Everardus Bogardus. It seems (and we'll print the story, though every one of the hundred thousand heirs should bring suit for libel!)—it seems that Mrs. Anneke Bogardus had, on one occasion, unpleasantly talked about Madame Van Salee; whereupon Madame Van Salee had said that Madame Bogardus, in passing through a muddy part of the town, displayed her ankles more than was necessary! Thereupon the Domine brought an action against Anthony Jansen Van Salee, as husband and guardian of his wife, for slandering Anneke. Under the judgment of the Court, Madame Van Salee had to make declaration in public, at the sounding of the bell, that she knew the minister to be an honest and a pious man, and that she had lied falsely. She was further condemned to pay costs, and three guilden for the poor. But be it observed—Madame Van Salee "had to make declaration." It was not, so far as we know, a spontaneous denial; and we refuse to accept the Court's judgment in the case.

O Anneke! Anneke! a fine figure you make stepping down the pages of history in that fashion—your one hundred thousand descendants at your heels.

The Hon. Hugh Rowley has sent forth another volume of puns—yes, just puns from beginning to end! The book is called "More Puniana," and this is the kind of thing:

Why is a furnace for heating cannon balls like the letter S? It makes hot shot.

Quelle difference *y* a-t-il entre un tailleur et un railleur? Pendant que l'un prend le (T), l'autre prend l'air (l'R.).

What place of worship in old English times represents the Church Militant? Battle Abbey.

What are Ritualists? Roman Catholics by rites. Why are the beaten candidates \* \* \* like "the ends of the earth"? Because they are depressed at the polls.

Nowadays, says the Hon. Hugh in a P.S., people don't laugh—they indulge in merriment; they don't walk—they promenade, &c. Why, one would hardly recognize the old poem of—

"If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,  
Do you think I'd wallop him?—Oh, no, no!  
I'd give him some wuts, and cry, 'Gee wot!  
Gee hup, Neddy!'"

In this elegant version of it:

"If I had an animal averse to speed,  
Do you think I'd chastise him!—no, indeed!  
I would give him some oats, and observe, 'Proceed—  
Go on, Edward!'"

How can you make a thin child fat? Throw him out of the window and he'll probably come down \* \* \* plump!

What is the Spiritualists' paper? (W) rapping paper.

Why is the capital of Turkey like a whimsical patient? Because it's constant to no pill.

The capture of the Spanish Armada was announced in one word—what was it? The word was \* \* \* Cantharides! "The Spanish Fly!"



Why is a lady's hair like a bee-hive? It holds the comb.

To beat carpets.—Use matting; for coolness it beats carpets.

To ascertain the weight of a horse.—Put your toe under the animal's foot.

Why are blind people like newspapers? Because they never come out without a leader.

Why is a tender philanthropist like a horse? Because his steps are arrested by the cry of woe.

To all whom it may concern: A "peevy" is a strong lever of wood, generally made about six feet and a-half in length, the lighter end worked off as a handle, and the heavier end bound with a strong iron ring, or thimble, and armed with a pike. About a foot and a-half from the pike end, at the point where the lever is thickest, there is a second strong ring and staple in which is hung a cant hook, a foot or more in length. The implement weighs from ten to twelve pounds. Its name comes from the inventor, whose name was *Peevy*, or *Pevey*. The "drivers" use it in breaking "jams" and "gluts," and to lift and roll lumber.

A few summers ago—writes one of the readers of Etchings—I spent some weeks very pleasantly with dear and valued friends in a delightful old-fashioned mansion near one of the entrances to Llewellyn Park in Orange, N. J. Almost every hour of the time that was not spent in rambling or driving through the Park, was passed in drives over the mountains from point to point, to command the different views of hill and valley of that beautiful and picturesque country.

My friend's horse, the good and faithful Warwick, full of spirit and fleet of foot, yet kind and docile as a lamb, is not only associated with every pleasant drive, but so won my heart by his many remarkable domestic traits, that I learned to love him as something almost human, and when the parting hour came, felt like giving him an affectionate embrace. But I must tell you of one tender act of kindness in dear Warwick to which I was an eye-witness.

One day, as we were ascending one of these steep, mountainous roads, my friend, Mr. B., remarked that Warwick was a little dull, and I said, "It is not strange, for I think our daily long drives are quite enough to take some of the spirit out of him."

That evening Mr. B. entered the parlor, lantern in hand, and requested us to accompany him to the stable; we did so, and, on opening the door, Mr. B. spoke to Warwick as usual; but, instead of swishing round to greet us, as was his wont, he merely turned his head to welcome us, and we soon saw why he did not move—for lo! between his hind feet, which were conveniently separated for that purpose, in safety reposed a forlorn little turkey—solitary remnant of a rat-destroyed brood—which only noticed our intrusion by the most mournful of peeps. We immediately removed the turkey to the house for protection from the rats, and the horse, relieved of his nightly charge, got his much needed sleep, and soon regained his usual health and spirits.

*Apophros* of the exchange system of advertising, begun in this number of THE MONTHLY, here are some advertisements which we republish from "The Exchange and Market: The Swappers' Journal," a periodical in which the attempt was made to naturalize this well-known British system of advertising:

I have a beautiful Turkish pipe which I brought from Constantinople; will exchange for good poultry.

VOL. IX.—50.

The advertiser will exchange a magnificent carved meerschaum pipe, horse-head, large size, for a good self-rocking cradle.

For exchange, a first-class meerschaum pipe, with clouded amber stem; also a first-class pocket pistol. Will exchange for good bred rabbits.—C. Winward, Boston.

One imported duck-wing, and one imported brown red game bantam cock, to exchange for foreign postage stamps; address H. C. Gart, box 150, P. O.

Wanted to exchange *Scribner's Monthly* a week old for *Harper's Monthly* same date.—C. E., 632 3d Avenue, South Brooklyn.

Handsome Gold watch and chain to exchange for good collection of foreign stamps.—L. H. B., 148 York street, Jersey City.

Five well-bound books of music, part pieces, part dance music, and some loose pieces, good as new. Wanted offers in cash, or will exchange the lot for jet necklet, coral brooch, onyx beads, opal ring, good bracelet, handsome scent-bottle, or broad sky-blue corded ribbon sash. If list required send stamp—1.

Three bound vols. of curious cuttings from newspapers of last century. Wanted.—A Colt's revolver in exchange.

How simple, and yet how suggestive! Note especially the second advertisement above.

# Pat's Criticism.

BY CHARLES F. ADAMS.

THERE'S a story that's old,  
But good if twice told,  
Of a doctor of limited skill,  
Who cured beast and man,  
On the "cold water plan,"  
Without the small help of a pill.

On his portal of pine  
Hung an elegant sign  
Depicting a beautiful rill,  
And a lake, where a sprite,  
With apparent delight,  
Was sporting in sweet dishabille.

Pat McCarty one day,  
As he sauntered that way,  
Stood and gazed at that portal of pine,  
When the doctor with pride  
Stepped up to his side,  
Saying: "Pat, how is that for a sign?"

"There's wan thing," says Pat,  
"Ye've lift out o' that,  
Which, be jabers, is quite a mistake;  
It's trim and it's nate,  
But to make it complete  
Ye shud have a foine bird on the lake."

"Ah! Indeed! pray then tell,  
To make it look well,  
What bird do you think it may lack?"  
Says Pat, "Of the same  
I've forgotten the name,  
But the song that he sings is 'quack!'  
'quack!'"

One of the *Rothschilds* is quoted in the "Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton" as giving as a maxim which brought him great success: "I can do what another man can." He had another advantage, he said: "I was an off-hand man. I made a bargain at once." Another maxim, on which he seemed to place great reliance, was, never to have anything to do with an unlucky place or an unlucky man. "I have seen," said he, "many clever men, very clever men, who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well, but fate is against them; they cannot get on themselves; and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me?" By aid of these maxims he had acquired three millions of money (about fifteen millions of dollars).

"I hope," said —, "that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would not wish that." Rothschild: "I am sure I should wish that. *I wish them to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body, and everything to business; that is the way to be happy.* It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it. If I were to listen to all the projects proposed to me, I should ruin myself very soon. Stick to one business, young man," said he to Edward; "stick to your brewery,



A ROTHSCHILD.

and you may be the great brewer of London. Be a brewer, and a banker, and a merchant, and a manufacturer, and you will soon be in the 'Gazette.' One of my neighbors is a very ill-tempered man; he tries to vex me, and has built a great place for swine close to my walk. So, when I go out, I hear, first, grunt, grunt, squeak, squeak; but this does me no harm. I am always in good humor. Sometimes, to amuse myself, I give a beggar a guinea. He thinks it is a mistake, and for fear I should find it out, off he runs as hard as he can. I advise you to give a beggar a guinea sometimes; it is very amusing."

"*The Young Roscius*" (William Henry West Betty), who died lately in England, very far from young, was born in 1791. He made his first appear-

ance in 1803, when under twelve years of age, in the character of Osman. Soon after this he undertook the characters of Young Norval and Romeo. His success was "prodigious."

On Saturday, December 1st, 1804, young Betty made his first appearance in London, at Covent Garden Theater. The crowd, according to Mr. Timbs, began to assemble at one o'clock, filling the piazza on one side of the house, and Bow street on the other. The utmost danger was apprehended, because those who had ascertained that it was quite impossible for them to get in, by the dreadful pressure behind them, could not get back. At length they themselves called for the soldiers who had been stationed outside; they soon cleared the fronts of the entrances, and then, posting themselves properly, lined the passages, permitting any one to return, but none to enter. Although no places were unlet in the boxes, gentlemen paid box prices, to have a chance of jumping over the boxes into the pit; and then others who could not find room for a leap of this sort, fought for standing places with those who had taken the boxes days or weeks before.

"The play was Dr. Brown's 'Barbarossa,' a good imitation of the 'Mérope' of Voltaire, in which Garrick had formerly acted Achmet or Selim, now given to Master Betty. An occasional address was intended, and Mr. Charles Kemble attempted to speak it, but in vain. The play proceeded through the first act, but in dumb show. At length Barbarossa ordered Achmet to be brought before him; attention held the audience mute; not even a whisper could be heard, till Selim appeared. By the thunder of applause which ensued he was not much moved; he bowed very respectfully, but with amazing self-possession, and in a few moments turned to his work with the intelligence of a veteran, and the youthful passion that alone could have accomplished a task so arduous. As a slave, he wore white pantaloons, a close and rather short russet jacket trimmed with sables, and a turban."

Mr. Timbs quotes from a critic, according to whom Master Betty was sometimes too rapid to be distinct, and at others too noisy for anything but rant, and found no peculiarities that denoted minute and happy study. The wonder was how any boy, who had just completed his thirteenth year, could catch passion, meaning, cadence, action, expression, and the discipline of the stage, in ten very different and arduous characters, so as to give the kind of pleasure in them that needed no indulgence, and which, from that very circumstance, heightened satisfaction into enthusiasm.

"In the meantime," writes Timbs, "all the favoritism, and more than the innocence of former patronesses was lavished upon him. He might have chosen among our titled dames the carriage he would honor with his person. He was presented to the King, and noticed by the rest of the Royal family and the nobility as a prodigy. Prose and poetry celebrated his praise. Even the University of Cambridge was so carried away by the tide of the moment as to make the subject of Sir William Brown's prize medal '*Quid noster Roscius eget?*' Opie painted him on the Grampian Hills, as the shepherd Norval; Northcote exhibited him in a Vandyke costume, retiring from the altar of Shakespeare, as having borne thence, not stolen, 'Jove's authentic fire.' Heath engraved the latter picture. 'Amidst all this adulation, all this desperate folly,' says Boaden, 'be it one consolation to his mature self, that he never lost the genuine modesty of his carriage, and that his temper, at least, was as steady as his dili-

\* This anecdote and the anecdotes that follow are from "English Eccentrics and Eccentricities," by John Timbs,—an amusing illustrated volume, imported by Scribner, Welford & Armstrong. The accompanying illustrations are re-drawn by our artists from those in the book.

gence.' Fortunately for young Betty, his friends took care of his large earnings for him, and made a provision for his future support. He soon retired



THE YOUNG ROSCIUS AS NORVAL.

from the stage, and then became a person of no particular note in the world, displaying no more genius or talent than the average of those about him. When he became a man, he appeared on the stage again, but utterly failed."

*This is a story of the eccentric Lord Coleraine:* "I also once heard Lord Coleraine, as I was passing the wall at the end of the Portland Road, where an old apple-woman, with whom his Lordship held frequent conversations, was packing up her fruit, ask her the following question: 'What are you about, mother?' 'Why, my Lord, I am going home to my tea; if your Lordship wants any information I shall come again presently.' 'Oh! don't balk trade. Leave your things on the table as they are; I will mind your shop till you come back;' so saying, he seated himself in the old woman's wooden chair, in which he had often sat before whilst chatting with her. Being determined to witness the result, after strolling about till the return of the old lady, I heard his Lordship declare the amount of his receipts by saying: 'Well, mother, I have taken threepence-halfpenny for you. Did your daughter Nancy drink tea with you?'"

*Here we have the Rev. Francis Henry Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater, at dinner.*

Forty years ago, his Reverend Lordship lived in Paris, where you might have seen him drag himself along, leaning on his two big lacqueys, "with

his sugar-loaf hat slouched down over his eyes." "An immense fortune," says a Parisian journal of 1826, "an immense fortune enables him to gratify the most extravagant caprices that ever passed through the head of a rich Englishman." Perhaps the pen of the journalist from whom we quote may have been not guiltless of such caricature as that which we are used to in the kindred graphic art, but the portrait is certainly striking and original. It was a peculiarity of this peculiar man to return the books which he borrowed; whether he also returned umbrellas, history does not inform us. But he did not merely return the borrowed volume, he sent it home in a carriage. "He gives orders" says the account, "that two of his most stately steeds be caparisoned under one of his chariots, and the volume, reclining at ease in *milord's* landau, arrives, attended by four footmen in costly livery, at the door of its astounded owner. His carriage is frequently to be seen filled with his dogs. He bestows great care on the feet of these dogs, and orders them boots, for which he pays as dearly as for his own. Lord Bridgewater's custom is an excellent one for the boot-maker; for, besides the four feet of each of his dogs, the supply of his own two feet must give constant employment to several operatives. He puts on a new pair of boots every day, carefully preserving those he has once worn, and ranging them in order; he commands that none shall touch them, but takes himself great pleasure in observing how much of the year has each day passed, by the state of his boots.

"Lord Egerton is a man of few acquaintances, and very few of his countrymen have got as far as his dining-hall. His table, however, is constantly set out with a dozen covers, and served by suitable attendants. Who, then, are his privileged guests? No less than a dozen of favorite dogs, who daily partake of *milord's* dinner, seated very gravely in arm-chairs, each with a napkin round his neck, and a servant behind to attend to his wants. These honorable quadrupeds, as if grateful for such delicate attentions, comport themselves during the time of repast with a decency and decorum which would



LORD COLERAIN TENDING AN APPLE-STAND.

do more than honor to a party of gentlemen; but if, by any chance, one of them should, without due consideration, obey the natural instinct of his appetite, and transgress any of the rules of good man-

ners, his punishment is at hand. The day following the offense the dog dines, and even dines well; but not at *milora's* table; banished to the ante-chamber, and dressed in livery, he eats in sorrow the bread of shame, and picks the bone of mortification, while his place at table remains vacant, till his repentance has merited a generous pardon!"

He died in February, 1829, and by his will bequeathed eight thousand pounds for the writing, printing, and publishing of the well-known "Bridge-water Treatises."

The following is the will of Mrs. Margaret Thompson, who died, April 2d, 1776, at her house in Boyle street, Burlington Gardens:

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Margaret Thompson, being of sound mind, etc., do desire that when my soul is departed from this wicked world, my body and effects may be disposed of in the manner following: I desire that all my handkerchiefs that I may have unwashed at the time of my decease, after they have been got together by my old and trusty servant, Sarah Stuart, be put by her, and by her alone, at the bottom of my coffin, which I desire may be made large enough for that purpose, together with such a quantity of the best Scotch snuff (in which she knoweth I always had the greatest delight) as will cover my deceased body; and this I desire the more especially as it is usual to put flowers into the coffins of departed friends, and nothing can be so fragrant and refreshing to me as that precious powder. But I strictly charge that no man be suffered to approach my body till the coffin is closed, and it is necessary to carry me to my burial, which I order in the manner following:

"Six men to be my bearers, who are known to be the greatest snuff-takers in the parish of St. James, Westminster; instead of mourning, each to wear a snuff-colored beaver hat, which I desire may be bought for that purpose, and given to them. Six maidens of my old acquaintance, viz., etc., to bear my pall, each to bear a proper hood, and to carry a box filled with the best Scotch snuff to take for their refreshment as they go along. Before my corpse, I desire the minister may be invited to walk and take a certain quantity of the said snuff, not exceeding one pound, to whom also I bequeath five guineas on condition of his so doing. And I also desire my old and faithful servant, Sarah Stuart, to walk before the corpse, to distribute every twenty yards a large handful of Scotch snuff to the ground and upon the crowd who may possibly follow me to the burial-place; on which condition I bequeath her twenty pounds. And I also desire that at least two bushels of the said snuff may be distributed at the door of my house in Boyle street."

Then come her legacies. Over and above every legacy she desires may be given one pound of good Scotch snuff, which she calls the grand cordial of nature.

The following stories are in place here: Dr. Fidge, a physician of the old school, who in early days had accompanied the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) when a midshipman as medical attendant, possessed a favorite boat; upon his retirement from Portsmouth Dockyard, where he held an appointment, he had this boat converted into a coffin, with the sternpiece fixed at its head. This coffin he kept under his bed for many years. In his last moments he was asked how he felt: "I feel as easy as an old shoe," and looking toward the nurse in attendance, said: "Just pull my legs

straight, and place me as a dead man; it will save you trouble shortly," words which he had scarcely uttered before he calmly died.



THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER AT DINNER.

*Edward Nokes*, of Hornchurch, by his own direction, was buried in this curious fashion: A short time before his death, which he hastened by the daily indulgence in nearly a quart of spirits, he gave strict charge that his coffin should not have a nail in it, which was actually adhered to, the lid being made fast with hinges of cord, and minus a coffin-plate, for which the initials E. N. cut upon the wood were substituted. His shroud was made of a pound of wool. The coffin was covered with a sheet in place of a pall, and was carried by six men, to each of whom he directed should be given half-a-crown. At his particular desire, too, not one who followed him to the grave was in mourning; but, on the contrary, each of the mourners appeared to try whose dress should be the most striking.

*Job Orton*, of the Bell Inn, Kidderminster, had his tombstone, with an epitaphic couplet, erected in the parish churchyard; and his coffin was used by him for a wine-bin until required for another purpose.

